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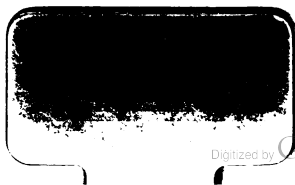
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Malone M. 19.



Myrick

WILLIAM SHAKSPEARE'S
DRAMATIC WORKS
IN TEN VOLUMES.

WITH NOTES ORIGINAL AND SELECTED

BY

SAMUEL WELLER SINGER, F. S. A.

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C O N T E N T S.

CYMBELINE.

TITUS ANDRONICUS.

PERICLES.

KING LEAR.

CYMBELINE.

CYMBELINE.

PRELIMINARY REMARKS.

THE general scheme of the plot of *Cymbeline* is formed on the ninth novel of the second day in the *Decamerone* of Boccaccio. It appears from the preface of the old translation of the *Decamerone*, printed in folio in 1620, that many of the novels had before received an English dress, and had been printed separately. A deformed and interpolated imitation of the novel in question was printed at Antwerp, by John Dusborowghe, as early as 1518, under the following title: 'This matter treateth of a merchauntes wife that afterwarde wente lyke a man and became a greate lorde and was called Frederyke of Jennen afterwarde.' It exhibits the material features of its original, though the names of the characters are changed, their sentiments debased, and their conduct rendered still more improbable than in the scenes of *Cymbeline*. A book was published in London in 1603, called 'Westward for Smelts, or the Waterman's Fare of mad merry western Wenches, whose Tongues albeit like Bellclappers they never leave ringing, yet their Tales are sweet, and will much content you: Written by Kitt of Kingstone.' It was again printed in 1620. To the second tale in this work Shakspeare seems to have been indebted for the circumstances in his plot of Imogen's wandering about after Pisanio has left her in the forest; her being almost famished; and being taken at a subsequent period into the service of the Roman general as a page. But time may yet bring to light some other modification of the story, which will prove more exactly conformable to the plot of the play.

Malone supposes *Cymbeline* to have been written in the year 1609. The king, from whom the play takes its title, began his reign, according to Holinshed, in the nineteenth year of the reign of Augustus Cæsar; and the play commences in or about the twenty-fourth year of *Cymbeline's* reign, which was the forty-second year of the reign of Augustus, and the sixteenth of the Christian era: notwithstanding which, Shakspeare has peopled Rome with modern Italians; Philario, Iachimo, &c. *Cymbeline* is said to have reigned thirty-five years, leaving at his death two sons, Guiderius and Arviragus. Tenantius (who is mentioned in the first scene) was the father of *Cymbeline*, and nephew of Cassibelian, being the younger son of his elder brother Lud, king of the southern part of Britain, he agreed to pay an annual tribute to Rome. After his death Tenantius, Lud's younger son, was established on the throne, of which he and his elder brother Androgeus, who fled to Rome, had been unjustly deprived by their uncle. According to some authorities, Tenantius quietly paid the tribute stipulated by Cassibelian; according to others, he refused to pay it, and warred with the Romans. Shakspeare supposes the latter to be the truth. Holinshed, who furnished our poet with these facts, furnished him also with the name of Sicilius, who was admitted king of Britain, A. M. 3659.

Schlegel pronounces Cymbeline to be 'one of Shakspeare's most wonderful compositions,' in which the poet 'has contrived to blend together into one harmonious whole the social manners of the latest times with heroic deeds, and even with appearances of the gods. In the character of Imogen not a feature of female excellence is forgotten; her chaste tenderness, her softness, and her virgin pride, her boundless resignation, and her magnanimity towards her mistaken husband, by whom she is unjustly persecuted; her adventures in disguise, her apparent death, and her recovery, form altogether a picture equally tender and affecting. The two princes, Guiderius and Arviragus, both educated in the wilds, form a noble contrast to Miranda and Perdita. In these two young men, to whom the chase has given vigour and hardihood, but who are unacquainted with their high destination, and have always been kept far from human society, we are enchanted by a *naïve* heroism which leads them to anticipate and to dream of deeds of valour, till an occasion is offered which they are irresistibly impelled to embrace. When Imogen comes in disguise to their cave; when Guiderius and Arviragus form an impassioned friendship, with all the innocence of childhood, for the tender boy (in whom they neither suspect a female nor their own sister); when on returning from the chase they find her dead, sing her to the ground, and cover the grave with flowers:—these scenes might give a new life for poetry to the most deadened imagination.'

'The wise and virtuous Belarius, who after living long as a hermit, again becomes a hero, is a venerable figure; the dexterous dissimulation and quick presence of mind of the Italian Iachimo is quite suitable to the bold treachery he plays; Cymbeline, the father of Imogen, and even her husband Posthumus, during the first half of the piece, are somewhat sacrificed, but this could not be otherwise; the false and wicked queen is merely an instrument of the plot; she and her stupid son Cloten, whose rude arrogance is portrayed with much humour, are got rid of by merited punishment before the conclusion.'

Steevens objects to the character of Cloten in a note on the fourth act of the play, observing that 'he is represented at once as brave and dastardly, civil and brutish, sagacious and foolish, without that subtilty of distinction, and those shades of gradation between sense and folly, virtue and vice, which constitute the excellence of such mixed characters as Polonius in Hamlet, and the Nurse in Romeo and Juliet.' It should, however, be observed that Imogen has justly defined him 'that *irregulous* devil Cloten;' and Miss Seward, in one of her Letters, assures us that singular as the character of Cloten may appear, it is the exact prototype of a being she once knew. 'The unmeaning frown of the countenance; the shuffling gait; the burst of voice; the bustling insignificance; the fever and ague fits of valour; the froward tetchiness; the unprincipled malice; and what is most curious, these occasional gleams of good sense, amidst the floating clouds of folly which generally darkened and confused the man's brain; and which, in the character of Cloten, we are apt to impute to a violation of unity in character, but in the sometime Captain C——n I saw the portrait of Cloten was not out of nature.'

In the developement of the plot of this play the poet has displayed such consummate skill, and such minute attention to the satisfaction of the most anxious and scrupulous spectator, as to afford a complete refutation of Johnson's assertion, that Shakspeare usually hurries over the conclusion of his pieces.

There is little conclusive evidence to ascertain the date of the composition of this play; but Malone places it in the year 1609. Dr. Drake, after Chalmers, has ascribed it to the year 1605.

PERSONS REPRESENTED.

CYMBELINE, King of Britain.

CLOTEN, Son to the Queen by a former Husband.

LEONATUS POSTHUMUS, a Gentleman, Husband to Imogen.

BELARIUS, a banished Lord, disguised under the name of Morgan.

GUIDERIUS,
ARVIRAGUS, { Sons to Cymbeline, disguised under the
names of Polydore and Cadwal, supposed
Sons to Belarius.

PHILARIO, Friend to Posthumus, } Italians.

IACHIMO, Friend to Philario, }

A French Gentleman, Friend to Philario.

CAIUS LUCIUS, General of the Roman Forces.

A Roman Captain. Two British Captains.

PISANIO, Servant to Posthumus.

CORNELIUS, a Physician.

Two Gentlemen.

Two Gaolers.

Queen, Wife to Cymbeline.

IMOGEN, Daughter to Cymbeline by a former Queen.

HELEN, Woman to Imogen.

Lords, Ladies, Roman Senators, Tribunes, Apparitions,
a Soothsayer, a Dutch Gentleman, a Spanish Gentle-
man, Musicians, Officers, Captains, Soldiers, Messengers,
and other Attendants.

SCENE, sometimes in Britain; sometimes in Italy.

CYMBELINE.

ACT I.

SCENE I. Britain. *The Garden behind Cymbeline's Palace.*

Enter Two Gentlemen.

1 Gentleman.

YOU do not meet a man but frowns: our bloods
No more obey the heavens, than our courtiers;
Still seem, as does the king's¹.

2 Gent.

But what's the matter?

1 Gent. His daughter, and the heir of his kingdom, whom

He purpos'd to his wife's sole son (a widow
That late he married), hath referr'd herself
Unto a poor but worthy gentleman: She's wedded;
Her husband banish'd; she imprison'd: all
Is outward sorrow; though, I think, the king
Be touch'd at very heart.

¹ 'Our bloods [i. e. our *dispositions* or *temperaments*] are not more regulated by the heavens, *by every skye's influence*, than our courtiers are by the *disposition* of the king: when he frowns every man frowns.' *Blood* is used in old phraseology for *disposition* or *temperament*. So in *King Lear*:—

'—Were it my fitness

To let these hands obey my *blood*.'

And in *The Yorkshire Tragedy*, 1608:—

'For 'tis our *blood* to love what we are forbidden'

The following passage in *Greene's Never too Late*, 4to. 1599, illustrates the thought:—'If the king smiled, every one in court was in his jollitie; if he frowned, their plumes fell like peacock's feathers, so that their *outward presence* depended on his *inward passions*.'

2 *Gent.* None but the king?

1 *Gent.* He, that hath lost her, too: so is the queen,
That most desir'd the match: But not a courtier,
Although they wear their faces to the bent
Of the king's looks, hath a heart that is not
Glad at the thing they scowl at.

2 *Gent.* And why so?

1 *Gent.* He that hath miss'd the princess, is a thing
Too bad for bad report: and he that hath her,
(I mean, that married her,—alack, good man!—
And therefore banish'd) is a creature such
As, to seek through the regions of the earth
For one his like, there would be something failing
In him that should compare. I do not think,
So fair an outward, and such stuff within
Endows a man but he.

2 *Gent.* You speak him far².

1 *Gent.* I do extend him, sir, within himself;
Crush him together, rather than unfold
His measure duly³.

2 *Gent.* What's his name, and birth?

1 *Gent.* I cannot delve him to the root: His father
Was call'd Sicilius, who did join his honour⁴
Against the Romans, with Cassibelan;
But had his titles by 'Tenantius⁵, whom
He serv'd with glory and admir'd success:
So gain'd the sur-addition, Leonatus:

² i. e. you praise him extensively.

³ 'My eulogium, however extended it may seem, is short of his real excellence; it is rather abbreviated than expanded.' Perhaps this passage will be best illustrated by the following lines in *Troilus and Cressida*, Act iii. Sc. 3:—

'—no man is the lord of any thing,
'Till he communicate his parts to others:
Nor doth he of himself know them for aught,
'Till he behold them form'd in the applause
Where they are extended.' [i. e. *displayed at length*.]

⁴ I do not (says Steevens) understand what can be meant by 'joining his honour against, &c. with, &c.' perhaps Shakespeare wrote:—

'——— did join his banner.'

In the last scene of the play *Cymbeline* proposes that 'a Roman and a British ensign should wave together.'

⁵ The father of *Cymbeline*.

And had, besides this gentleman in question,
 Two other sons, who, in the wars o'the time,
 Died with their swords in hand; for which their father
 (Then old and fond of issue) took such sorrow,
 That he quit being; and his gentle lady,
 Big of this gentleman, our theme, deceas'd
 As he was born. The king, he takes the babe
 To his protection; calls him Posthumus; *Leonatus*;
 Breeds him, and makes him of his bedchamber:
 Puts him to all the learnings that his time
 Could make him the receiver of; which he took,
 As we do air, fast as 'twas minister'd; and
 In his spring became a harvest: Liv'd in court
 (Which rare it is to do) most prais'd, most lov'd⁶:
 A sample to the youngest; to the more mature
 A glass that feated⁷ them; and to the graver,
 A child that guided dotards; to his mistress⁸,
 From whom he now is banish'd,—her own price
 Proclaims how she esteem'd him and his virtue;
 By her election may be truly read,
 What kind of man he is.

2 *Gent.*

I honour him

Even out of your report. But, 'pray you, tell me,
 Is she sole child to the king?

1 *Gent.*

His only child.

He had two sons (if this be worth your hearing,
 Mark it), the eldest of them at three years old,
 I'the swathing clothes the other, from their nursery
 Were stolen: and to this hour, no guess in
 knowledge

Which way they went.

2 *Gent.*

How long is this ago?

1 *Gent.* Some twenty years.

⁶ 'This encomium (says Johnson) is highly artful. 'To be at once in any great degree loved and praised is truly rare.'

⁷ *Feate* is well-fashioned, proper, trim, handsome, well compact. *Concinnus*. Thus in Horman's *Vulgaria*, 1519:—'He would see himself in a glasse, that all thinge were *feet*.' *Feature* was also used for *fashion* or proportion. The verb to *feate* was probably formed by Shakespeare himself.

⁸ 'To his mistress' means as to his mistress

2 *Gent.* That a king's children should be so convey'd!
So slackly guarded! And the search so slow,
That could not trace them!

1 *Gent.* Howsoe'er 'tis strange,
Or that the negligence may well be laugh'd at,
Yet is it true, sir.

2 *Gent.* I do well believe you.

gentleman 1 *Gent.* We must forbear: Here comes the queen—
The queen and princess. [Exeunt.

SCENE II. *The same.*

Enter the Queen, POSTHUMUS, and IMOGEN.

Queen. No, be assur'd, you shall not find me,
daughter,
After the slander of most step-mothers,
Evil-eyed unto you: you are my prisoner, but
Your gaoler shall deliver you the keys
That lock up your restraint. For you, Posthumus,
So soon as I can win the offended king,
I will be known your advocate: marry, yet
The fire of rage is in him; and 'twere good,
You lean'd unto his sentence, with what patience
Your wisdom may inform you.

Post. Please your highness,
I will from hence to-day.

Queen. You know the peril:—
I'll fetch a turn about the garden, pitying
The pangs of barr'd affections: though the king
Hath charg'd you should not speak together.

[Exit Queen.

Imo. O
Dissembling courtesy! How fine this tyrant
Can tickle where she wounds!—My dearest husband,
I something fear my father's wrath; but nothing
(Always reserv'd my holy duty¹), what

¹ 'I say I do not fear my father, so far as I may say it without breach of duty.'

His rage can do on me: You must be gone;
And I shall here abide the hourly shot
Of angry eyes: not comforted to live,
But that there is this jewel in the world,
That I may see again.

Post. My queen! my mistress!
O, lady, weep no more; lest I give cause
To be suspected of more tenderness
Than doth become a man! I will remain
The loyal'st husband that did e'er plight troth.
My residence in Rome at one Philario's;
Who to my father was a friend, to me
Known but by letter: thither write, my queen,
And with mine eyes I'll drink the words you send,
Though ink be made of gall.

Re-enter Queen.

Queen. Be brief, I pray you:
If the king come, I shall incur I know not
How much of his displeasure:—Yet I'll move him
[*Aside.*

To walk this way: I never do him wrong,
But he does buy my injuries, to be friends:
Pays dear for my offences². [Exit.

Post. Should we be taking leave
As long a term as yet we have to live,
The loathness to depart would grow: Adieu!

Imo. Nay, stay a little:
Were you but riding forth to air yourself,
Such parting were too petty. Look here, love;
This diamond was my mother's: take it, heart;
But keep it till you woo another wife,
When Imogen is dead.

Post. How! how! another?—
You gentle gods, give me but this I have,

² 'He gives me a valuable consideration in new kindness (purchasing, as it were, the wrong I have done him), in order to renew our amity, and make us friends again.'

And sear up³ my embracements from a next
 With bonds of death!—Remain, remain thou here
[Putting on the Ring.]

While sense⁴ can keep it on! And sweetest,
 fairest,

As I my poor self did exchange for you,
 To your so infinite loss; so, in our trifles
 I still win of you: For my sake, wear this;
 It is a manacle of love; I'll place it
 Upon this fairest prisoner.

[Putting a Bracelet on her Arm.]

Imo.

O, the gods!

When shall we see again?

Enter CYMBELINE and Lords.

Post.

Alack, the king!

Cym. 'Thou basest thing, avoid! hence, from my
 sight!

If, after this command, thou fraught the court-
 With thy unworthiness, thou diest: Away!
 Thou art poison to my blood.

Post.

The gods protect you!

And bless the good remainders of the court!

I am gone.

[Exit.]

Imo.

There cannot be a pinch in death
 More sharp than this is.

Cym.

O disloyal thing,

³ Shakspeare poetically calls the *cere-cloths*, in which the dead are wrapped, the *bonds of death*. There was no distinction in ancient orthography between *seare*, to dry, to wither; and *seare*, to dress or cover with wax. *Cere-cloth* is most frequently spelled *seare-cloth*. In *Hamlet* we have:—

'Why, thy canonized bones hearsed in death
 Have burst their *cerements*.'

⁴ i. e. while I have sensation to retain it. There can be no doubt that *it* refers to the ring, and it is equally obvious that *thee* would have been more proper. Whether this error is to be laid to the poet's charge or to that of careless printing, it would not be easy to decide. Malone, however, has shown that there are many passages in these plays of equally loose construction.

That should'st repair⁵ my youth; thou heapest
A year's age on me⁶!

Imo. I beseech you, sir,
Harm not yourself with your vexation: I
Am senseless of your wrath; a touch more rare⁷
Subdues all pangs, all fears.

Cym. Past grace? obedience?

Imo. Past hope, and in despair; that way, past
grace.

Cym. That might'st have had the sole son of my
queen!

Imo. O bless'd, that I might not! I chose an
eagle,
And did avoid a puttock⁸.

Cym. Thou took'st a beggar; would'st have made
my throne

A seat for baseness.

Imo. No; I rather added

A lustre to it.

Cym. O thou vile one!

Imo.

Sir,

It is your fault that I have lov'd Posthumus:
You bred him as my playfellow; and he is

⁵ i. e. *renovate* my youth, make me young again. 'To *repair*' (according to Baret) is to restore to the first state, to renew.' So in *All's Well that Ends Well*:—

'— it much *repairs* me
To talk of your good father.'

⁶ Sir Thomas Haumer reads:—

'— thou heapest *many*
A year's age on me!'

Some such emendation seems necessary.

⁷ 'A touch more rare' is 'a more exquisite feeling, a superior sensation.' So in *The Tempest*:—

'Hast thou which art but air, a *touch*, a feeling
Of their afflictions.'

And in *Antony and Cleopatra*:—

'The death of Fulvia, with more urgent *touches*,
Do strongly speak to us.'

A passage in *King Lear* will illustrate Imogen's meaning:—

'— where the greater malady is fix'd,
The lesser is scarce felt.'

⁸ A *puttock* is a mean degenerate species of hawk, too worthless to deserve training.

A man, worth any woman: overbuys me
Almost the sum he pays⁹.

Cym. What!—art thou mad?

Imo. Almost, sir: Heaven restore me!—'Would
I were

A neat-herd's daughter! and my Leonatus
Our neighbour shepherd's son!

Re-enter Queen.

Cym. Thou foolish thing!—
They were again together: you have done
[*To the Queen.*

Not after our command. Away with her,
And pen her up.

Queen. 'Beseech your patience:—Peace,
Dear lady daughter, peace; Sweet sovereign,
Leave us to ourselves; and make yourself some
comfort

Out of your best advice¹⁰.

Cym. Nay, let her languish
A drop of blood a day; and, being aged,
Die of this folly¹¹! [Exit.

Enter PISANIO.

Queen. Fye!—you must give way:
Here is your servant.—How now, sir? What news?

Pis. My lord your son drew on my master.

Queen. Ha!
No harm, I trust, is done?

Pis. There might have been,
But that my master rather play'd than fought,

⁹ 'My worth is not half equal to his.'

¹⁰ *Advice* is consideration, reflection. Thus in *Measure for Measure*:—

'But did repent me after more *advice*.'

¹¹ This is a bitter form of malediction, almost congenial to that in *Othello*:—

'——— may his pernicious soul
Rot half a grain a day.'

And had no help of anger: they were parted
By gentlemen at hand.

Queen. I am very glad on't.

Imo. Your son's my father's friend: he takes his
part.—

To draw upon an exile!—O brave sir!—
I would they were in Afric both together;
Myself by with a needle, that I might prick
The goer back.—Why came you from your master?

Pis. On his command: He would not suffer me
To bring him to the haven: left these notes
Of what commands I should be subject to,
When it pleas'd you to employ me.

Queen. This hath been
Your faithful servant: I dare lay mine honour,
He will remain so.

Pis. I humbly thank your highness.

Queen. Pray, walk a while.

Imo. About some half hour hence,
I pray you, speak with me: you shall, at least,
Go see my lord aboard: for this time, leave me.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III. *A public Place.*

Enter CLOTEN, and Two Lords.

1 Lord. Sir, I would advise you to take a shirt;
the violence of action hath made you reek as a
sacrifice: Where air comes out, air comes in:
there's none abroad so wholesome as that you vent.

Clo. If my shirt were bloody, then to shift it—
Have I hurt him?

2 Lord. No, faith; not so much as his patience.
[*Aside.*]

1 Lord. Hurt him? his body's a passable car-
cass, if he be not hurt: it is a thoroughfare for
steel if it be not hurt.

2 Lord. His steel was in debt; it went o'the
backside the town. [*Aside.*]

Clo. The villain would not stand me.

2 Lord. No; but he fled forward still, toward your face. [*Aside.*]

1 Lord. Stand you! you have land enough of your own: but he added to your having; gave you some ground.

2 Lord. As many inches as you have oceans: Puppies! [*Aside.*]

Clo. I would, they had not come between us.

2 Lord. So would I, till you had measured how long a fool you were upon the ground. [*Aside.*]

Clo. And that she should love this fellow, and refuse me!

2 Lord. If it be a sin to make a true election, she is damned. [*Aside.*]

1 Lord. Sir, as I told you always, her beauty and her brain go not together: She's a good sign, but I have seen small reflection of her wit¹².

2 Lord. She shines not upon fools, lest their election should hurt her. [*Aside.*]

Clo. Come, I'll to my chamber: 'Would there had been some hurt done!

2 Lord. I wish not so; unless it had been the fall of an ass, which is no great hurt. [*Aside.*]

Clo. You'll go with us?

1 Lord. I'll attend your lordship.

Clo. Nay, come, let's go together.

2 Lord. Well, my lord. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV. *A Room in Cymbeline's Palace.*

Enter IMOGEN and PISANIO.

Imo. I would thou grew'st unto the shores o'the haven,

¹² 'Her beauty and her sense are not equal.' To understand the force of this idea, it should be remembered that anciently almost every *sign* had a motto, or some attempt at a witticism underneath. In a subsequent scene Iachimo, speaking of Imogen, says:—

'All of her that is *out of door*, most rich!
If she be furnish'd with a *mind* so rare,
She is alone the Arabian bird.'

And question'dst every sail: if he should write,
And I not have it, 'twere a paper lost
As offer'd mercy is¹. What was the last
That he spake to thee?

Pis. 'Twas, *His queen, his queen!*

Imo. Then wav'd his handkerchief?

Pis. And kiss'd it, madam

Imo. Senseless linen! happier therein than I!—
And that was all?

Pis. No, madam; for so long
As he could make me with this eye or ear²
Distinguish him from others, he did keep
The deck, with glove, or hat, or handkerchief,
Still waving, as the fits and stirs of his mind
Could best express, how slow his soul sail'd on,
How swift his ship.

Imo. Thou should'st have made him
As little as a crow, or less³, ere left
To after-eye him.

Pis. Madam, so I did.

Imo. I would have broke mine eye-strings; crack'd
them, but
To look upon him; till the diminution
Of space⁴ had pointed him sharp as my needle:
Nay, follow'd him, till he had melted from
The smallness of a gnat to air; and then
Have turn'd mine eye, and wept.—But, good Pisanio,
When shall we hear from him?

¹ 'Its loss would be as fatal as the loss of intended mercy to a condemned criminal.' A thought resembling this occurs in *All's Well that Ends Well*:—

'Like a remorseful pardon slowly carried.'

² The old copy reads, 'his eye or ear.' Warburton made the emendation; who observes, that the expression is *δεικτικῶς*, as the Greeks term it, the party speaking points to the part spoken of. The description seems imitated from the eleventh book of *Ovid's Metamorphosis*. See *Golding's Translation*, f. 146, b. &c.

³ This comparison may be illustrated by the following in *King Lear*:—

'—the crows and choughs that wing the midway air
Seem scarce so gross as beetles.'

⁴ The diminution of space is the diminution of which space is the cause.

Pis. Be assur'd, madam,
With his next vantage⁵.

Imo. I did not take my leave of him, but had
Most pretty things to say: ere I could tell him,
How I would think on him, at certain hours,
Such thoughts, and such; or I could make him swear
The shes of Italy should not betray
Mine interest, and his honour; or have charg'd him,
At the sixth hour of morn, at noon, at midnight,
To encounter me with orisons, for then
I am in heaven for him⁶: or ere I could
Give him that parting kiss, which I had set
Betwixt two charming words, comes in my father,
And, like the tyrannous breathing of the north,
Shakes all our buds from growing⁷.

Enter a Lady.

Lady. The queen, madam,
Desires your highness' company.

Imo. Those things I bid you do, get them de-
spatch'd.—

I will attend the queen.

Pis. Madam, I shall. [*Exeunt.*]

⁵ Opportunity.

⁶ i. e. 'to meet me with reciprocal prayer, for then my sollicitations ascend to heaven on his behalf.'

⁷ i. e. our *buds* of love likened to the buds of flowers. So in *Romeo and Juliet*:—

'This *bud of love*, by summer's ripening breath,
May prove a beauteous flower when next we meet.'

And in *Shakespeare's* 18th Sonnet:—

'Rough winds do *shake* the darling *buds* of May.'
The following beautiful lines in *The Two Noble Kinsmen*, probably written by *Shakespeare*, as he assisted *Fletcher* in writing that play, have a similar train of thought:—

It is the very emblem of a maid:
For when the *west* wind courts her gently,
How modestly she blows and paints the sun
With her chaste blushes?—when the *north* comes
near her,
Rude and impatient, then, like chastity,
She locks her beauties in the *bud* again,
And leaves him to base briars.'

SCENE V.

Rome. *An Apartment in Philario's House.*

*Enter PHILARIO, IACHIMO, a Frenchman, a Dutchman, and a Spaniard*¹.

Iach. Believe it, sir: I have seen him in Britain: he was then of a crescent note, expected to prove so worthy, as since he hath been allowed the name of: but I could then have looked on him without the help of admiration; though the catalogue of his endowments had been tabled by his side, and I to peruse him by items.

Phi. You speak of him when he was less furnished, than now he is, with that which makes² him both without and within.

French. I have seen him in France: we had very many there, could behold the sun with as firm eyes as he.

Iach. This matter of marrying his king's daughter (wherein he must be weighed rather by her value, than his own), words him, I doubt not, a great deal from the matter³.

French. And then his banishment:—

Iach. Ay, and the approbation of those, that weep this lamentable divorce, under her colours, are wonderfully to extend⁴ him; be it but to fortify her judgment, which else an easy battery might lay flat, for taking a beggar without more⁵ quality. But *W* how comes it, he is to sojourn with you? How creeps acquaintance?

¹ This enumeration of persons is from the old copy; but *Mynheer* and the *Don* are mute characters.

² i. e. *accomplishes* him.

³ 'Words him—a great deal from the matter,' makes the description of him very distant from the truth.

⁴ i. e. to *magnify* his good qualities. See Act i. Sc. 1, note 3, p. 8.

⁵ The old copy reads, *less*. The poet has in other places entangled himself with the force of this word in construction. Thus in the *Winter's Tale*:—

Phi. His father and I were soldiers together; to whom I have been often bound for no less than my life:—

Enter POSTHUMUS.

Here comes the Briton: Let him be so entertained amongst you, as suits, with gentlemen of your knowing, to a stranger of his quality.—I beseech you all, be better known to this gentleman; whom I commend to you, as a noble friend of mine: How worthy he is, I will leave to appear hereafter, rather than story him in his own hearing.

French. Sir, we have known together in Orleans.

Post. Since when I have been debtor to you for courtesies, which I will be ever to pay, and yet pay still.

French. Sir, you o'er-rate my poor kindness: I was glad I did atone⁶ my countryman and you; it had been pity, you should have been put together with so mortal a purpose, as then each bore, upon importance⁷ of so slight and trivial a nature.

Post. By your pardon, sir, I was then a young traveller: rather shunn'd to go even with what I heard, than in my every action to be guided by others' experiences⁸: but, upon my mended judgment (if I offend not to say it is mended), my quarrel was not altogether slight.

French. 'Faith, yes, to be put to the arbitrement of swords; and by such two, that would, by all likelihood, have confounded⁹ one the other, or have fallen both.

'——— I ne'er heard yet
That any of these bolder vices *wanted*
Less impudence to gainsay what they did,
Than to perform it first.'

See vol. iv. p. 47.

⁶ i. e. reconcile. Vide vol. iii. p. 197.

⁷ Importance is *importunity*. See vol. i. p. 366.

⁸ 'Rather studied to avoid conducting himself by the opinions of others, than to be guided by their experience.'

⁹ i. e. *destroyed*. So in Antony and Cleopatra, Act iii. Sc. 2, p. 418:—

'What willingly he did *confound* he wail'd.'

Iach. Can we, with manners, ask what was the difference?

French. Safely, I think: 'twas a contention in public, which may, without contradiction, suffer the report. It was much like an argument that fell out last night, where each of us fell in praise of our country mistresses: This gentleman at that time vouching (and upon warrant of bloody affirmation), his to be more fair, virtuous, wise, chaste, constant-qualified, and less attemptible, than any the rarest of our ladies in France.

Iach. That lady is not now living; or this gentleman's opinion, by this, worn out.

Post. She holds her virtue still, and I my mind.

Iach. You must not so far prefer her 'fore ours of Italy.

Post. Being so far provoked as I was in France, I would abate her nothing; though I profess myself her adorer, not her friend¹⁰.

Iach. As fair, and as good (a kind of hand-in-hand comparison), had been something too fair, and too good, for any lady in Britany. If she went before others I have seen, as that diamond of yours out-lustres many I have beheld, I could not but believe¹¹ she excelled many: but I have not seen the most precious diamond that is, nor you the lady.

Post. I praised her, as I rated her: so do I my stone.

Iach. What do you esteem it at?

¹⁰ *Friend* and *lover* were formerly synonymous. Posthumus means to bestow the most exalted praise on Imogen, a praise the more valuable as it was the result of reason, not of amorous dotage. I make my avowal, says he, in the character of her adorer, not of her possessor. I speak of her as a being I reverence, not as a beauty I enjoy. I rather profess to describe her with the devotion of a worshipper, than the raptures of a lover. This sense of the word also appears in a subsequent remark of Iachimo:—

'You are a *friend*, and therein the wiser,'
i. e. you are a *lover*, and therefore show your wisdom in opposing all experiments that may bring your lady's chastity into question.

¹¹ The old copy reads, 'I could not believe she excell'd many.' Mr. Heath proposed to read, 'I could but believe,' &c. The emendation in the text is Malone's.

Post. More than the world enjoys.

Iach. Either your unparagoned mistress is dead, or she's outpriz'd by a trifle.

Post. You are mistaken: the one may be sold, or given; if there were wealth enough for the purchase, or merit for the gift: the other is not a thing for sale, and only the gift of the gods.

Iach. Which the gods have given you?

Post. Which, by their graces, I will keep.

Iach. You may wear her in title yours: but, you know, strange fowl light upon neighbouring ponds. Your ring may be stolen too: so, of your brace of unprizeable estimations, the one is but frail, and the other casual: a cunning thief, or a that-way accomplished courtier, would hazard the winning both of first and last.

Post. Your Italy contains none so accomplished a courtier, to convince¹² the honour of my mistress; if, in the holding or loss of that, you term her frail. I do nothing doubt, you have store of thieves; notwithstanding I fear not my ring.

Phi. Let us leave here, gentlemen.

Post. Sir, with all my heart. This worthy signior, I thank him, makes no stranger of me: we are familiar at first.

Iach. With five times so much conversation, I should get ground of your fair mistress: make her go back, even to the yielding; had I admittance, and opportunity to friend.

Post. No, no.

Iach. I dare, thereon, pawn the moiety of my estate to your ring; which, in my opinion, o'er-values it something: But I make my wager rather against your confidence, than her reputation: and, to bar your offence herein too, I durst attempt it against any lady in the world.

¹² i. e. overcome.

Post. You are a great deal abused¹³ in too bold a persuasion; and I doubt not you sustain what you're worthy of, by your attempt.

Iach. What's that?

Post. A repulse: Though your attempt, as you call it, deserve more; a punishment too.

Phi. Gentlemen, enough of this: it came in too suddenly; let it die as it was born, and, I pray you, be better acquainted.

Iach. 'Would I had put my estate, and my neighbour's, on the approbation¹⁴ of what I have spoke.

Post. What lady would you choose to assail?

Iach. Yours; whom in constancy, you think, stands so safe. I will lay you ten thousand ducats to your ring, that, commend me to the court where your lady is, with no more advantage than the opportunity of a second conference, and I will bring from thence that honour of hers, which you imagine so reserved.

Post. I will wage against your gold, gold to it: my ring I hold dear as my finger; 'tis part of it.

Iach. You are a friend¹⁵, and therein the wiser. *What's this?*
If you buy ladies' flesh at a million a dram, you *afraid?*
cannot preserve it from tainting: But, I see, you have some religion in you, that you fear.

Post. This is but a custom in your tongue; you bear a graver purpose, I hope.

Iach. I am the master of my speeches¹⁶; and would undergo what's spoken, I swear.

Post. Will you?—I shall but lend my diamond till your return:—Let there be covenants drawn

¹³ i. e. *deceived*.

'The Moor's abused by some most villanous knave.'

Othello.

¹⁴ i. e. *proof*.

'— how many now in health

Shall drop their blood in *approbation*

Of what your reverence shall incite us to.'

King Henry V.

¹⁵ See note 10 on this scene, p. 21.

¹⁶ 'I know what I have said; I said no more than I meant.'

between us: My mistress exceeds in goodness the hugeness of your unworthy thinking: I dare you to this match: here's my ring.

Phi. I will have it no lay.

Iach. By the gods it is one: If I bring you no sufficient testimony that I have enjoyed the dearest bodily part of your mistress, my ten thousand ducats are yours; so is your diamond too. If I come off, and leave her in such honour as you have trust in, she your jewel, this your jewel, and my gold are yours:—provided, I have your commendation, for my more free entertainment.

Post. I embrace these conditions; let us have articles betwixt us:—only, thus far you shall answer. If you make your voyage upon her, and give me directly to understand you have prevailed, I am no further your enemy, she is not worth our debate: if she remain unseduced (you not making it appear otherwise), for your ill opinion, and the assault you have made to her chastity, you shall answer me with your sword.

Iach. Your hand; a covenant: We will have these things set down by lawful counsel, and straight away for Britain; lest the bargain should catch cold, and starve: I will fetch my gold, and have our two wagers recorded.

Post. Agreed. [*Exeunt Post. and IACH.*]

French. Will this hold, think you?

Phi. Signior Iachimo will not from it. Pray, let us follow 'em. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE VI.

Britain. *A Room in Cymbeline's Palace.*

Enter Queen, Ladies, and CORNELIUS.

Queen. Whiles yet the dew's on ground, gather those flowers;

Make haste: Who has the note of them?

1 *Lady.*

I, madam.

Queen. Despatch.—

[*Exeunt Ladies.*

Now, master doctor; have you brought those drugs?

Cor. Pleaseth your highness, ay: here they are, madam:

[*Presenting a small Box.*

But I beseech your grace (without offence:

My conscience bids me ask); wherefore you have

Commanded of me these most poisonous compounds,

Which are the movers of a languishing death;

But, though slow, deadly?

Queen.

I do wonder, doctor,

Thou ask'st me such a question: Have I not been

Thy pupil long? Hast thou not learn'd me how

To make perfumes? distil? preserve? yea, so,

That our great king himself doth woo me oft

For my confections? Having thus far proceeded

(Unless thou think'st me devilish), is't not meet

That I did amplify my judgment in

Other conclusions¹? I will try the forces

Of these thy compounds on such creatures as

We count not worth the hanging (but none human),

To try the vigour of them, and apply

Allayments to their act; and by them gather

Their several virtues, and effects.

Cor.

Your highness

Shall from this practice but make hard your heart²:

Besides, the seeing these effects will be

Both noisome and infectious.

Queen.

O, content thee.—

Enter PISANIO.

Here comes a flattering rascal; upon him [*Aside.*

Will I first work: he's for his master,

¹ *Conclusions* are *experiments*. 'I commend (says Walton) an angler that trieth *conclusions*, and improves his art.'

² 'This thought would probably have been more amplified, had our author lived to be shocked with such experiments as have been published in later times, by a race of men who have practised tortures without pity, and related them without shame, and are yet suffered to erect their heads among human beings.'

'Cape saxa manu, cape robora, pastor.'

Johnson

And enemy to my son.—How now, Pisanio? --
 Doctor, your service for this time is ended;
 Take your own way.

Cor. I do suspect you, madam;
 But you shall do no harm. [*Aside.*

Queen. Hark thee, a word.—
[*To PISANIO.*

Cor. [*Aside.*] I do not like her³. She doth think
 she has

Strange lingering poisons: I do know her spirit,
 And will not trust one of her malice with
 A drug of such damn'd nature: Those, she has,
 Will stupify and dull the sense awhile:
 Which first, perchance, she'll prove on cats, and dogs;
 Then afterward up higher: but there is
 No danger in what show of death it makes,
 More than the locking up the spirits a time,
 To be more fresh, reviving. She is fool'd
 With a most false effect; and I the truer,
 So to be false with her.

Queen. No further service, doctor,
 Until I send for thee.

Cor. I humbly take my leave.
[*Exit.*

Queen. Weeps she still, say'st thou? Dost thou
 think, in time

She will not quench⁴; and let instructions enter
 Where folly now possesses? Do thou work;
 When thou shalt bring me word, she loves my son,
 I'll tell thee, on the instant, thou art then
 As great as is thy master: greater; for
 His fortunes all lie speechless, and his name
 Is at last gasp: Return he cannot, nor

³ This soliloquy is pronounced by Johnson to be 'very inartificial, and that Cornelius makes a long speech to tell himself what himself knows.' The great critic forgot that it was intended for the instruction of the audience, to relieve their anxiety at mischievous ingredients being left in the hands of the Queen. It is no less useful to prepare us for the return of Imogen to life.

⁴ i. e. grow cool.

Continue where he is; to shift his being⁵,
 Is to exchange one misery with another;
 And every day, that comes, comes to decay
 A day's work in him: What shalt thou expect,
 To be depender on a thing that leans⁶?
 Who cannot be new built; nor has no friends,
 [The Queen drops a Box: PISANIO takes it up.
 So much as but to prop him?—Thou tak'st up
 Thou know'st not what; but take it for thy labour:
 It is a thing I made, which hath the king
 Five times redeem'd from death: I do not know
 What is more cordial:—Nay, I pr'ythee, take it;
 It is an earnest of a further good
 That I mean to thee. Tell thy mistress how
 The case stands with her; do't, as from thyself.
 Think what a chance thou changest on⁷; but think
 Thou hast thy mistress still; to boot, my son,
 Who shall take notice of thee; I'll move the king
 To any shape of thy preferment, such
 As thou'lt desire; and then myself, I chiefly,
 That set thee on to this desert, am bound
 To load thy merit richly. Call my women:
 Think on my words. [Exit PISA.]—A sly and
 constant knave;
 Not to be shak'd: the agent for his master;
 And the remembrancer of her, to hold
 The hand fast to her lord.—I have given him that,
 Which, if he take, shall quite unpeople her
 Of liegers⁸ for her sweet; and which she, after,
 Except she bend her humour, shall be assur'd

⁵ To change his abode.

⁶ That inclines towards its fall.

⁷ 'Think with what a fair prospect of mending your fortunes you now change your present service.' It has been proposed to read:—

'Think what a chance thou chancest on.'

And,

'Think what a change thou chancest on.'

But there seems to be no necessity for alteration.

⁸ A *lieger* ambassador is one that resides in a foreign court to promote his master's interest. So in Measure for Measure:—

'Lord Angelo, having affairs to heaven,
 Intends you for his swift ambassador,
 Where you shall be an everlasting *lieger*.'

Re-enter PISANIO, and Ladies.

To taste of too.—So, so;—well done, well done:
The violets, cowslips, and the primroses,
Bear to my closet:—Fare thee well, Pisanio;
Think on my words. [*Exeunt Queen and Ladies.*

Pis.

And shall do⁹:

But when to my good lord I prove untrue,
I'll choke myself: there's all I'll do for you. [*Exit.*

SCENE VII. *Another Room in the same.*

Enter IMOGEN.

Imo. A father cruel, and a step-dame false;
A foolish suitor to a wedded lady,
That hath her husband banish'd;—O, that husband!
My supreme crown of grief! and those repeated
Vexations of it! Had I been thief-stolen,
As my two brothers, happy! but most miserable
Is the desire that's glorious¹: Blessed be those,
How mean soe'er, that have their honest wills,
Which seasons comfort.—Who may this be? Fye!

Enter PISANIO and IACHIMO.

Pis. Madam, a noble gentleman of Rome;
Comes from my lord with letters.

Iach.

Change you, madam?

The worthy Leonatus is in safety,
And greets your highness dearly. [*Presents a Letter.*

Imo.

Thanks, good sir:

You are kindly welcome.

* Some words, which rendered this sentence less abrupt, and perfected the metre of it, appear to have been omitted in the old copies.

¹ Imogen's sentiment appears to be, 'Had I been stolen by thieves in my infancy, I had been happy. But how pregnant with misery is that station which is called *glorious*, and so much desired. Happier far are those, how mean soever their condition, that have their honest wills; it is this which *seasons* comfort, (i. e. tempers it, or makes it more pleasant and acceptable). See Hamlet, Act i. Sc. 3:—'My blessing *season* this in you.'

Iach. All of her, that is out of door, most rich!
[*Aside.*

If she be furnish'd with a mind so rare,
She is alone the Arabian bird; and I
Have lost the wager. Boldness be my friend!
Arm me, audacity, from head to foot!
Or, like the Parthian, I shall flying fight;
Rather, directly fly.

Imo. [*Reads.*—*He is one of the noblest note, to whose kindnesses I am most infinitely tied. Reflect upon him accordingly, as you value your trust*²

LEONATUS.

trust—

So far I read aloud:
But even the very middle of my heart
Is warm'd by the rest, and takes it thankfully.—
You are as welcome, worthy sir, as I
Have words to bid you; and shall find it so,
In all that I can do.

Iach. Thanks, fairest lady.—

What! are men mad? Hath nature given them eyes
To see this vaulted arch, and the rich crop
Of sea and land, which can distinguish 'twixt
The fiery orbs above, and the twinn'd stones
Upon the number'd beach³? and can we not
Partition make with spectacles so precious
'Twixt fair and foul?

Imo. What makes your admiration?

Iach. It cannot be i'the eye; for apes and monkeys
'Twixt two such shes, would chatter this way, and
Contemn with mows⁴ the other: Nor i'the judgment;
For idiots, in this case of favour, would
Be wisely definite: Nor i'the appetite;

² The old copy reads, *trust*. The emendation was suggested by Mason; is defended by Steevens; and, of course, opposed by Malone.

³ We must either believe that the poet by 'number'd beach' means 'numerous beach', or else that he wrote 'th' unnumber'd beach'; which, indeed, seems most probable.

⁴ To mew, or mee, is to make mouths.

Slutt'ry to such neat excellence oppos'd
Should make desire vomit emptiness,
Not so allur'd to feed⁵.

Imo. What is the matter, trow?

Iach. The cloyed will
(That satiate yet unsatisfied desire,
That tub both fill'd and running), ravening first
The lamb, longs after for the garbage.

Imo. What, dear sir,
Thus raps you? Are you well?

Iach. Thanks, madam; well:—'Beseech you, sir,
desire [To PISANIO.
My man's abode where I did leave him: he
Is strange and peevish⁶.

Pis. I was going, sir,
To give him welcome. [Exit PISANIO.

Imo. Continues well my lord? His health, be-
seech you?

Iach. Well, madam.

Imo. Is he dispos'd to mirth? I hope, he is.

Iach. Exceeding pleasant: none a stranger there
So merry and so gamesome: he is call'd
The Briton reveller.

Imo. When he was here,
He did incline to sadness; and oft-times
Not knowing why.

Iach. I never saw him sad.
There is a Frenchman his companion, one
An eminent monsieur, that, it seems, much loves

⁵ *Iachimo*, in his counterfeited rapture, has shown how the *eyes* and the *judgment* would determine in favour of *Imogen*, comparing her with the supposititious present mistress of *Posthumus*, he proceeds to say, that appetite too would give the same suffrage. *Desire* (says he) when it approached *slutt'ry*, and considered it in comparison with such *neat excellence*, would not only be *not so allured to feed*, but, seized with a fit of loathing, would vomit emptiness, would feel the convulsions of disgust, though, being un-fed, it had no object.

⁶ i. e. he is a *foreigner* and *foolish*, or *silly*. See vol. iv. p. 163. note 6. *Iachimo* says again at the latter end of this scene:—

'And I am something curious, being *strange*,
'To have them in safe stowage.'

Here also *strange* means a *foreigner*.

A Gallian girl at home: he furnaces?⁷
 The thick sighs from him; whiles the jolly Briton
 (Your lord, I mean), laughs from's free lungs,
 cries, O!

*Can my sides hold, to think, that man,—who knows
 By history, report, or his own proof,
 What woman is, yea, what she cannot choose
 But must be,—will his free hours languish for
 Assured bondage?*

Imo. Will my lord say so?

Iach. Ay, madam; with his eyes in flood with
 laughter.

It is a recreation to be by,
 And hear him mock the Frenchman: But, heavens
 know,
 Some men are much to blame.

Imo. Not he, I hope.

Iach. Not he: But yet heaven's bounty towards
 him might

Be us'd more thankfully. In himself, 'tis much⁸;
 In you,—which I count his, beyond all talents,—
 Whilst I am bound to wonder, I am bound
 To pity too.

Imo. What do you pity, sir?

Iach. Two creatures, heartily.

Imo. Am I one, sir?

You look on me; What wreck discern you in me,
 Deserves your pity?

Iach. Lamentable! What!

To hide me from the radiant sun, and solace
 I'the dungeon by a snuff?

Imo. I pray you, sir,

⁷ We have the same expression in Chapman's preface to his translation of the Shield of Homer, 1598:—'*Furnaceth* the universal sighs and complainates of this transposed world.' And in *As You Like It*:—

'*Sighing* like furnace, with a woful ballad.'

⁸ 'If he merely regarded his own character, without any consideration of his wife, his conduct would be unpardonable.'

Deliver with more openness your answers
To my demands. Why do you pity me?

Iach. That others do,
I was about to say, enjoy your——But
It is an office of the gods to venge it,
Not mine to speak on't.

Imo. You do seem to know
Something of me, or what concerns me; 'Pray you
(Since doubting things go ill, often hurts more
Than to be sure they do: For certainties
Either are past remedies; or, timely knowing⁹,
'The remedy then born'), discover to me
What both you spur and stop¹⁰.

Iach. Had I this cheek
To bathe my lips upon; this hand, whose touch,
Whose every touch, would force the feeler's soul
To the oath of loyalty; this object, which
Takes prisoner the wild motion of mine eye,
(*fixing*) Fixing it only here: should I (damn'd then),
Slaver with lips as common as the stairs
That mount the Capitol; join gripes with hands
Made hard with hourly falsehood¹¹ (falsehood, as
(*by buying*) With labour); then lie peeping in an eye,
(*the witness*) Base and unlustrous as the smoky light
(*the witness*) That's fed with stinking tallow; it were fit,
That all the plagues of hell should at one time
Encounter such revolt.

Imo. My lord, I fear,
Has forgot Britain.

Iach. And himself. Not I,
Inclin'd to this intelligence, pronounce
The beggary of his change; but 'tis your graces

⁹ It seems probable that *knowing* is here an error of the press for *known*.

¹⁰ 'The information which you seem to press forward and yet withhold.' The allusion is to horsemanship. So in Sidney's *Arcadia*:—'She was like a horse desirous to runne, and miserably spurred, but so short-reined, as he cannot stirre forward.'

¹¹ *Hard with falsehood* is hard by being often griped with frequent change of hands.

That, from my muteest conscience, to my tongue,
Charms this report out.

Imo. Let me hear no more.

Iach. O dearest soul! your cause doth strike my
heart

With pity, that doth make me sick. A lady
So fair, and fasten'd to an empery¹²,
Would make the great'st king double! to be partner'd
With tomboys, hir'd with that self-exhibition¹³,
Which your own coffers yield! with diseas'd ven-
tures,

That play with all infirmities for gold
Which rottenness can lend nature! such boil'd
stuff¹⁴,

As well might poison poison! Be reveng'd;
Or she, that bore you, was no queen, and you
Recoil from your great stock.

Imo. Reveng'd!

How should I be reveng'd? If this be true
(As I have such a heart, that both mine ears
Must not in haste abuse), if it be true,
How should I be reveng'd?

Iach. Should he make me

Live like Diana's priest, betwixt cold sheets;
Whiles he is vaulting variable ramps,
In your despite, upon your purse? Revenge it.
I dedicate myself to your sweet pleasure;
More noble than that runagate to your bed;

¹² *Empery* is a word signifying *sovereign command*, now obsolete. Shakespeare uses it in *King Richard III.* :—

'Your right of birth, your *empere* your own.'

¹³ We still call a forward or rude hoyden a *tomboy*. But our ancestors seem to have used the term for a wanton.

'What humorous *tomboys* be these?—

The only gallant *Messalinas* of our age.'

Lady Alimony.

So in W. Warren's *Nurserie of Names*, 1581 :—

'Like *tomboyes*, such as live in Rome,

For every knave's delight.'

'Gross *strumpets*, hired with the *very pension* which you allow your husband.'

¹⁴ This allusion has been already explained. See *Timon of Athens*, Act ii. Sc. 2, p. 35.

And will continue fast to your affection,
Still close, as sure.

Imo.

What ho, Pisanio!

Iach. Let me my service tender on your lips.

Imo. Away!—I do condemn mine ears, that have
So long attended thee.—If thou wert honourable,
Thou would'st have told this tale for virtue, not
For such an end thou seek'st; as base, as strange.
Thou wrong'st a gentleman, who is as far
From thy report, as thou from honour; and
Solicit'st here a lady, that disdains
Thee and the devil alike.—What ho, Pisanio!—
The king my father shall be made acquainted
Of thy assault: if he shall think it fit,
A saucy stranger, in his court, to mart
As in a Romish¹⁵ stew, and to expound
His beastly mind to us; he hath a court
He little cares for, and a daughter whom
He not respects at all.—What ho, Pisanio!—

Iach. O happy Leonatus! I may say;
The credit, that thy lady hath of thee,
Deserves thy trust: and thy most perfect goodness
Her assur'd credit!—Blessed live you long!
A lady to the worthiest sir, that ever
Country call'd his! and you his mistress, only
For the most worthiest fit! Give me your pardon.
I have spoke this, to know if your affiance
Were deeply rooted; and shall make your lord,
That which he is, new o'er: And he is one
The truest manner'd; such a holy witch,
That he enchants societies unto him¹⁶;
Half all men's hearts are his.

¹⁵ *Romish* for *Roman* was the phraseology of Shakspeare's age. Thus in Claudius Tiberius Nero. 1607:—'In the loathsome *Romish stews*. Drant, in his translation of the first epistle of the second book of Horace, 1561, has—

'The *Romish* people wise in this, in this point only just.' And in other places we have the '*Romish cirque*,' &c.

¹⁶ '——he did in the general bosom reign
Of young and old, and sexes both enchanted—
Consents bewitch'd, ere he desire, have granted.'

Imo. You make amends.

Iach. He sits 'mongst men, like a descended god¹⁷:
He hath a kind of honour sets him off,
More than a mortal seeming. Be not angry,
Most mighty princess, that I have adventur'd
To try your taking of a false report; which hath
Honour'd with confirmation your great judgment
In the election of a sir so rare,
Which you know, cannot err: The love I bear him
Made me to fan you thus; but the gods made you,
Unlike all others, chaffless. Pray your pardon.

Imo. All's well, sir: Take my power i' the court
for yours.

Iach. My humble thanks. I had almost forgot
To entreat your grace but in a small request,
And yet of moment too, for it concerns
Your lord; myself, and other noble friends,
Are partners in the business.

Imo. Pray, what is't?

Iach. Some dozen Romans of us, and your lord
(The best feather of our wing¹⁸), have mingled sums,
To buy a present for the emperor;
Which I, the factor for the rest, have done
In France: 'Tis plate, of rare device; and jewels,
Of rich and exquisite form; their values great;
And I am something curious, being strange¹⁹,
To have them in safe stowage; May it please you
To take them in protection?

Imo. Willingly;
And pawn mine honour for their safety: since

¹⁷ So in Chapman's version of the twenty-third book of the Odyssey:—

‘————— as he were

A god descended from the starry sphere.’

And in Hamlet:—

‘——— a station like the herald Mercury

New lighted on a heaven-kissing hill.’

¹⁸ ‘You are so great you would faine march in fieldes,

That world should judge you feathers of one wing’

Churchyard's *Warning to Wanderers*, 1593.

¹⁹ See note 6, p. 30 ante.

My lord hath interest in them, I will keep them
In my bed-chamber.

Iach. They are in a trunk,
Attended by my men: I will make bold
To send them to you, only for this night;
I must aboard to morrow.

Imo. O, no, no.

Iach. Yes, I beseech; or I shall short my word,
By length'ning my return. From Gallia
I cross'd the seas on purpose, and on promise
To see your grace.

Imo. I thank you for your pains;
But not away to-morrow?

Iach. O, I must, madam:
Therefore, I shall beseech you, if you please
To greet your lord with writing, do't to-night:
I have outstood my time; which is material
To the tender of our present.

Imo. I will write.
Send your trunk to me; it shall safe be kept,
And truly yielded you: You are very welcome.

[*Exeunt.*]

ACT II.

SCENE I. *Court before Cymbeline's Palace.*

Enter CLOTEN, and Two Lords.

Clo. Was there ever man had such luck! when
I kissed the jack upon an upcast¹, to be hit away!
I had a hundred pound on't: And then a whoreson

¹ He is describing his fate at bowls. The *jack* is the small bowl at which the others are aimed: he who is nearest to it wins. 'To kiss the jack' is a state of great advantage. The expression is of frequent occurrence in the old comedies. The *jack* is also called the *mistress*.

jackanapes must take me up for swearing; as if I borrowed mine oaths of him, and might not spend them at my pleasure.

1 *Lord*. What got he by that? You have broke his pate with your bowl.

2 *Lord*. If his wit had been like him that broke it, it would have ran all out. [*Aside*.

Clo. When a gentleman is disposed to swear, it is not for any standers-by to curtail his oaths: Ha?

2 *Lord*. No, my lord; nor [*aside*] crop the ears of them.

Clo. Whoreson dog!—I give him satisfaction? (*gave*)
'Would, he had been one of my rank!

2 *Lord*. To have smelt like a fool². [*Aside*.

Clo. I am not more vexed at any thing in the earth,—A pox on't! I had rather not be so noble as I am; they dare not fight with me, because of the queen my mother: every jack-slave hath his belly full of fighting, and I must go up and down like a cock that nobody can match.

2 *Lord*. You are a cock and capon too; and you crow, cock, with your comb on³. [*Aside*.

Clo. Sayest thou?

1 *Lord*. It is not fit, your lordship should undertake every companion⁴ that you give offence to.

Clo. No, I know that: but it is fit, I should commit offence to my inferiors.

2 *Lord*. Ay, it is fit for your lordship only.

Clo. Why, so I say.

1 *Lord*. Did you hear of a stranger, that's come to court to-night?

Clo. A stranger! and I know not on't!

2 *Lord*. He's a strange fellow himself, and knows it not. [*Aside*.

² The same quibble has occurred in *As You Like It*, Act i. Sc 2:—

‘*Touch*. Nay, if I keep not my rank.

Ros. ‘Thou lovest thy old smell.’

³ That is, in other words, you are a *corcomb*.

⁴ The use of *companion* was the same as of *fellow* now. It was a word of contempt.

1 *Lord.* There's an Italian come; and, 'tis thought, one of Leonatus' friends.

Clo. Leonatus! a banished rascal; and he's another, whatsoever he be. Who told you of this stranger?

1 *Lord.* One of your lordship's pages.

Clo. Is it fit, I went to look upon him? Is there no derogation in't?

1 *Lord.* You cannot derogate, my lord.

Clo. Not easily, I think.

2 *Lord.* You are a fool granted; therefore your issues being foolish, do not derogate. [*Aside.*

Clo. Come, I'll go see this Italian: What I have lost to-day at bowls, I'll win to-night of him. Come, go.

2 *Lord.* I'll attend your lordship.

[*Exeunt CLOTEN and first Lord.*

That such a crafty devil as is his mother
Should yield the world this ass! a woman, that
Bears all down with her brain; and this her son
Cannot take two from twenty for his heart
And leave eighteen. Alas, poor princess,
Thou divine Imogen, what thou endur'st!
Betwixt a father by thy step-dame govern'd;
A mother hourly coining plots; a wooer,
More hateful than the foul expulsion is
Of thy dear husband, than that horrid act
Of the divorce he'd make! The heavens hold firm
The walls of thy dear honour; keep unshak'd
That temple, thy fair mind; that thou may'st stand,
To enjoy thy banish'd lord, and this great land!

[*Exit.*

SCENE II.

A Bedchamber; in one Part of it a Trunk.

IMOGEN reading in her Bed; a Lady attending.

Imo. Who's there? my woman Helen?

Lady.

Please you, madam

Imo. What hour is it?

Lady. Almost midnight, madam.

Imo. I have read three hours then; mine eyes are weak:—

Fold down the leaf where I have left: To bed:

Take not away the taper, leave it burning;

And if thou canst awake by four o'the clock,

I pr'ythee, call me. Sleep hath seiz'd me wholly.

[*Exit Lady.*

To your protection I commend me, gods!

From fairies, and the tempters of the night,

Guard me, beseech ye!

[*Sleeps.* IACHIMO, *from the Trunk.*

Iach. The crickets sing, and man's o'erlabour'd sense

Repairs itself by rest: Our Tarquin thus

Did softly press the rushes¹, ere he waken'd

The chastity he wounded.—Cytherea,

How bravely thou becom'st thy bed! fresh lily!

And whiter than the sheets! That I might touch!

But kiss; one kiss!—Rubies unparagon'd, [*Imo.*]

How dearly they do't!—'Tis her breathing that

Perfumes the chamber thus²: The flame o'the taper

Bows toward her; and would underpeep her lids,

To see the enclosed lights, now canopied

Under these windows³: White and azure, lac'd

With blue of heaven's own tinct⁴.—But my design?

¹ It was anciently the custom to strew chambers with rushes. This passage may serve as a comment on the '*ravishing strides*' of Tarquin, in *Macbeth*, as it shows that Shakespeare meant '*softly stealing strides*.' See vol. iv. p. 228.

² —no lips did seem so fair

In his conceit; through which he thinks doth flie
So sweet a breath that doth perfume the air.

Pygmalion's Image, by Marston, 1598.

³ That is, her *eyelids*. So in *Romeo and Juliet*:—

'Thy eyes' windows fall

Like death when he shuts up the day of life.'

And in *Venus and Adonis*:—

'The night of sorrow now is turn'd to day;

Her two blue windows faintly she up-heaveth.'

⁴ Warburton wished to read:—

'——White with azure lac'd,

The blue of heaven's own tinct.'

[Take out 4 tables.??]

To note the chamber:—I will write all down:—

Such, and such, pictures:—There the window:—
Such

The adornment of her bed:—The arras, figures,
Why, such, and such:—And the contents o'the
story,—

Ay, but some natural notes about her body,
Above ten thousand meaner moveables
Would testify, to enrich mine inventory:
O sleep, thou ape of death, lie dull upon her!
And be her sense but as a monument,
Thus in a chapel lying!—Come off, come off;—

[Taking off her Bracelet.

As slippery, as the Gordian knot was hard!—
'Tis mine; and this will witness outwardly,
As strongly as the conscience does within,
To the madding of her lord. On her left breast
A mole cinque-spotted, like the crimson drops
I'the bottom of a cowslip: Here's a voucher,
Stronger than ever law could make: this secret
Will force him think I have pick'd the lock, and ta'en
The treasure of her honour. No more.—To what end?
Why should I write this down, that's riveted,
Screw'd to my memory? She hath been reading late
The tale of Tereus⁵; here the leaf's turn'd down,
Where Philomel gave up;—I have enough:
To the trunk again, and shut the spring of it.

But there is no necessity for change. It is an exact description of the eyelid of a fair beauty, which is white tinged with blue, and laced with veins of darker blue. By *azure* our ancestors understood not a dark blue, but a light glaucous colour, a tinct or effusion of a blue colour. Drayton seems to have had this passage in his mind:—

'And these sweet *veins* by nature rightly plac'd,
Wherewith she seems the white *skin* to have lac'd.'

The reader will remember that Shakespeare has dwelt on corresponding imagery in a beautiful passage of *The Winter's Tale*:—

'———*violets* dim,
But sweeter than the *lids* of Juno's eyes.'

⁵ *Tereus and Progne* is the second tale in *A Petite Palace of Pettie his Pleasure*, 4to. 1576. The story is related in Ovid. *Metam.* l. vi.; and by Gower in his *Confessio Amantis*, b. v. fol. 113, b.

Swift, swift, you dragons of the night⁶!—that
dawning

May bare the raven's eye: I lodge in fear; (bgs 2, 2d. m. 1)
Though this a heavenly angel, hell is here.

[Clock strikes.

One, two, three,—Time, time!

[Goes into the Trunk. The Scene closes. (xv)

SCENE III.

An Ante-Chamber adjoining Imogen's Apartment.

Enter CLOTEN and Lords.

1 Lord. Your lordship is the most patient man in
loss, the most coldest that ever turn'd up ace.

Clo. It would make any man cold to lose.

1 Lord. But not every man patient, after the
noble temper of your lordship; You are most hot,
and furious, when you win.

Clo. Winning would put any man into courage;
If I could get this foolish Imogen, I should have
gold enough: It's almost morning, is't not?

1 Lord. Day, my lord.

Clo. I would this music would come: I am ad-
vised to give her music o'mornings; they say, it
will penetrate.

Enter Musicians.

Come on; tune: If you can penetrate her with your
fingering, so; we'll try with tongue too: if none

⁶ The task of drawing the chariot of Night was assigned to dragons, on account of their supposed watchfulness. Milton mentions 'the dragon yoke of night' in *Il Penseroso*; and in his *Comus*:—

'—the dragon womb
Of Stygian darkness.'

Again, in *Obitum Præsulis Eliensis*:—

'—sub pedibus deam
Vidi triformem, dum coercerat suos
Frænis dracones aureis.'

It may be remarked that the whole tribe of serpents sleep with their eyes open, and therefore appear to exert a constant vigilance

will do, let her remain; but I'll never give o'er. First, a very excellent good-conceited thing; after, a wonderful sweet air, with admirable rich words to it,—and then let her consider.

SONG.

*Hark! hark! the lark at heaven's gate sings¹,
And Phœbus 'gins arise,
His steeds to water at those springs
On chalic'd² flowers that lies;
And winking Mary-buds begin
To ope their golden eyes;
With every thing that pretty bin: *(Hannah bin.)*
My lady sweet, arise;
Arise, arise.*

¹ The same hyperbole occurs in Milton's *Paradise Lost*, book v.:—
'——ye birds

That singing up to heaven's gate ascend.'

And in Shakespeare's 29th Sonnet:—

'Like to the lark at break of day arising
From sullen earth, *sings* hymns at heaven's gate.'

And again in *Venus and Adonis*:—

'Lo, here the gentle lark, weary of rest,
From his moist cabinet mounts up on high,
And wakes the morning, from whose silver breast
The sun ariseth in his majesty.'

Perhaps Lyly's *Alexander and Campaspe* suggested this song:

'——who is't now we hear;
None but the lark so shrill and clear;
Now at heaven's gates she claps her wings,
The morn not waking till she sings.

Hark, hark——

Passages in Chaucer, Spenser, Skelton, &c. have been pointed out by Mr. Douce, which have parallel thoughts.

² The morning dries up the dew which lies in the cups of flowers called calices or chalices. The marigold is one of those flowers which closes itself up at sunset.

'——the day is waxen olde,
And 'gins to shut up with the marigold.'

Browne; Brittauta's Pastorals.

So Shakespeare in *King Henry VIII.*:—

'Great princes' favorites *their fair leaves spread,*
But as the marigold at the sun's eye.

A similar idea is expressed in 'A Courtlie Controversie of Cupid's Cantels, 1578, p. 7:—'Floures which unfolding their tender leaves, at the breake of the gray morning, seemed to *open their smiling eyes*, which were oppressed with the drowynesse of the passed night,' &c.

So, get you gone: If this penetrate, I will consider your music the better³: if it do not, it is a vice in her ears, which horse-hairs, and cat-guts, nor the voice of unpaved eunuch to boot, can never amend. (voice)
(cat-guts)

[*Exeunt Musicians.*]

Enter CYMBELINE and Queen.

2 *Lord.* Here comes the king.

Clo. I am glad, I was up so late; for that's the reason I was up so early: He cannot choose but take this service I have done, fatherly. — Good morrow to your majesty, and to my gracious mother.

Cym. Attend you here the door of our stern daughter?

Will she not forth?

Clo. I have assailed her with music, but she vouchsafes no notice.

Cym. The exile of her minion is too new; She hath not yet forgot him: some more time Must wear the print of his remembrance out, And then she's yours.

Queen. You are most bound to the king; Who let's go by no vantages, that may Prefer you to his daughter: Frame yourself To orderly solicits; and be friended With aptness of the season⁴: make denials Increase your services: so seem, as if You were inspir'd to do those duties which You tender to her; that you in all obey her, Save when command to your dismissal tends, And therein you are senseless.

Clo. Senseless? not so.

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. So like you, sir, ambassadors from Rome; The one is Caius Lucius.

³ i. e. I will pay you more amply for it.

⁴ 'With solicitations not only proper but well timed.'

Cym. A worthy fellow,
 Albeit he comes on angry purpose now;
 But that's no fault of his: We must receive him
 According to the honour of his sender;
 And towards himself his goodness forespent on us
 We must extend our notice⁵.—Our dear son,
 When you have given good morning to your mistress,
 Attend the queen, and us; we shall have need
 To employ you towards this Roman.—Come, our
 queen.

[*Exeunt Cym. Queen, Lords, and Mess.*]

Clo. If she be up, I'll speak with her; if not,
 Let her lie still, and dream.—By your leave ho!—
 [*Knocks.*]

I know her women are about her; What
 If I do line one of their hands? 'Tis gold
 Which buys admittance; oft it doth; yea, and makes
 Diana's rangers false⁶ themselves, yield up
 Their deer to the stand of the stealer; and 'tis gold
 Which makes the true man kill'd, and saves the thief;
 Nay, sometime, hangs both thief and true man: What
 Can it not do, and undo? I will make
 One of her women lawyer to me; for
 I yet not understand the case myself.
 By your leave. [*Knocks.*]

Enter a Lady.

Lady. Who's there, that knocks?

Clo.

A gentleman.

Lady.

No more?

⁵ That is, we must extend towards himself our notice of his goodness heretofore shown to us. Shakespeare has many similar ellipses. Thus in *Julius Cæsar* :—

'Thine honourable metal may be wrought
 From what it is dispos'd [to].'

See the next Scene, note 5.

⁶ *False* is not here an adjective, but a verb. Thus in *Tamburlaine*, Part 1 :—

'And make him *false* his faith unto the king.'

Shakespeare has one form of the verb *to false* in *The Comedy of Errors*, Act ii, Sc. 2 :—'Nay not sure in a thing *falsing*.'

Clo. Yes, and a gentlewoman's son.

Lady.

That's more

Than some, whose tailors are as dear as yours,
Can justly boast of: What's your lordship's pleasure?

Clo. Your lady's person: Is she ready?

Lady.

Ay,

To keep her chamber.

Clo. There's gold for you; sell me your good report.

Lady. How! my good name? or to report of you
What I shall think is good?—The princess——

Enter IMOGEN.

Clo. Good morrow, fairest sister: Your sweet hand.

Imo. Good morrow, sir: You lay out too much pains

For purchasing but trouble: the thanks I give,
Is telling you that I am poor of thanks,
And scare can spare them.

Clo.

Still, I swear, I love you.

Imo. If you but said so, 'twere as deep with me:
If you swear still, your recompense is still
That I regard it not.

Clo.

This is no answer.

Imo. But that you shall not say I yield, being silent,
I would not speak. I pray you, spare me: i'faith,
I shall unfold equal discourtesy
To your best kindness; one of your great knowing
Should learn, being taught, forbearance¹.

Clo. To leave you in your madness, 'twere my sin:
I will not.

Imo. Fools are not mad folks².

Clo.

Do you call me fool?

¹ i. e. 'a man of your knowledge, being taught forbearance, should learn it.'

² This, as Cloten very well understands it, is a covert mode of calling him a fool. The meaning implied is this: 'If I am mad, as you tell me, I am what you can never be.' 'Fools are not mad folks.'

Imo. As I am mad, I do:
 If you'll be patient, I'll no more be mad;
 That cures us both. I am much sorry, sir,
 You put me to forget a lady's manners,
 By being so verbal⁹: and learn now, for all,
 That I, which know my heart, do here pronounce,
 By the very truth of it, I care not for you;
 And am so near the lack of charity
 (To accuse myself), I hate you: which I had rather
 You felt, than make't my boast.

Clo. You sin against
 Obedience, which you owe your father. For
 The contract you pretend with that base wretch
 (One, bred of alms, and foster'd with cold dishes,
 With scraps o'the court), it is no contract, none:
 And though it be allow'd in meaner parties,
 (Yet who, than he, more mean?) to knit their souls
 (On whom there is no more dependency
 But brats and beggary) in self-figur'd knot¹⁰;
 Yet you are curb'd from that enlargement by
 The consequence o'the crown; and must not soil
 The precious note of it with a base slave,
 A hilding¹¹ for a livery, a squire's cloth,
 A pantler, not so eminent.

Imo. Profane fellow!
 Wert thou the son of Jupiter, and no more,
 But what thou art, besides, thou wert too base
 To be his groom: thou wert dignified enough,
 Even to the point of envy, if 'twere made
 Comparative for your virtues¹², to be styl'd

⁹ i. e. so verbose, so full of talk.

¹⁰ In knots of their own tying.

¹¹ A low fellow only fit to wear a livery. See vol. iii. p. 352, note 3.

¹² 'If you were to be dignified only in comparison to your virtues, the under hangman's place is too good for you.'

Johnson says, that 'the rudeness of Cloten is not much under-matched' in that of Imogen; but he forgets the provocation her gentle spirit undergoes by this persecution of Cloten's addresses, and the abuse bestowed upon the idol of her soul.

The under-hangman of his kingdom; and hated
For being preferr'd so well.

Clo. The south-fog rot him!

Imo. He never can meet more mischance than
come

To be but nam'd of thee. His meanest garment,
'That ever hath but clipp'd his body, is dearer,
In my respect, than all the hairs above thee,
Were they all made such men. — How now,
Pisanio?

Enter PISANIO.

Clo. His garment? Now, the devil —

Imo. To Dorothy my woman hie thee presently: —

Clo. His garment?

Imo. I am sprighted¹³ with a fool;
Frighted, and anger'd worse: — Go, bid my woman
Search for a jewel, that too casually
Hath left mine arm; it was thy master's: 'shrew me,
If I would lose it for a revenue
Of any king's in Europe. I do think,
I saw't this morning: Confident I am,
Last night 'twas on mine arm; I kiss'd it:
I hope, it be not gone, to tell my lord
That I kiss aught but he.

Pis. 'Twill not be lost.

Imo. I hope so: go, and search. [*Exit Pis.*]

Clo. You have abus'd me: —

His meanest garment?

Imo. Ay; I said so, sir.

If you will make't an action, call witness to't.

Clo. I will inform your father.

Imo. Your mother too:
She's my good lady¹⁴; and will conceive, I hope,

¹³ i. e. haunted by a fool as by a *spright*.

¹⁴ This is said ironically. 'My good lady' is equivalent to 'my good friend.' See vol. v. p. 328, note 5.

But the worst of me. So I leave you, sir,
To the worst of discontent. [Exit.

Clo. I'll be reveng'd:—
His meanest garment?—Well. [Exit.

SCENE IV.

Rome. *An Apartment in Philario's House.*

Enter POSTHUMUS and PHILARIO.

Post. Fear it not, sir: I would, I were so sure
To win the king, as I am bold, her honour
Will remain hers.

Phi. What means do you make to him?

Post. Not any; but abide the change of time;
Quake in the present winter's state, and wish
That warmer days would come: in these fear'd hopes,
I barely gratify your love; they failing,
I must die much your debtor.

Phi. Your very goodness, and your company,
O'er pays all I can do. By this, your king
Hath heard of great Augustus: Caius Lucius
Will do his commission throughly: And, I think,
He'll grant the tribute, send the arrearages,
Or¹ look upon our Romans, whose remembrance
Is yet fresh in their grief.

Post. I do believe
(Statist² though I am none, nor like to be),
That this will prove a war; and you shall hear
The legions now in Gallia, sooner landed
In our not-fearing Britain, than have tidings
Of any penny tribute paid. Our countrymen
Are men more order'd, than when Julius Cæsar
Smil'd at their lack of skill, but found their courage
Worthy his frowning at: Their discipline

¹ Or stands here for ere. See vol. iv. p. 379, note 3. Respecting the tribute here alluded to, see the Preliminary Remarks.

² i. e. statesman. See Hamlet, Act v. Sc. 2, note 8.

(Now mingled with their courages) will make known
To their approvers³, they are people, such
That mend upon the world.

Enter IACHIMO.

Phi. See! Iachimo?

Post. The swiftest harts have posted you by land:
And winds of all the corners kiss'd your sails,
To make your vessel nimble.

Phi. Welcome, sir.

Post. I hope, the briefness of your answer made
The speediness of your return.

Iach. Your lady
Is one of the fairest that I have look'd upon.

Post. And, therewithal, the best; or let her beauty
Look through a casement to allure false hearts,
And be false with them.

Iach. Here are letters for you.

Post. Their tenour good, I trust.

Iach. 'Tis very like.

Phi. Was Caius Lucius in the Britain court,
When you were there⁴?

Iach. He was expected then,
But not approach'd.

Post. All is well yet.—
Sparkles this stone as it was wont? or is't not
Too dull for your good wearing?

Iach. If I have lost it,
I should have lost the worth of it in gold.
I'll make a journey twice as far, to enjoy
A second night of such sweet shortness, which
Was mine in Britain; for the ring is won.

³ That is, 'to those who try them.' The old copy, by a common typographical error in the preceding line, has *wingled*—instead of *mingled*, which odd reading Steevens seemed inclined to adopt, and explains it, 'their discipline borrowing wings from their courage.'

⁴ This speech is given to Posthumus in the old copy; but Posthumus was employed in reading his letters, and was too much interested in the end of Iachimo's journey to put an indifferent question of this nature. It was transferred to Philario at the suggestion of Steevens.

Post. The stone's too hard to come by.

Iach.

Not a whit,

Your lady being so easy.

Post.

Make not, sir,

Your loss your sport: I hope, you know that we
Must not continue friends.

Iach.

Good sir, we must,

If you keep covenant: Had I not brought
The knowledge of your mistress home, I grant
We were to question further: but I now
Profess myself the winner of her honour,
Together with your ring; and not the wronger
Of her, or you, having proceeded but
By both your wills.

Post.

If you can make't apparent

That you have tasted her in bed, my hand,
And ring is yours: if not, the foul opinion
You had of her pure honour, gains, or loses,
Your sword, or mine; or masterless leaves both
To who shall find them.

Iach.

Sir, my circumstances,

Being so near the truth, as I will make them,
Must first induce you to believe: whose strength
I will confirm with oath; which, I doubt not,
You'll give me leave to spare, when you shall find
You need it not.

Post.

Proceed.

Iach.

First, her bed-chamber

(Where, I confess, I slept not; but, profess,
Had that was well worth watching^b), It was hang'd
With tapestry of silk and silver^f, the story,
Proud Cleopatra, when she met her Roman,
And Cydnus swell'd above the banks, or for
The press of boats, or pride: a piece of work
So bravely done, so rich, that it did strive
In workmanship, and value: which, I wonder'd,

^b i. e. 'that which was well worth watching or lying awake [for].' See the preceding scene, note 5.

Could be so rarely and exactly wrought,
Since the true life on't was⁶—

Post. This is true;
And this you might have heard of here, by me,
Or by some other.

Iach. More particulars
Must justify my knowledge.

Post. So they must,
Or do your honour injury.

Iach. The chimney
Is south the chamber; and the chimney-piece,
Chaste Dian, bathing: never saw I figures
So likely to report themselves: the cutter
Was as another nature, dumb⁷; outwent her,
Motion and breath left out.

Post. This is a thing,
Which you might from relation likewise reap;
Being, as it is, much spoke of.

Iach. The roof o'the chamber
With golden cherubins is fretted⁸. Her andirons
(I had forgot them), were two winking Cupids

* Mason proposes to read:—

'Such the true life on't was.'

It is a typographical error easily made: and the emendation deserves a place in the text.

Johnson observes, that 'Iachimo's language is such as a skillful villain would naturally use; a mixture of airy triumph and serious deposition. His gaiety shows his seriousness to be without anxiety, and his seriousness proves his gaiety to be without art.'

⁷ i. e. so near speech. A *speaking picture* is a common figurative mode of expression. The meaning of the latter part of the sentence is: 'The sculptor was as nature dumb; he gave every thing that nature gives but breath and motion. In *breath* is included *speech*.'

⁸ Steevens says, 'this tawdry image occurs in King Henry VIII. :—

'—— their dwarfish pages were
As cherubins all gilt.'

By the very mention of cherubins his indignation is moved. 'The sole recommendation of this Gothic idea (says he), which is critically repeated by modern artists, seems to be, that it occupies but little room on canvass or marble; for chubby unmeaning faces, with duck's wings tucked under them, are all the circumstances that enter into such infantine and absurd representations of the choirs of heaven.'

Of silver), each on one foot standing, nicely
Depending on their brands⁹.

Post. This is her honour!—
Let it be granted, you have seen all this (and praise
Be given to your remembrance), the description
Of what is in her chamber, nothing saves
The wager you have laid.

Iach. Then, if you can,
[*Pulling out the Bracelet.*
Be pale¹⁰; I beg but leave to air this jewel: See!—
And now 'tis up again: it must be married
To that your diamond; I'll keep them.

Post. Jove!—
Once more let me behold it: Is it that
Which I left with her?

Iach. Sir (I thank her), that:
She stripp'd it from her arm; I see her yet;
Her pretty action did outsell her gift,
And yet enrich'd it too: She gave it me, and said,
She priz'd it once.

Post. May be, she pluck'd it off,
To send it me.

Iach. She writes so to you? doth she?

Post. O, no, no, no; 'tis true. Here, take this
too; [Gives the Ring.

It is a basilisk unto mine eye,
Kills me to look on't:—Let there be no honour,
Where there is beauty; truth, where semblance; love,
Where there's another man: The vows of women

⁹ It is well known that the *andirons* of our ancestors were sometimes costly pieces of furniture; the *standards* were often, as in this instance, of silver, and representing some *terminal* figure or device; the transverse or horizontal pieces, upon which the wood was supported, were what Shakspeare here calls the *brands*, properly *brandirons*. Upon these the Cupids which formed the standards *nicely depended*, seeming to stand on one foot.

¹⁰ The meaning seems to be, 'If you ever can be pale—be pale now with jealousy.'

'Pale jealousy, child of insatiate love.'

Not, as Johnson says, 'forbear to flush your cheek with rage.' Mr. Boswell's conjecture that it meant, 'If you can control your temper, if you can restrain yourself within bounds,' is surely inadmissible.

Of no more bondage be, to where they are made,
Than they are to their virtues: which is nothing:—
O, above measure false!

Phi. Have patience, sir,
And take your ring again; 'tis not yet won:
It may be probable, she lost it; or,
Who knows if one of her women, being corrupted,
Hath stolen it from her.

Post. Very true;
And so, I hope, he came by't;—Back my ring;—
Render to me some corporal sign about her,
More evident than this; for this was stolen.

Iach. By Jupiter, I had it from her arm.

Post. Hark you, he swears; by Jupiter he swears.
'Tis true;—nay, keep the ring—'tis true: I am sure,
She would not lose it: her attendants are
All sworn¹¹ and honourable:—They induc'd to
steal it!

And by a stranger?—No, he hath enjoy'd her.
The cognizance¹² of her incontinency
Is this,—she hath bought the name of whore thus
dearly.—

There, take thy hire: and all the fiends of hell
Divide themselves between you!

Phi. Sir, be patient:
This is not strong enough to be believ'd
Of one persuaded well of—

Post. Never talk on't;
She hath been colted by him.

Iach. If you seek
For further satisfying, under her breast
(Worthy the pressing), lies a mole, right proud
Of that most delicate lodging: By my life,

¹¹ It was anciently the custom for the servants of great families (as it is now for the servants of the king) to take an oath of fidelity on their entrance into office. See Percy's Northumberland Household Book, p. 49.

¹² The badge, the token, the visible proof. So in King Henry VI. Part 1. 1. 1.

'As cognizance of my blood-drinking hate.'

I kiss'd it: and it gave me present hunger
To feed again, though full. You do remember
This stain upon her?

Post. Ay, and it doth confirm
Another stain, as big as hell can hold,
Were there no more but it.

Iach. Will you hear more?

Post. Spare your arithmetic; never count the
turns;

Once, and a million!

Iach. I'll be sworn,——

Post. No swearing.

If you will swear you have not done't, you lie;
And I will kill thee, if thou dost deny
Thou hast made me cuckold.

Iach. I will deny nothing.

Post. O, that I had her here, to tear her limb-meal!
I will go there, and do't; i'the court; before
Her father:—I'll do something—— [*Exit.*

Phi. Quite besides
The government of patience!—You have won:
Let's follow him, and pervert¹³ the present wrath
He hath against himself.

Iach. With all my heart.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE V.

The same. Another Room in the same.

Enter POSTHUMUS.

Post. Is there no way for men to be, but women
Must be half-workers¹? We are bastards all;

¹³ i. e. avert his wrath from himself, prevent him from injuring himself in his rage.

¹ Milton was probably indebted to this speech for one of the sentiments which he has imputed to Adam, *Par. Lost*, b. x:—

And that most venerable man, which I
 Did call my father, was I know not where
 When I was stamp'd; some coiner with his tools
 Made me a counterfeit²: Yet my mother seem'd
 The Dian of that time: so doth my wife
 The nonpareil of this.—O vengeance, vengeance!
 Me of my lawful pleasure she restrain'd,
 And pray'd me, oft, forbearance: did it with
 A pudency so rosy, the sweet view on't
 Might well have warm'd old Saturn; that I thought her
 As chaste as unsunn'd snow;—O, all the devils!—
 This yellow lachimo, in an hour,—was't not?—
 Or less,—at first: Perchance he spoke not; but,
 Like a full-acorn'd boar, a German one, *[a German one]*
 Cry'd, *oh!* and mounted: found no opposition *[a German one]*
 But what he look'd for should oppose, and she *[a German one]*
 Should from encounter guard. Could I find out
 The woman's part in me! For there's no motion
 That tends to vice in man, but I affirm
 It is the woman's part: Be it lying, note it,
 The woman's; flattering, hers; deceiving, hers;
 Ambitions, covetings, change of prides, disdain,
 Nice longings, slanders, mutability,
 All faults that may be nam'd, nay, that hell knows, *[same]*
 Why, hers, in part, or all; but, rather, all:
 For ev'n to vice
 They are not constant, but are changing still
 One vice, but of a minute old, for one

'——— O, why did God,
 Creator wise, that peopled highest heaven
 With spirits masculine, create at last
 This novelty on earth, this fair defect
 Of nature, and not fill the world at once
 With men, as angels, without feminine,
 Or find some other way to generate
 Mankind?'

See Rhodomonte's invective against women in the *Orlando Furioso*; and above all a speech which Euripides has put into the mouth of Hippolytus, in the tragedy of that name.

² We have the same image in Measure for Measure:—
 'Their saucy sweetness, that do coin heaven's image
 In stamps that are forbid.'

See Burton's *Anatomy of Melancholy*, Part III. Sect 3.

Not half so old as that. I'll write against them,
Detest them, curse them: Yet 'tis greater skill
In a true hate, to pray they have their will:
The very devils cannot plague them better³. [*Exit.*]

ACT III.

SCENE I. Britain. *A Room of State in Cymbeline's Palace.*

Enter CYMBELINE, Queen, CLOTEN, and Lords, at one Door; and at another, CAIUS LUCIUS, and Attendants.

Cym. Now say, what would Augustus Cæsar
with us?

Luc. When Julius Cæsar (whose remembrance yet
Lives in men's eyes; and will to ears, and tongues,
Be theme, and hearing ever), was in this Britain,
And conquer'd it, Cassibelan, thine uncle
(Famous in Cæsar's praises, no whit less
Than in his feats deserving it), for him,
And his succession, granted Rome a tribute,
Yearly three thousand pounds; which by thee lately
Is left untender'd.

Queen. And, to kill the marvel,
Shall be so ever.

Clo. There be many Cæsars,
Ere such another Julius. Britain is
A world by itself; and we will nothing pay,
For wearing our own noses.

Queen. That opportunity,
Which then they had to take from us, to resume

³ 'God could not lightly do a man more vengeance, than in this world to grant him his own foolish wishes.'—*Sir T. More's Comfort against Tribulation.*

We have again.—Remember, sir, my liege,
 The kings your ancestors; together with
 The natural bravery of your isle; which stands
 As Neptune's park, ribbed and paled in
 With rocks unscaleable, and roaring waters; (oaks)
 With sands, that will not bear your enemies' boats,
 But suck them up to the top-mast. A kind of conquest
 Cæsar made here; but made not here his brag
 Of, *came*, and *saw*, and *overcame*; with shame
 (The first that ever touch'd him), he was carried
 From off our coast, twice beaten; and his shipping,
 (Poor ignorant baubles!) on our terrible seas,
 Like egg-shells mov'd upon their surges, crack'd
 As easily 'gainst our rocks: for joy whereof,
 The fam'd Cassibelan, who was once at point
 (O, giglot¹ fortune!) to master Cæsar's sword,
 Made Lud's town with rejoicing fires bright,
 And Britons strut with courage.

Clo. Come, there's no more tribute to be paid:
 Our kingdom is stronger than it was at that time;
 and, as I said,² there is no more such Cæsars: other
 of them may have crooked noses: but, to owe such
 straight arms, none.

Cym. Son, let your mother end.

Clo. We have yet many among us can gripe as
 hard as Cassibelan: I do not say, I am one; but
 I have a hand.—Why tribute? why should we pay
 tribute? If Cæsar can hide the sun from us with
 a blanket, or put the moon in his pocket, we will

¹ 'O false and inconstant fortune!' A *giglot* was a strumpet.
 So in *Measure for Measure*, vol. ii. p. 98:—'Away with those
giglots too.' And in *Hamlet*:—

'Out, out, thou *strumpet* fortune!'

The poet has transferred to Cassibelan an adventure which hap-
 pened to his brother Nennius. See *Helinshed*, book iii. ch. xiii.
 'The same historie also maketh mention of Nennius, brother to
 Cassibelane, who in fight happened to get Cæsar's sword fastened
 in his shield, by a blow which Cæsar stroke at him. But Nennius
 died, within 15 daies after the battel, of the hurt received at
 Cæsar's hand; although after he was hurt he slew Labienus, one
 of the Roman tribunes.'

pay him tribute for light; else, sir, no more tribute, pray you now.

Cym. You must know,
Till the injurious Romans did extort
This tribute from us, we were free: Cæsar's ambition
(Which swell'd so much, that it did almost stretch
The sides o'the world), against all colour², here
Did put the yoke upon us; which to shake off,
Becomes a warlike people, whom we reckon
Ourselves to be. We do say then to Cæsar,
Our ancestor was that Mulmutius, which
Ordain'd our laws; whose use the sword of Cæsar
Hath too much mangled; whose repair, and franchise,
Shall, by the power we hold, be our good deed,
(Though Rome be therefore angry); Mulmutius
made our laws,
Who was the first of Britain, which did put
His brows within a golden crown, and call'd
Himself a king.

Luc. I am sorry, Cymbeline,
That I am to pronounce Augustus Cæsar
(Cæsar, that hath more kings his servants, than
Thyself domestic officers), thine enemy:
Receive it from me, then:—War, and confusion,
In Cæsar's name pronounce I 'gainst thee: look
For fury not to be resisted: Thus defied,
I thank thee for myself.

Cym. Thou art welcome, Caius.
Thy Cæsar knighted me; my youth I spent
Much under him³; of him I gather'd honour;
Which he, to seek of me again, perforce,
Behoves me keep at utterance⁴; I am perfect⁵,
That the Pannonians and Dalmatians, for

² i. e. without any pretence of right.

³ Some few hints for this part of the play are taken from Holinshed.

⁴ i. e. at the extremity of defiance. So in *Helyas Knight of the Swanne*, bk. l. no date:—'Here is my gage to sustain it to the utterance, and befight it to the death.'

⁵ Well informed.

Their liberties, are now in arms: a precedent
Which, not to read, would show the Britons cold:
So Cæsar shall not find them.

Luc.

Let proof speak.

Clo. His majesty bids you welcome. Make pastime
with us a day, or two, longer: If you seek us
afterwards in other terms, you shall find us in our
salt-water girdle: if you beat us out of it, it is
yours; if you fall in the adventure, our crows shall
fare the better for you; and there's an end.

Luc. So, sir.

Cym. I know your master's pleasure, and he mine:
All the remain is, welcome. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II. *Another Room in the same.*

Enter PISANIO, reading of a letter.

Pis. How! of adultery? Wherefore write you not
What monster's her accuser?—Leonatus! *monster:—accuse*
O, master! what a strange infection
Is fallen into thy ear? What false Italian
(As poisonous tongu'd, as handed) hath prevail'd
On thy too ready hearing?—Disloyal?—No:
She's punish'd for her truth; and undergoes,
More goddess-like than wife-like, such assaults
As would take in¹ some virtue.—O, my master!
Thy mind to her is now as low, as were
Thy fortunes².—How! that I should murder her?
Upon the love, and truth, and vows, which I
Have made to thy command?—I, her?—her blood?
If it be so to do good service, never
Let me be counted serviceable. How look I,

¹ To take *in* is to conquer. So in Antony and Cleopatra:—
'———cut the Ionian seas

And take *in* Toryne.

² Thy mind compared to hers is now as low as thy condition was
compared to hers. According to modern notions of grammatical
construction it should be 'thy mind to *hers*.'

That I should seem to lack humanity,
 So much as this fact comes to? *Do't: The letter*
[Reading.

*That I have sent her, by her own command
 Shall give thee opportunity*³:—O damn'd paper!
 Black as the ink that's on thee! Senseless bauble,
 Art thou a feodary⁴ for this act, and look'st
 So virgin-like without? Lo, here she comes.

Enter IMOGEN.

I am ignorant in what I am commanded⁵.

Imo. How now, Pisanio?

Pis. Madam, here is a letter from my lord.

Imo. Who? thy lord? that is my lord? Leonatus?
 O, learn'd indeed were that astronomer,
 That knew the stars, as I his characters;
 He'd lay the future open.—You good gods,
 Let what is here contain'd relish of love,
 Of my lord's health, of his content,—yet not,
 That we two are asunder, let that grieve him,—
 {Some griefs are medicinable;} that is one of them,
 For it doth physic love;—of his content,
 All but in that!—Good wax, thy leave:—Bless'd be,
 You bees, that make these locks of counsel! Lovers,
 And men in dangerous bonds, pray not alike;

³ The words here read by Pisanio from his master's letter (as it is afterwards given in *prose*) are not found there, though the substance of them is contained in it. Malone thinks this a proof that Shakspeare had no view to the publication of his pieces, the inaccuracy would hardly be detected by the ear of the spectator, though it could hardly escape an attentive reader.

⁴ i. e. a subordinate agent, as a vassal to his chief. See vol. ii. p. 43, note 18. A *feodary*, however, meant also 'a prime agent, or steward, who received aids, reliefs, suits of service, &c. due to any lord'—*Glossographia Anglicana Nova*, 1719. Yet after all it may be doubted whether Shakspeare does not use it to signify a confederate or accomplice, as he does *federary* in *The Winter's Tale*, Act ii. Sc. 1.:

'More, she's a traitor, and Camillo is
 A *federary* with her.'

⁵ i. e. I am unpractised in the arts of murder: So in *King Henry IV.* Part 1.:

'O, I am *ignorance* itself in this.'

Though forfeiters you cast in prison, yet
 You clasp young Cupid's tables.—Good news, gods!
[Reads.]

Justice, and your father's wrath, should he take me in his dominion, could not be so cruel to me as⁶ you, O the dearest of creatures, would [not] even renew me with your eyes. Take notice, that I am in Cambria, at Milford-Haven. What your own love will, out of this, advise you, follow. So, he wishes you all happiness, that remains loyal to his vow, and your increasing in love⁷,

LEONATUS POSTHUMUS.

O, for a horse with wings!—Hear'st thou, Pisanio? He is at Milford Haven: Read, and tell me How far 'tis thither. If one of mean affairs May plod it in a week, why may not I Glide thither in a day?—Then, true Pisanio, (Who long'st, like me, to see thy lord; who long'st,—O, let me 'bate,—but not like me;—yet long'st,—But in a fainter kind:—O, not like me; For mine's beyond beyond⁸) say, and speak thick⁹; (Love's counsellor should fill the bores of hearing, To the smothering of the sense), how far it is To this same blessed Milford: And, by the way, Tell me how Wales was made so happy, as To inherit such a haven: But, first of all, How we may steal from hence; and, for the gap That we shall make in time, from our hence-going, And our return, to excuse¹⁰:—but first, how get hence:

⁶ *As* is here used for *that*. See Julius Cæsar, Act i. Sc. 2, note 15, p. 264. The word *not* in the next line, being accidentally omitted in the old copy, was supplied by Malone.

⁷ We should now write '*yours, increasing in love,*' &c. Your is to be joined in construction with *Leonatus Posthumus*, and not with *increasing*; the latter is a participle *present*, and not a noun.

⁸ i. e. her longing is *further than beyond*; beyond any thing that desire can be said to be beyond.

⁹ i. e. '*speak quick.*' See vol. iv. p. 209, note 17, and vol. v. p. 278, note 2.

¹⁰ That is '*in consequence of our going hence and returning back.*' So in *Coriolanus*, Act ii. Sc. 1:—

Why should excuse be born or e'er begot¹¹?
 We'll talk of that hereafter. Pr'ythee, speak,
 How many score of miles may we well ride
 'Twixt hour and hour?

Pis. One score, 'twixt sun and set,
 Madam, 's enough for you; and too much too.

Imo. Why, one that rode to his execution, man,
 Could never go so slow: I have heard of riding
 wagers¹²,

Where horses have been nimbler than the sands
 That run i'the clock's behalf¹³:—But this is
 foolery:—

Go, bid my woman feign a sickness; say
 She'll home to her father: and provide me, presently,
 A riding suit; no costlier than would fit
 A franklin's¹⁴ housewife.

Pis. Madam, you're best¹⁵ consider.

Imo. I see before me, man, nor here, nor here,
 Nor what ensues; but have a fog in them,
 That I cannot look through¹⁶. Away, I pr'ythee;
 Do as I bid thee: There's no more to say;
 Accessible is none but Milford way. [*Exeunt.*]

'He cannot temperately support his honours
 From where he should begin and end.'

See note on that passage, p. 153, vol. viii.

¹¹ i. e. *before* the act is done for which excuse will be necessary.

¹² This practice was, perhaps, not much less prevalent in Shakspeare's time than it is at present. Fynes Moryson, speaking of his brother's *putting out* money to be paid with interest on his return from Jerusalem (or, as we should now speak, travelling thither *for a wager*), defends it as an honest means of gaining the charges of his journey, especially when 'no meane lords and lords' sonnes, and gentlemen in our court, *put out money upon a horse race under themselves*, yea, upon a journey afoote.'

¹³ It may be necessary to apprise the reader that the *sand of an hour glass* used to measure time is meant. The figurative meaning is *swifter* than the flight of time.

¹⁴ A *franklin* is a *yeoman*. See vol. v. p. 146, note 12.

¹⁵ That is 'you'd best consider.' Thus again in Sc. 6. 'I were best not call.'

¹⁶ 'I see neither *on this side* nor *on that*, nor *behind me*; but find a fog in each of those quarters that my eye cannot pierce. The way to Milford is alone clear and open: Let us therefore instantly set forward.' By '*what ensues*,' Imogen means what will be the *consequence* of the step I am going to take.

SCENE III.

Wales. *A mountainous Country, with a Cave.*

Enter BELARIUS, GUIDERIUS, and ARVIRAGUS.

Bel. A goodly day not to keep house, with such Whose roofs as low as ours! Stoop, boys: This gate Instructs you how to adore the heavens; and bows you To a morning's holy office: The gates of monarchs Are arch'd so high, that giants may jet¹ through And keep their impious turbans on, without Good morrow to the sun.—Hail, thou fair heaven! We house i'the rock, yet use thee not so hardly As prouder livers do.

Gui.

Hail, heaven!

Arv.

Hail, heaven!

Bel. Now, for our mountain sport: Up to yon hill, Your legs are young; I'll tread these flats. Consider,

When you above perceive me like a crow,
That it is place which lessens, and sets off.
And you may then revolve what tales I have told you,
Of courts, of princes, of the tricks in war:
This service is not service, so being done,
But being so allow'd²: To apprehend thus,
Draws us a profit from all things we see:
And often to our comfort, shall we find
The sharded³ beetle in a safer hold

¹ *Strut*, walk proudly. So in *Twelfth Night*, 'How he jets under his advanced plumes.' The idea of a *giant* was, among the readers of romances, who were almost all the readers of those times, always confounded with that of a *Saracen*.

² 'In any service done, the advantage rises not from the act, but from the *allowance* (i. e. approval) of it.'

³ i. e. *scaly winged* beetle. See vol. iv. p. 249, note 8. And *Antony and Cleopatra*, Act iii. Sc. 2, note 3. The epithet full-winged, applied to the eagle, sufficiently marks the contrast of the poet's imagery: for whilst the bird can soar beyond the reach of human eye, the insect can but just rise above the surface of the earth, and that at the close of day.

Than is the full-wing'd eagle. O, this life
 Is nobler, than attending for a check;
 Richer, than doing nothing for a brabe⁴;
 Prouder, than rustling in unpaid-for silk:
 Such gain the cap of him, that makes him fine,
 Yet keeps his book uncross'd /, no life to ours⁵.

Gui. Out of your proof you speak: we, poor
 unfledg'd,
 Have never wing'd from view o'the nest; nor
 know not
 What air's from home. Haply, this life is best,
 If quiet life be best; sweeter to you,
 That have a sharper known: well corresponding
 With your stiff age; but, unto us, it is
 A cell of ignorance; travelling abed;
 A prison for a debtor, that not dares
 To stride a limit⁶.

Arr. What should we speak of?
 When we are old as you? when we shall hear
 The rain and wind beat dark December, how,
 In this our pinching cave, shall we discourse
 The freezing hours away? We have seen nothing:
 We are beastly; subtle as the fox, for prey;
 Like warlike as the wolf, for what we eat:
 Our valour is, to chase what flies; our cage

⁴ The old copy reads *babe*; the uncommon word *brabe* not being familiar to the compositor. A *brabe* is a contemptuous or proud look, word, or gesture; quasi, a *brave*. Speght, in his Glossary to Chaucer, edit. 1602, explains '*Heth* [or *hething*] *brades* and such like,' i. e. scornful or contumelious looks or words. The context requires a word of this meaning. To *check* is to *reprove*, to *taunt*, to *rebuke*. '*Doing nothing*' means being busied in petty and unimportant employments, *Nihil agere*. Dr. Johnson proposed the word *brabe* from *brabium*, Lat. or *βραβειον*, a fee or reward; but he was not aware that it existed in our language with a different meaning. *Bauble* and *bribe* have been proposed and adopted by some editors.

⁵ i. e. compared to ours. See vol. iv. p. 254, note 2.

⁶ *To stride a limit* is to overpass his bound.

⁷ 'This dread of an old age unsupplied with matter for discourse and meditation, is a sentiment natural and noble. No state can be more destitute than that of him, who, when the delights of sense forsake him, has no pleasures of the mind.'

We make a quire, as doth the prison'd bird,
And sing our bondage freely.

Bel. How you speak⁸!

Did you but know the city's usuries,
And felt them knowingly: the art o'the court,
As hard to leave, as keep; whose top to climb
Is certain falling, or so slippery, that
The fear's as bad as falling: the toil of the war,
A pain that only seems to seek out danger
I'the name of fame, and honour; which dies i'the
search;

And hath as oft a slanderous epitaph,
As record of fair act; nay, many times,
Doth ill deserve by doing well; what's worse,
Must court'sey at the censure:—O, boys, this story
The world may read in me: My body's mark'd
With Roman swords: and my report was once
First with the best of note: Cymbeline lov'd me;
And when a soldier was the theme, my name
Was not far off: Then was I as a tree,
Whose boughs did bend with fruit: but in one night,
A storm, or robbery, call it what you will,
Shook down my mellow hangings, nay, my leaves,
And left me bare to weather⁹.

Gui. Uncertain favour!

Bel. My fault being nothing (as I have told
you oft),

But that two villains, whose false oaths prevail'd
Before my perfect honour, swore to Cymbeline,
I was confederate with the Romans: so,
Follow'd my banishment; and, this twenty years,
This rock, and these demesnes, have been my world:

⁸ Otway seems to have taken many hints for the conversation which passes between Acasto and his sons from the scene before us.

⁹ Thus in Timon of Athens:—

'That numberless upon me stuck, as leaves
Do on the oak, have with one winter's brush
Fallen from their boughs, and left me, open, bare,
For every storm that blows.'

Where I have liv'd at honest freedom; paid
 More pious debts to heaven, than in all
 The fore-end of my time.—But, up to the mountains;
 This is not hunters' language:—He, that strikes
 The venison first, shall be the lord o'the feast;
 To him the other two shall minister;
 And we will fear no poison, which attends
 In place of greater state¹⁰. I'll meet you in the
 valleys. [Exeunt GUI. and ARV.]

How hard it is, to hide the sparks of nature!
 These boys know little, they are sons to the king;
 Nor Cymbeline dreams that they are alive.
 They think, they are mine: and, though train'd up
 thus meanly

I'the cave, wherein they bow, their thoughts do hit
 The roofs of palaces; and nature prompts them,
 In simple and low things, to prince it, much
 Beyond the trick of others. This Polydore,
 The heir of Cymbeline and Britain, whom
 The king his father call'd Guiderius,—Jove!
 When on my three-foot stool I sit, and tell
 The warlike feats I have done, his spirits fly out
 Into my story: say,—*Thus mine enemy fell;*
And thus I set my foot on his neck; even then
 The princely blood flows in his cheek, he sweats,
 Strains his young nerves, and puts himself in posture
 That acts my words. The younger brother, Cadwal
 (Once Arvirágus), in as like a figure,
 Strikes life into my speech, and shows much more
 His own conceiving. Hark! the game is rous'd!—
 O Cymbeline! heaven, and my conscience, knows,
 Thou didst unjustly banish me: whereon,
 At three, and two years old, I stole these babes¹¹;

¹⁰ '——— nulla aconita, bibuntur
 Ficilibus; tunc illa time, cum pocula sumes
 Gemmata, et lato Setinum ardebit in auro.'

Juv.

¹¹ Shakespeare seems to intend Belarius for a good character, yet he makes him forget the injury which he has done to the young princes, whom he has robbed of a kingdom, only to rob their

Thinking to bar thee of succession, as
 Thou reft'st me of my lands. Euriphile,
 Thou wast their nurse; they took thee for their mother,
 And every day do honour to her grave¹²:
 Myself, Belarius, that am Morgan call'd,
 They take for natural father. The game is up.
[Exit.]

SCENE IV. Near Milford Haven.

Enter PISANIO and IMOGEN.

Imo. Thou told'st me, when we came from horse,
 the place
 Was near at hand:—Ne'er long'd my mother so
 To see me first, as I have now:—Pisanio! Man!
 Where is Posthúmus¹? What is in thy mind,
 That makes thee stare thus? Wherefore breaks
 that sigh
 From the inward of thee? One, but painted thus,
 Would be interpreted a thing perplex'd
 Beyond self-explication: Put thyself
 Into a haviour of less fear, ere wildness
 Vanquish my staid senses. What's the matter?
 Why tender'st thou that paper to me, with
 A look untender? If it be summer news,
 Smile to't before: if winterly, thou need'st

father of heirs. The latter part of this soliloquy is very inartificial, there being no particular reason why Belarius should now tell to himself what he could not know better by telling it.

JOHNSON.

¹² i. e. to the grave of Euriphile; or to the grave of 'their mother,' as they supposed it to be. The grammatical construction requires that the poet should have written 'to thy grave;' but we have frequent instances of this change of persons not only in Shakspeare, but in all the writings of his age.

¹ The true pronunciation of Greek and Latin names was not much regarded by the writers of Shakspeare's age. The poet has, however, differed from himself, and given the true pronunciation when the name first occurs, and in one other place:—

'To his protection; call him *Posthumus*.'

'Struck the maintop! O, *Posthumus*! alas.'

But keep that countenance still.—My husband's hand!

That drug-damn'd Italy hath out-craftied him,
And he's at some hard point.—Speak, man; thy tongue

May take off some extremity, which to read
Would be even mortal to me.

Pis. Please you, read;
And you shall find me, wretched man, a thing
The most disdain'd of fortune.

Imo. [*Reads.*] *Thy mistress, Pisanio, hath played the strumpet in my bed; the testimonies whereof lie bleeding in me. I speak not out of weak surmises; from proof as strong as my grief, and as certain as I expect my revenge. That part, thou, Pisanio, must act for me, if thy faith be not tainted with the breach of hers. Let thine own hands take away her life: I shall give thee opportunities at Milford Haven: she hath my letter for the purpose; Where, if thou fear to strike, and to make me certain it is done, thou art the pander to her dishonour, and equally to me disloyal.*

Pis. What shall I need to draw my sword? the paper
Hath cut her throat already.—No, 'tis slander;
Whose edge is sharper than the sword; whose tongue
Outvenoms all the worms² of Nile; whose breath
Rides on the posting winds, and doth belie
All corners of the world: kings, queens, and states³,
Maids, matrons, nay, the secrets of the grave
This viperous slander enters.—What cheer, madam?

Imo. False to his bed! What is it, to be false?
To lie in watch there, and to think on him?
To weep 'twixt clock and clock? if sleep charge
nature,

² It has already been observed that worm was the general name for all the *serpent* kind. See Antony and Cleopatra, Act v. Sc. 2, note 31.

³ i. e. persons of the highest rank.

To break it with a fearful dream of him,
And cry myself awake? that's false to his bed?
Is it?

Pis. Alas, good lady!

Imo. I false? Thy conscience witness:—Iachimo,
Thou didst accuse him of incontinency;
Thou then look'dst like a villain; now, methinks,
Thy favour's good enough.—Some jay of Italy,
Whose mother was her painting⁴, hath betray'd him:
Poor I am stale, a garment out of fashion;
And, for I am richer than to hang by the walls⁵,
I must be ripp'd:—to pieces with me!—O,
Men's vows are women's traitors! All good seeming,
By thy revolt, O husband, shall be thought
Put on for villainy; not born, where't grows;
But worn, a bait for ladies.

Pis. Good madam, hear me.

Imo. True honest men being heard, like false

Æneas,

Were, in his time, thought false: and Sinon's weeping

⁴ *Putta*, in Italian, signifies both a *jay* and a *whore*. We have the word again in *The Merry Wives of Windsor*:—'Teach him to know *turtle* from *jays*.' See vol. i. p. 223. 'Some *jay* of Italy, whose *mother* was her *painting*, i. e. made by art; the creature not of nature but of *painting*. In this sense *painting* may be said to be her mother. Steevens met with a similar phrase in some old play:—'A parcel of conceited feather-caps, whose fathers were their garments.'

⁵ That is to be hung up as useless among the neglected contents of a wardrobe. So in *Measure for Measure*:—

'That have, like unscour'd armour, *hung by the wall*.'

Clothes were not formerly, as at present, made of slight materials, were not kept in drawers, or given away as soon as lapse of time or change of fashion had impaired their value. On the contrary, they were hung up on wooden pegs, in a room appropriated to the sole purpose of receiving them; and though such cast off things as were composed of *rich* substances were occasionally *ripped* for domestic uses, articles of inferior quality were suffered to *hang by the walls* till age and moths had destroyed what pride would not permit to be worn by servants or poor relations:—

'Comitem horridulum trita donare lacerna,'

seems not to have been customary among our ancestors. When Queen Elizabeth died, she was found to have left above three thousand dresses behind her. Steevens once saw one of these repositories at an ancient mansion in Suffolk, which (thanks to a succession of old maids!) had been preserved with superstitious reverence for almost a century and a half.

Did scandal many a holy tear: took pity
 From most true wretchedness: So, thou, Posthumus,
 Wilt lay the leaven on all proper men⁶;
 Goodly, and gallant, shall be false and perjur'd,
 From thy great fail.—Come, fellow, be thou honest:
 Do thou thy master's bidding: when thou seest him,
 A little witness my obedience: Look!
 I draw the sword myself: take it; and hit
 The innocent mansion of my love, my heart:
 Fear not: 'tis empty of all things, but grief:
 Thy master is not there; who was, indeed,
 The riches of it: Do his bidding; strike.
 Thou may'st be valiant in a better cause;
 But now thou seem'st a coward.

Pis. Hence, vile instrument!

Thou shalt not damn my hand.

Imo.

Why, I must die;

And if I do not by thy hand, thou art

No servant of thy master's: Against self-slaughter

There is a prohibition so divine,

That cravens my weak hand⁷. Come, here's my
 heart;

Something's afore't:—Soft, soft; we'll no defence;
 Obedient as the scabbard.—What is here?

The scriptures⁸ of the loyal Leonatus,

All turn'd to heresy? Away, away,

Corrupters of my faith! you shall no more

Be stomachers to my heart! Thus may poor fools

Believe false teachers: Though those that are be-
 tray'd

⁶ 'Wilt lay the *leaven* on all proper men.'
 The *leaven* is, in Scripture phraseology, 'the whole wickedness
 of our sinful nature.' See 1 Corinthians, v. 6, 7, 8. 'Thy failure,
 Posthumus, will lay *falsehood* to the charge of men without guile:
 make all suspected.

⁷ 'That makes me afraid to put an end to my own life.' Hamlet
 exclaims:—

'O that the Everlasting had not fix'd
 His canon 'gainst self slaughter.'

⁸ Shakespeare here means Leonatus's letters, but there is an
 opposition intended between *scripture*, in its common signification,
 and *heresy*.

Do feel the treason sharply, yet the traitor
 Stands in worse case of woe.
 And thou, Posthumus, thou that didst set up
 My disobedience 'gainst the king my father,
 And make me put into contempt the suits
 Of princely fellows⁹, shalt hereafter find
 It is no act of common passage, but
 A strain of rareness: and I grieve myself,
 To think, when thou shalt be disedg'd by her
 That now thou tir'st¹⁰ on, how thy memory
 Will then be pang'd by me.—Pr'ythee, despatch:
 The lamb entreats the butcher: Where's thy knife?
 Thou art too slow to do thy master's bidding,
 When I desire it too.

Pis. O gracious lady,
 Since I receiv'd command to do this business,
 I have not slept one wink.

Imo. Do't, and to bed then.

Pis. I'll wake mine eyeballs blind first¹¹.

Imo. Wherefore then

Didst undertake it? Why hast thou abus'd
 So many miles with a pretence? this place?
 Mine action, and thine own? our horses' labour?
 The time inviting thee? the perturb'd court,
 For my being absent; whereunto I never
 Purpose return? Why hast thou gone so far,
 To be unbent¹², when thou hast ta'en thy stand,
 The elected deer before thee?

⁹ *Fellows for equals*; those of the same princely rank with myself.

¹⁰ '——when thou shalt be *disedg'd* by her

'That now thou *tir'st* on.'

It is probable that the first, as well as the last, of these metaphorical expressions is from falconry. A bird of prey may be said to be *disedged* when the keenness of its appetite is taken away by *tiring*, or feeding, upon some object given to it for that purpose. Thus in *Hamlet*:—

'*Oph.* You are *keen*, my lord, you are *keen*.

Ham. It would cost you a groaning to take off mine edge.'

¹¹ *Blind*, which is not in the old copy, was supplied by Hanmer.

¹² To have thy bow *unbent*, alluding to a hunter. So in one of Shakespeare's poems in *The Passionate Pilgrim*, 1599:—

'When as thine eye hath chose the dame
 And stalf'd the deer that thou shouldst strike.'

Pis. But to win time
To lose so bad employment: in the which
I have consider'd of a course; Good lady,
Hear me with patience.

Imo. Talk thy tongue weary; speak:
I have heard, I am a strumpet: and mine ear,
Therein false struck, can take no greater wound,
Nor tent to bottom that. But speak.

Pis. Then, madam,
I thought you would not back again.

Imo. Most like;
Bringing me here to kill me.

Pis. Not so, neither:
But if I were as wise as honest, then
My purpose would prove well. It cannot be,
But that my master is abus'd:
Some villain, ay, and singular in his art,
Hath done you both this cursed injury.

Imo. Some Roman courtezan.

Pis. No, on my life.
I'll give but notice you are dead, and send him
Some bloody sign of it; for 'tis commanded
I should do so: You shall be miss'd at court,
And that will well confirm it.

Imo. Why, good fellow,
What shall I do the while? Where bide? How live?
Or in my life what comfort, when I am
Dead to my husband?

Pis. If you'll back to the court,—

Imo. No court, no father; nor no more ado
With that harsh, noble, simple, nothing¹³:
That Cloten, whose love-suit hath been to me
As fearful as a siege.

Pis. If not at court,
Then not in Britain must you bide.

¹³ This line requires some word of two syllables to complete the measure. Steevens proposed to read:—

'With that harsh, noble, simple, nothing, *Cloten*;
'That *Cloten*,' &c.

Imo.

Where then?

Hath Britain all the sun that shines¹⁴? Day, night,
Are they not but in Britain? I'the world's
volume

Our Britain seems as of it, but not in it;
In a great pool, a swan's nest: Pr'ythee, think
There's livers out of Britain.

Pis.

I am most glad

You think of other place. The ambassador
Lucius the Roman, comes to Milford Haven
To-morrow: Now, if you could wear a mind
Dark as your fortune is¹⁵; and but disguise
That, which, to appear itself, must not yet be,
But by self-danger; you should tread a course
Pretty, and full of view¹⁶: yea, haply, near
The residence of Posthumus: so nigh, at least,
That though his actions were not visible, yet
Report should render him hourly to your ear,
As truly as he moves.

Imo.

O, for such means!

Though peril to my modesty, not death on't,
I would adventure.

Pis.

Well then, here's the point:

You must forget to be a woman; change
Command into obedience; fear and niceness
(The handmaids of all women, or, more truly,
Woman its pretty self) into a waggish courage;
Ready in gibes, quick-answer'd, saucy, and

¹⁴ The poet may have had in his mind a passage in Lyly's *Euphues*, which he has imitated in *King Richard II.* See it in a note on that play, vol. v. p. 26.

¹⁵ To wear a *dark mind* is to carry a mind impenetrable to the search of others. *Darkness*, applied to the *mind*, is secrecy; applied to the *fortune*, is *obscurity*. The next lines are obscure. 'You must (says Pisanio) disguise that greatness which, to appear hereafter in its proper form, cannot yet appear without great danger to itself.'

¹⁶ *Full of view* appears to mean of *ample prospect*, affording a *complete view* of circumstances which it is your interest to know. Thus in *Pericles*, 'Full of face' appears to signify 'amply beautiful:' and Duncan assures Banquo that he will labour to make him 'full of growing,' i. e. of 'ample growth.'

As quarrellous as the weasel¹⁷: nay, you must
 Forget that rarest treasure of your cheek,
 Exposing it (but, O, the harder heart!
 Alack no remedy!) to the greedy touch
 Of common-kissing Titan¹⁸! and forget
 Your laboursome and dainty trims, wherein
 You made great Juno angry.

Imo. Nay, be brief:
 I see into thy end, and am almost
 A man already.

Pis. First, make yourself but like one;
 Fore-thinking this, I have already fit
 ('Tis in my cloak-bag) doublet, hat, hose, all
 That answer to them: Would you, in their serving,
 And with what imitation you can borrow
 From youth of such a season, 'fore noble Lucius
 Present yourself, desire his service, tell him
 Wherein you are happy¹⁹ (which you'll make him
 know,
 If that his head have ear in music), doubtless,
 With joy he will embrace you; for he's honourable,
 And, doubling that, most holy. Your means abroad
 You have me²⁰, rich; and I will never fail
 Beginning, nor supplyment.

Imo. Thou art all the comfort

¹⁷ So in King Henry IV. Part 1:—

'A weasel hath not such a deal of spleen

As you are toss'd with.'

This character of the *weasel* is not mentioned by naturalists. Weasels were formerly, it appears, kept in houses instead of cats, for the purpose of killing vermin. Phædrus notices this their feline office in the first and fourth fables of his fourth book. The poet no doubt speaks from observation; while a youth he would have frequent opportunities to ascertain their disposition. Perhaps this note requires the apology which Steevens has affixed to it:—
 'Privola hæc fortassis cuipiam et nimis levia esse videantur sed curiositas nihil recusat.'—*Vopiscus in Vita Aureliani*, c. x.

¹⁸ Thus in Othello:—

'The bawdy wind that kisses all it meets.'

So in Sidney's *Arcadia*, lib. iii. 'And beautiful might have been if they had not suffered greedy Phæbus over often and hard to *kiss* them.'

¹⁹ i. e. wherein you are *accomplished*.

²⁰ 'As for your subsistence abroad, you may rely on me.'

The gods will diet me with²¹. Pr'ythee, away:
 There's more to be consider'd; but we'll even²²
 All that good time will give us: This attempt
 I am soldier to²³, and will abide it with
 A prince's courage. Away, I pr'ythee.

Pis. Well, madam, we must take a short farewell:
 Lest, being miss'd, I be suspected of
 Your carriage from the court. My noble mistress,
 Here is a box; I had it from the queen; [†]
 What's in't is precious; if you are sick at sea,
 Or stomach-qualm'd at land, a dram of this
 Will drive away distemper.—To some shade,
 And fit you to your manhood:—May the gods
 Direct you to the best!

Imo.

Amen; I thank thee.

[*Exeunt*

SCENE V. *A Room in Cymbeline's Palace.*

Enter CYMBELINE, Queen, CLOTEN, LUCIUS, and
 Lords.

Cym. Thus far; and so farewell.

Luc.

Thanks, royal sir.

My emperor hath wrote; I must from hence;
 And am right sorry, that I must report ye
 My master's enemy.

Cym.

Our subjects, sir,
 Will not endure his yoke: and for ourself

²¹ Steevens has a note on this passage no less disgusting than absurd, making the pure Imogen allude to the spare regimen prescribed in some diseases. The interpretation was at once gross and erroneous. When Iago talks of *dieting* his revenge, he certainly does not mean putting it on a *spare diet*. This, and a note on a former passage of this play by Mr. Whalley, which could only have been the offspring of impure imaginations, were justly stigmatized and degraded by the late Mr. Boswell at the suggestion of Mr. Douce.

²² We'll make our work *even* with our *time*; we'll do what time will allow.

²³ i. e. I am equal to, or have ability for it.

To show less sovereignty than they, must needs
Appear unkinglike.

Luc. So, sir, I desire of you
A conduct over land, to Milford Haven.—

Madam, all joy befall your grace, and you!¹

Cym. My lords, you are appointed for that office;
The due of honour in no point omit:—
So, farewell, noble Lucius.

Luc. Your hand, my lord.

Clo. Receive it friendly: but from this time forth
I wear it as your enemy.

Luc. Sir, the event
Is yet to name the winner; Fare you well.

Cym. Leave not the worthy Lucius, good my lords,
Till he have cross'd the Severn.—Happiness!

[*Exeunt Lucius, and Lords.*]

Queen. He goes hence frowning: but it honours us,
That we have given him cause.

Clo. 'Tis all the better;
Your valiant Britons have their wishes in it.

Cym. Lucius hath wrote already to the emperor
How it goes here. It fits us therefore, ripely,
Our chariots and our horsemen be in readiness:
The powers that he already hath in Gallia
Will soon be drawn to head, from whence he moves
His war for Britain.

Queen. 'Tis not sleepy business;
But must be look'd to speedily, and strongly.

Cym. Our expectation that it would be thus,
Hath made us forward. But, my gentle queen,
Where is our daughter? She hath not appear'd
Before the Roman, nor to us hath tender'd
The duty of the day: She looks us like
A thing more made of malice, than of duty:
We have noted it.—Call her before us; for
We have been too slight in sufferance.

[*Exit an Attendant.*]

¹ We should apparently read 'his grace and you,' or 'your grace and yours.'

Queen. *Royal sir,*
 Since the exile of Posthumus, most retir'd
 Hath her life been; the cure whereof, my lord,
 'Tis time must do. 'Beseech your majesty,
 Forbear sharp speeches to her: she's a lady
 So tender of rebukes, that words are strokes,
 And strokes death to her.

Re-enter an Attendant.

Cym. Where is she, sir? How
 Can her contempt be answer'd?

Atten. Please you, sir,
 Her chambers are all lock'd; and there's no answer
 That will be given to the loud'st of noise we make.

Queen. My lord, when last I went to visit her,
 She pray'd me to excuse her keeping close;
 Whereto constrain'd by her infirmity,
 She should that duty leave unpaid to you,
 Which daily she was bound to proffer: this
 She wish'd me to make known; but our great court
 Made me to blame in memory.

Cym. Her doors lock'd?
 Not seen of late? Grant, heavens, that which I
 Fear² prove false! [*Exit.*

Queen. Son, I say, follow the king.

Clo. That man of hers, Pisanio, her old servant,
 I have not seen these two days.

Queen. Go, look after.—
[*Exit* CLOTEN.]

Pisanio, thou that stand'st so for Posthumus!—
 He hath a drug of mine: I pray, his absence
 Proceed by swallowing that; for he believes
 It is a thing most precious. But for her,
 Where is she gone? Haply, despair hath seized her;
 Or, wing'd with fervour of her love, she's flown
 To her desir'd Posthumus: Gone she is

² *Fear* must be pronounced as a dissyllable to complete the measure.

To death, or to dishonour; and my end
Can make good use of either: She being down,
I have the placing of the British crown.

Re-enter CLOTEN.

How now, my son?

Clo. 'Tis certain, she is fled;
Go in, and cheer the king; he rages; none
Dare come about him.

Queen. All the better; May
This night forestall him of the coming day³!

[*Exit Queen.*]

Clo. I love, and hate her; for she's fair and royal;
And that she hath all courtly parts more exquisite
Than lady, ladies, woman⁴; from every one
The best she hath, and she, of all compounded,
Outsells them all: I love her therefore; But,
Disdaining me, and throwing favours on
The low Posthumus, slanders so her judgment,
That what's else rare, is chok'd; and, in that point,
I will conclude to hate her, nay, indeed,
To be reveng'd upon her. For, when fools

Enter PISANIO.

Shall—Who is here? What! are you packing,
sirrah?

Come hither: Ah, you precious pander! Villain,
Where is thy lady! In a word; or else
Thou art straightway with the fiends.

Pis. O, good my lord!

Clo. Where is thy lady? or, by Jupiter
I will not ask again. Close villain,
I'll have this secret from thy heart, or rip

³ i. e. may his grief this night prevent him from ever seeing another day, by anticipated and premature destruction. Thus in Milton's *Comus*:—

‘Perhaps *forestalling* night prevented them.’

⁴ Than any lady, than all ladies, than all womankind. There is a similar passage in *All's Well that Ends Well*, Act ii. Sc. 3:—

‘To any count; to all counts; to what is man.’

Thy heart to find it. Is she with Posthumus?
From whose so many weights of baseness cannot
A dram of worth be drawn.

Pis. Alas, my lord,
How can she be with him? When was she miss'd?
He is in Rome.

Clo. Where is she, sir? Come nearer;
No further halting: satisfy me home,
What is become of her?

Pis. O, my all-worthy lord!

Clo. All-worthy villain!
Discover where thy mistress is, at once,
At the next word,—No more of worthy lord,—
Speak, or thy silence on the instant is
Thy condemnation and thy death.

Pis. Then, sir,
This paper is the history of my knowledge
Touching her flight. [*Presenting a Letter.*]

Clo. Let's see't:—I will pursue her
Even to Augustus' throne.

Pis. Or this, or perish^b }
She's far enough; and what he learns by this, } *Aside.*
May prove his travel, not her danger.

Clo. Humph!

Pis. I'll write to my lord she's dead. O Imogen,
Safe may'st thou wander, safe return again! [*Aside.*]

Clo. Sirrah, is this letter true?

Pis. Sir, as I think.

Clo. It is Posthumus' hand; I know't,—Sirrah,
if thou would'st not be a villain, but do me true
service; undergo those employments, wherein I
should have cause to use thee, with a serious in-
dustry,—that is, what villainy soe'er I bid thee do,
to perform it, directly and truly,—I would think
thee an honest man: thou shouldest neither want

^b By these words it is probable Pisanio means 'I must either practise this deceit upon Cloten or perish by his fury.' Dr. Johnson thought the words should be given to Cloten.

my means for thy relief, nor my voice for thy perferment.

Pis. Well, my good lord.

Clo. Wilt thou serve me? For since patiently and constantly thou hast stuck to the bare fortune of that beggar Posthumus, thou canst not in the course of gratitude but be a diligent follower of mine. Wilt thou serve me?

Pis. Sir, I will.

Clo. Give me thy hand, here's my purse. Hast any of thy late master's garments in thy possession?

Pis. I have, my lord, at my lodging, the same suit he wore when he took leave of my lady and mistress.

Clo. The first service thou dost me, fetch that suit hither; let it be thy first service; go.

Pis. I shall, my lord.

[*Exit.*

Clo. Meet thee at Milford Haven:—I forgot to ask him one thing; I'll remember't anon:—Even there thou villain, Posthumus, will I kill thee.—I would these garments were come. She said upon a time (the bitterness of it I now belch from my heart), that she held the very garment of Posthumus in more respect than my noble and natural person, together with the adornment of my qualities. With that suit upon my back, will I ravish her: First kill him, and in her eyes; there shall she see my valour, which will then be a torment to her contempt. He on the ground, my speech of insultment ended on his dead body,—and when my lust hath dined (which, as I say, to vex her, I will execute in the clothes that she so praised), to the court I'll knock her back, foot her home again. She hath despised me rejoicingly, and I'll be merry in my revenge.

Re-enter PISANIO, with the Clothes.

Be those the garments?

Pis. Ay, my noble lord.

Clo. How long is't since she went to Milford Haven?

Pis. She can scarce be there yet.

Clo. Bring this apparel to my chamber; that is the second thing that I have commanded thee: the third is, that thou shalt be a voluntary mute to my design. Be but duteous, and true preferment shall tender itself to thee.—My revenge is now at Milford; 'Would, I had wings to follow it!—Come, and be true. [*Exit.*

Pis. Thou bidd'st me to my loss: for, true to thee, Were to prove false, which I will never be, To him that is most true⁶.—To Milford go, And find not her whom thou pursu'st. Flow, flow, You heavenly blessings, on her! 'This fool's speed Be cross'd with slowness; labour be his meed! [*Exit.*

SCENE VI. *Before the Cave of Belarius.*

Enter IMOGEN, in Boy's Clothes.

Imo. I see, a man's life is a tedious one: I have tir'd myself; and for two nights together Have made the ground my bed. I should be sick, But that my resolution helps me—Milford, When from the mountain-top Pisanio show'd thee, Thou wast within a ken: O Jove! I think, Foundations fly the wretched¹: such, I mean, Where they should be reliev'd. Two beggars told me, I could not miss my way: Will poor folks lie, That have afflictions on them; knowing 'tis A punishment, or trial? Yes; no wonder,

⁶ Pisanio, notwithstanding his master's letter commanding the murder of Imogen, considers him as true, supposing, as he has already said to her, that Posthumus was abused by some villain equally an enemy to them both.

¹ Thus in the fifth *Æneid*:—

'Italiam sequimur fugientem.'

When rich ones scarce tell true: To lapse in fulness
 Is sorer², than to lie for need; and falsehood
 Is worse in kings, than beggars.—My dear lord!
 Thou art one o'the false ones: Now I think on thee,
 My hunger's gone; but even before, I was
 At point to sink for food.—But what is this?
 Here is a path to it: 'Tis some savage hold:
 I were best not call; I dare not call: yet famine,
 Ere clean it o'erthrow nature, makes it valiant.
 Plenty, and peace, breeds cowards; hardness ever
 Of hardiness is mother.—Ho! who's here?
 If any thing that's civil³, speak; if savage,
 Take, or lend.—Ho!—No answer? then I'll enter.
 Best draw my sword; and if mine enemy
 But fear the sword like me, he'll scarcely look on't.
 Such a foe, good heavens! [*She goes into the Cave.*]

Enter BELARIUS, GUIDERIUS, and ARVIRAGUS.

Bel. You, Polydore, have prov'd best wood-
 man⁴, and
 Are master of the feast: Cadwal, and I,
 Will play the cook and servant; 'tis our match⁵.
 The sweat of industry would dry, and die,
 But for the end it works to. Come; our stomachs
 Will make what's homely, savoury: Weariness
 Can snore upon the flint, when restie⁶ sloth

² i. e. is a greater or heavier crime.

³ Civil is here *civilized*, as opposed to *savage*, wild, rude, or uncultivated. 'If any one dwell here.'

⁴ A woodman in its common acceptation, as here, signifies a hunter. So in *The Rape of Lucrece*:—

'He is no woodman that doth bend his bow
 Against a poor unseasonable doe.'

⁵ i. e. our compact. See p. 66, line 5.

⁶ *Restie*, which Steevens unwarrantably changed to *restive*, signifies here *dull*, *heavy*, as it is explained in Bullokar's *Expositor*, 1616. So Milton uses it in his *Eiconoclastes*, sec. 24, 'The master is too *resty*, or too rich, to say his own prayers, or to bless his own table.' What between Malone's '*resty*, *rank*, *mouldy*,' and Steeven's '*restive*, *stubborn*, *refractory*,' the reader is misled and the passage left unexplained; or, what is worse, explained erroneously in all the variorum editions.

Finds the down pillow hard.—Now, peace be here,
 Poor house, that keep'st thyself!

Gui. I am thoroughly weary.

Arv. I am weak with toil, yet strong in appetite.

Gui. There is cold meat i'the cave; we'll browse
 on that,

Whilst what we have kill'd be cook'd.

Bel. Stay; come not in:

[*Looking in.*]

But that it eats our victuals, I should think
 Here were a fairy.

Gui. What's the matter, sir?

Bel. By Jupiter, an angel! or, if not,
 An earthly paragon!—Behold divineness
 No elder than a boy!

Enter IMOGEN.

Imo. Good masters, harm me not:
 Before I enter'd here, I call'd: and thought
 To have begg'd, or bought, what I have took: Good
 troth,
 I have stolen nought; nor would not, though I had
 found
 Gold strew'd i'the floor⁷. Here's money for my
 meat:
 I would have left it on the board, so soon
 As I had made my meal; and parted
 With prayers for the provider.

Gui. Money, youth?

Arv. All gold and silver rather turn to dirt!
 As 'tis no better reckon'd, but of those
 Who worship dirty gods.

Imo. I see, you are angry:
 Know, if you kill me for my fault, I should
 Have died, had I not made it.

⁷ Hanmer altered this to 'o'the floor,' but unnecessarily, *in* was frequently used for *on* in Shakespeare's time, as in the Lord's Prayer, 'Thy will be done *in* earth,' *καὶ* Εἰμι *της* *της*.

Bel. Whither bound?

Imo. To Milford Haven.

Bel. What is your name?

Imo. Fidele, sir: I have a kinsman, who
Is bound for Italy; he embark'd at Milford;
To whom being going, almost spent with hunger,
I am fallen in^s this offence.

Bel. Pr'ythee, fair youth,
Think us no churls; nor measure our good minds
By this rude place we live in. Well encounter'd!
'Tis almost night: you shall have better cheer
Ere you depart; and thanks, to stay and eat it.—
Boys, bid him welcome.

Gui. Were you a woman, youth,
I should woo hard, but be your groom.—In honesty,
I bid for you, as I'd buy.

Arv. I'll make't my comfort,
He is a man; I'll love him as my brother:—
And such a welcome as I'd give to him,
After long absence, such as yours:—Most welcome!
Be sprightly, for you fall 'mongst friends.

Imo. 'Mongst friends;
If brothers?—'Would, it had been so, that
they
Had been my father's sons! then had my
prize^s } *Aside.*
Been less; and so more equal ballasting
To thee, Posthumus.

Bel. He wrings¹⁰ at some distress.

Gui. 'Would, I could free't!

^s In for into, as in *Othello*:—

'Fallen in practice of a cursed slave.'

^s I have elsewhere observed that *prize*, *prise*, and *price* were confounded, or used indiscriminately by our ancestors. Indeed it is not now uncommon at this day, as Malone observes, to hear persons above the vulgar confound the words, and talk of high-*priz'd* and low-*priz'd* goods. *Prize* here is evidently used for *value*, *estimation*. The reader who wishes to see how the words were formerly confounded may consult Baret's *Alvearie*, in v. *price*.

¹⁰ To *wring* is to *writhe*. So in *Much Ado about Nothing*, Act v. Sc. 1, p. 182.

'To those that *wring* under the load of sorrow.'

Arv. Or I; whate'er it be,
What pain it cost, what danger! Gods!

Bel. Hark, boys.
[*Whispering.*

Imo. Great men,
That had a court no bigger than this cave,
That did attend themselves, and had the virtue
Which their own conscience seal'd them (laying by
That nothing gift of differing¹¹ multitudes),
Could not out-peer these twain. Pardon me, gods!
I'd change my sex to be companion with them,
Since Leonatus false¹².

Bel. It shall be so:
Boys, we'll go dress our hunt.—Fair youth, come in:
Discourse is heavy, fasting; when we have supp'd,
We'll mannerly demand thee of thy story,
So far as thou wilt speak it.

Gui. Pray draw near.

Arv. The night to the owl, and morn to the lark,
less welcome.

Imo. Thanks, sir.

Arv. I pray, draw near. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VII. Rome.

Enter Two Senators and Tribunes.

1 Sen. This is the tenour of the emperor's writ;
That since the common men are now in action
'Gainst the Pannonians and Dalmatians;
And that the legions now in Gallia are

¹¹ *Differing* multitudes are *varying* or *wavering* multitudes. So in the Induction to the Second Part of King Henry VI.:—

'The still discordant *wavering* multitude.'

¹² Malone says, 'As Shakspeare has used in other places *Menelaus*' tent, and thy mistress' ear for '*Menelaus* tent,' and 'thy mistress's ear;' it is probable that he used '*since Leonatus*' false' for '*since Leonatus is false*.' Steevens doubts this, and says that the poet may have written '*Since Leonate is false*,' as he calls *Enobarbus*, *Enobarbe*; and *Prospero*, *Prosper*, in other places.

Full weak to undertake our wars against
 The fallen off Britons; that we do incite
 The gentry to this business: He creates
 Lucius pro-consul: and to you the tribunes,
 For this immediate levy, he commands
 His absolute commission¹³. Long live Cæsar!

Tri. Is Lucius general of the forces?

2 Sen.

Ay.

Tri. Remaining now in Gallia?

1 Sen.

With those legions
 Which I have spoke of, whereunto your levy
 Must be supplyant: The words of your commission
 Will tie you to the numbers, and the time
 Of their despatch.

Tri.

We will discharge our duty.

[*Exeunt.*]

ACT IV.

SCENE I. *The Forest, near the Cave.*

Enter CLOTEN.

Clo. I am near to the place where they should meet, if Pisanio have mapped it truly. How fit his garments serve me! Why should his mistress, who was made by him that made the tailor, not be fit too? the rather (saving reverence of the word) for¹ 'tis said, a woman's fitness comes by fits. Therein I must play the workman. I dare speak it to myself (for it is not vain-glory, for a man and his glass to confer; in his own chamber, I mean), the lines of my body are as well drawn as his; no

¹³ He commands the commission to be given you. So, we say, I ordered the materials to the workmen.

¹ i. e. cause. See vol. iii. p. 266, note 4.

less young, more strong, not beneath him in fortunes, beyond him in the advantage of the time, above him in birth, alike conversant in general services, and more remarkable in single oppositions²: yet this imperseverant thing loves him in my despite. What mortality is! Posthumus, thy head, which now is growing upon thy shoulders, shall within this hour be off; thy mistress enforced; thy garments cut to pieces before thy face³: and all this done, spurn her home to her father: who may, haply, be a little angry for my so rough usage: but my mother, having power of his testiness, shall turn all into my commendations. My horse is tied up safe: Out, sword, and to a sore purpose! Fortune, put them into my hand! This is the very description of their meeting-place; and the fellow dares not deceive me. [Exit.]

SCENE II. *Before the Cave.*

*Enter, from the Cave, BELARIUS, GUIDERIUS,
ARVIRAGUS, and IMOGEN.*

Bel. You are not well [*To IMOGEN*]: remain here in the cave:

We'll come to you after hunting.

Arv.

Brother, stay here:

[*To IMOGEN.*]

Are we not brothers?

² 'In single combat.' So in King Henry IV. Part i. Act i. Sc. 3:—

'In single opposition, hand to hand,
He did confound the best part of an hour
In changing bardiment with great Glendower.'

An *opposite*, in the language of Shakespeare's age, was the common phrase for an *antagonist*. See vol i. p. 340; vol. ii. p. 61.

Imperseverant probably means no more than *perseverant*, like *imbecomed*, *impassioned*, *immasked*.

³ Warburton thought we should read, 'before her face.' Malone says, that Shakespeare may have intentionally given this absurd and brutal language to Cloten. The Clown in *The Winter's Tale* says, 'If thou'lt see a thing to talk of after thou art dead.'

Imo. So man and man should be;
But clay and clay differs in dignity,
Whose dust is both alike. I am very sick.

Gui. Go you to hunting. I'll abide with him.

Imo. So sick I am not; yet I am not well:
But not so citizen a wanton, as
To seem to die, ere sick: So please you leave me;
Stick to your journal course: the breach of custom
Is breach of all¹. I am ill; but your being by me
Cannot amend me: Society is no comfort
To one not sociable: I'm not very sick,
Since I can reason of it. Pray you, trust me here:
I'll rob none but myself; and let me die,
Stealing so poorly.

Gui. I love thee; I have spoke it:
How much the quantity, the weight as much,
As I do love my father.

Bel. What? how? how?

Arv. If it be sin to say so, sir, I yoke me
In my good brother's fault: I know not why
I love this youth; and I have heard you say,
Love's reason's without reason; the bier at door,
And a demand who is't shall die, I'd say,
My father, not this youth.

Bel. O noble strain! [*Aside.*
O worthiness of nature! breed of greatness!
Cowards father cowards, and base things sire base:
Nature hath meal, and bran; contempt, and grace.
I am not their father: yet who this should be,
Doth miracle itself, lov'd before me.—
'Tis the ninth hour o'the morn

Arv. Brother, farewell.

Imo. I wish ye sport.

Arv. You health.—So please you, sir.

Imo. [*Aside.*] These are kind creatures. Gods,
what lies I have heard!

¹ 'Keep your daily course uninterrupted; if the stated plan of life is once broken, nothing follows but confusion.'—*Johnson.*

Our courtiers say, all's savage, but at court:
 Experience, O, thou disprov'st report!
 The imperious² seas breed monsters; for the dish,
 Poor tributary rivers as sweet fish.
 I am sick still; heart-sick:—Pisanio,
 I'll now taste of thy drug.

Gui. I could not stir him;
 He said, he was gentle³, but unfortunate;
 Dishonestly afflicted, but yet honest.

Arv. Thus did he answer me: yet said, hereafter
 I might know more.

Bel. To the field, to the field:—
 We'll leave you for this time; go in, and rest.

Arv. We'll not be long away.

Bel. Pray, be not sick,
 For you must be our housewife.

Imo. Well, or ill,
 I am bound to you.

Bel. And shalt be ever.

[*Exit IMOGEN.*]

This youth, howe'er distress'd, appears, he hath had
 Good ancestors.

Arv. How angel-like he sings!

Gui. But his neat cookery! He cut our roots in
 characters;
 And sauc'd our broths, as Juno had been sick,
 And he her dieter.

Arv. Nobly he yokes
 A smiling with a sigh: as if the sigh
 Was that it was, for not being such a smile;
 The smile mocking the sigh, that it would fly
 From so divine a temple, to commix
 With winds that sailors rail at.

² Here again Malone asserts that '*imperious* was used by Shakespeare for *imperial*.' This is absurd enough when we look at the context: what has *imperial* to do with seas? *Imperious* has here its usual meaning of *proud*, *haughty*. See *Troilus and Cressida*, Act iv. Sc. 5, note 27, p. 391.

³ 'I could not move him to tell his story.' *Gentle* is of a *gentle* race or rank, *well born*.

Gui. I do note,
That grief and patience, rooted in him both,
(*from*) Mingle their spurs⁴ together.

Arv. Grow, patience!
And let the stinking elder, grief, untwine
His perishing root, with the increasing vine⁵!

Bel. It is great morning⁶. Come; away.—Who's there?

Enter CLOTEN.

Clo. I cannot find those runagates; that villain
Hath mock'd me: I am faint.

Bel. Those runagates!
Means he not us? I partly know him; 'tis
Cloten, the son o'the queen. I fear some ambush.
I saw him not these many years, and yet
I know 'tis he;—We are held as outlaws:—Hence.

Gui. He is but one: You and my brother search
What companies are near: pray you, away;
Let me alone with him.

[Exeunt BELARIUS and ARVIRAGUS.]

Clo. Soft! What are you
That fly me thus? some villain mountaineers?
I have heard of such. What slave art thou?

Gui. A thing
More slavish did I ne'er than answering
A slave, without a knock⁷.

Clo. Thou art a robber,
A law-breaker, a villain: Yield thee, thief.

⁴ *Spurs* are the longest and largest leading roots of trees. We have the word again in *The Tempest*:—

'——the strong bas'd promontory
Have I made shake, and by the *spurs*
Pluck'd up the pine and cedar.'

⁵ How much difficulty has been made to appear in this simple figurative passage! which to me appears sufficiently intelligible without a note. 'Let *patience* grow, and let the stinking elder, *grief*, untwine his perishing root from those of the increasing vine, *patience*.' I have already observed, that *with*, *from*, and *by*, are almost always convertible words.

⁶ The same phrase occurs in *Troilus and Cressida*, Act iv. Sc. 3, p. 377. It is a Gallicism:—'Il est grand matin.'

⁷ i. e. than answering that abusive word *slave*.

Gui. To who? to thee? What art thou? Have not I

An arm as big as thine? a heart as big?
Thy words, I grant, are bigger; for I wear not
My dagger in my mouth⁸. Say, what thou art;
Why I should yield to thee?

Clo. Thou villain base,
Know'st me not by my clothes?

Gui. No, nor thy tailor, rascal,
Who is thy grandfather; he made those clothes,
Which, as it seems, make thee⁹.

Clo. Thou precious varlet,
My tailor made them not.

Gui. Hence then, and thank
The man that gave them thee. Thou art some fool;
I am loath to beat thee.

Clo. Thou injurious thief,
Hear but my name, and tremble.

Gui. What's thy name?

Clo. Cloten, thou villain.

Gui. Cloten, thou double villain, be thy name,
I cannot tremble at it; were't toad, or adder, spider,
'Twould move me sooner.

Clo. To thy further fear,
Nay, to thy mere confusion, thou shalt know
I'm son to the queen.

Gui. I'm sorry for't; not seeming
So worthy as thy birth.

Clo. Art not afeard?

Gui. Those that I reverence, those I fear; the wise:
At fools I laugh, not fear them.

Clo. Die the death:
When I have slain thee with my proper hand,

⁸ So in Solyman and Perseda, 1599:—

'I fight not with my tongue: this is my oratrix.'
Macduff says to Macbeth:—

'——— I have no words;

My voice is in my sword.'

⁹ See a note on a similar passage in a former scene, p. 69
Act iii. Sc. 4, note 4.

I'll follow those that even now fled hence,
 And on the gates of Lud's town set your heads:
 Yield, rustic mountaineer. *[Exeunt fighting.]*

Enter BELARIUS and ARVIRAGUS.

Bel. No company's abroad.

Arv. None in the world: You did mistake him, sure.

Bel. I cannot tell: Long is it since I saw him,
 But time hath nothing blurr'd those lines of favour
 Which then he wore; the snatches in his voice,
 And burst of speaking, were as his: I am absolute,
 'Twas very Cloten.

Arv. In this place we left them:
 I wish my brother make good time with him,
 You say he is so fell.

Bel. Being scarce made up,
 I mean, to man, he had not apprehension
 Of roaring terrors; for defect of judgment
 Is oft the cure¹⁰ of fear: But see, thy brother.

Re-enter GUIDERIUS, with CLOTEN's Head.

Gui. This Cloten was a fool: an empty purse,
 There was no money in't: not Hercules
 Could have knock'd out his brains, for he had none:
 Yet I not doing this, the fool had borne
 My head, as I do his.

Bel. What hast thou done?

Gui. I am perfect¹¹, what: cut off one Cloten's
 head.

Son to the queen, after his own report;
 Who call'd me traitor, mountaineer; and swore,
 With his own single hand he'd take us in¹²,

¹⁰ The old copy reads, 'Is oft the cause of fear;' but this cannot be right: Belarius is assigning a reason for Cloten's foolhardy desperation, not accounting for his cowardice. The emendation adopted is Hamner's.

¹¹ 'I am well informed what.'

¹² i. e. conquer, subdue us.

Displace our heads, where (thank the gods!) they
grow,
And set them on Lud's town.

Bel. We are all undone.

Gui. Why, worthy father, what have we to lose,
But, that he swore to take, our lives? The law
Protects not us: Then why should we be tender
To let an arrogant piece of flesh threat us;
Play judge, and executioner, all himself;
For¹³ we do fear the law? What company
Discover you abroad?

Bel. No single soul
Can we set eye on, but, in all safe reason,
He must have some attendants. Though his
humour¹⁴

Was nothing but mutation; ay, and that
From one bad thing to worse; not frenzy, not
Absolute madness could so far have rav'd,
To bring him here alone: Although, perhaps,
It may be heard at court, that such as we
Cave here, hunt here, are outlaws, and in time
May make some stronger head: the which he
hearing

(As it is like him), might break out, and swear
He'd fetch us in; yet is't not probable
To come alone, either he so undertaking,
Or they so suffering: then on good ground
we fear,

If we do fear this body hath a tail
More perilous than the head.

Arv. Let ordinance
Come as the gods foresay it: howsoe'er,
My brother hath done well.

Bel. I had no mind

¹³ For again in the sense of cause. See note on Act iv. Sc. 1, p. 88.

¹⁴ The old copy reads, 'his honour.' The emendation is Theobald's. Malone has shown that the *honour* and *humour* have been erroneously printed for each other in other passages of the old editions.

To hunt this day: the boy Fidele's sickness
Did make my way long forth¹⁵.

Gui. With his own sword,
Which he did wave against my throat, I have ta'en
His head from him: I'll throw't into the creek
Behind our rock; and let it to the sea,
And tell the fishes, he's the queen's son, Cloten:
That's all I reck. *[Exit.*

Bel. I fear, 'twill be reveng'd:
'Would, Polydore, thou had'st not done't! though
valour
Becomes thee well enough.

Arv. 'Would, I had done't,
So the revenge alone pursued me!—Polydore,
I love thee brotherly; but envy much,
'Thou hast robb'd me of this deed: I would, revenges,
That possible strength might meet¹⁶, would seek us
through,
And put us to our answer.

Bel. Well, 'tis done:—
We'll hunt no more to-day, nor seek for danger
Where there's no profit. I pr'ythee, to our rock;
You and Fidele play the cooks: I'll stay
'Till hasty Polydore return, and bring him
'To dinner presently.

Arv. Poor sick Fidele!
I'll willingly to him: To gain his colour,
I'd let a parish of such Clotens blood¹⁷,
And praise myself for charity. *[Exit.*

¹⁵ 'Fidele's sickness made my walk forth from the cave tedious.'
So in King Richard III. :—

—— our crosses on the way
Have made it tedious,' &c.

¹⁶ 'Such pursuit of vengeance as fell within any possibility of opposition.'

¹⁷ 'To restore Fidele to the bloom of health, to recall the colour into his cheeks, I would let out the blood of a whole parish, or any number of such [fellows as Cloten].' A parish is a common phrase for a great number.

'Heaven give you joy, sweet master Palatine.

And to you, sir, a whole parish of children.'

The Wits, by Davenant, p. 222

Bel. O thou goddess,
 Thou divine Nature, how thyself thou blazon'st (how)
 In these two princely boys! They are as gentle
 As zephyrs, blowing below the violet,
 Not wagging his sweet head: and yet as rough,
 Their royal blood enchaſ'd, as the rud'st wind¹⁸,
 That by the top doth take the mountain pine,
 And make him stoop to the vale. 'Tis won-
 derful,
 That an invisible instinct should frame them
 To royalty unlearn'd: honour untaught;
 Civility not seen from other; valour,
 That wildly grows in them, but yields a crop
 As if it had been sow'd! Yet still it's strange
 What Cloten's being here to us portends;
 Or what his death will bring us.

Re-enter GUIDERIUS.

Gui. Where's my brother?
 I have sent Cloten's clotpoll down the stream,
 In embassy to his mother; his body's hostage
 For his return. [*Solemn Music.*]

Bel. My ingenious instrument!
 Hark, Polydore, it sounds! But what occasion
 Hath Cadwal now to give it motion! Hark!

Gui. Is he at home?

Bel. He went hence even now.

Gui. What does he mean? since death of my
 dear'st mother
 It did not speak before. All solemn things
 Should answer solemn accidents. The matter?
 Triumphs for nothing, and lamenting toys¹⁹,
 Is jollity for apes, and grief for boys,
 Is Cadwal mad?

¹⁸ See a passage from Shakspeare's *Lover's Complaint*, cited in
 vol. . p. 332, note 3.

¹⁹ Toys are trifles.

Re-enter ARVIRAGUS, bearing IMOGEN, as dead, in his Arms.

Bel. Look, here he comes,
And brings the dire occasion in his arms,
Of what we blame him for!

Arv. The bird is dead,
That we have made so much on. I had rather
Have skipp'd from sixteen years of age to sixty,
To have turn'd my leaping time into a crutch,
Than have seen this.

Gui. O sweetest, fairest lily!
My brother wears thee not the one half so well,
As when thou grew'st thyself.

Bel. O, melancholy!
Who ever yet could sound thy bottom? find
The ooze, to show what coast thy sluggish crare²⁰
Might easiliest harbour in?—Thou blessed thing!
Jove knows what man thou might'st have made?
but I²¹,

Thou diedst, a most rare boy, of melancholy!—
How found you him?

Arv. Stark²², as you see:
Thus smiling, as some fly had tickled slumber,

²⁰ A *crare* was a small vessel of burthen, sometimes spelled *craer*, *crayer*, and even *craye*. The old copy reads, erroneously, '— thy sluggish *care*.' The emendation was suggested by Sym-son in a note on *The Captain of Beaumont and Fletcher*:

'——— let him venture

in some decayed *crare* of his own.'

The word frequently occurs in Holinshed; as twice, p. 906, vol. ii. And in Sir T. North's *Plutarch*, fol. 295, b.:—'Sending them come from Catana, in little fisher boates and small *crayers*.' So T. Watson in *Amintas* for his *Phillis*, printed in *England's Helicon*:—
'Till thus my soul doth passe in Charon's *crare*.'

²¹ We should most probably read, 'but *ah*!' *Ay* is always printed *ah*! in the first folio, and other books of the time. Hence, perhaps, *I*, which was used for the affirmative particle *ay*, crept into the text. 'Heaven knows (says Belarius) what a man thou wouldst have been *hadst thou lived*; but, *alas*! thou died'st of melancholy, while yet only a most accomplished boy.'

²² *Stark* means entirely cold and stiff.

'And many a nobleman lies *stark*—
Under the hoofs of vaulting enemies.'

King Henry IV. Part 1.

Not as death's dart, being laugh'd at: his right cheek
Reposing on a cushion.

Gui.

Where?

Arv.

O'the floor;

His arms thus leagu'd: I thought, he slept: and put
My clouted brogues²³ from off my feet, whose
rudeness

Answer'd my steps too loud.

Gui.

Why, he but sleeps²⁴:

If he be gone, he'll make his grave a bed;
With female fairies will his tomb be haunted,
And worms will not come to thee²⁵.

Arv.

With fairest flowers,

Whilst summer lasts, and I live here, Fidele,
I'll sweeten thy sad grave: Thou shalt not lack
The flower, that's like thy face, pale primrose; nor
The azur'd harebell, like thy veins; no, nor
The leaf of eglantine, whom not to slander,
Out-sweeten'd not thy breath: the ruddock²⁶ would,
With charitable bill (O bill, sore-shaming
Those rich-left heirs, that let their fathers lie
Without a monument!) bring thee all this;

²³ 'Clouted brogues' are coarse wooden shoes, strengthened with clout or hob-nails. In some parts of England thin plates of iron, called *clouts*, are fixed to the shoes of rustics.

²⁴ 'I cannot forbear (says Steevens) to introduce a passage somewhat like this from Webster's *White Devil*, or *Vittoria Corombona* [1612], on account of its singular beauty:—

'Oh, thou soft natural death! thou art joint twin
To sweetest slumber! no rough bearded comet
Stares on thy mild departure: the dull owl
Beats not against thy casement: the hoarse wolf
Scents not thy carrion:—pity winds thy corse,
While horror waits on princes!'

²⁵ Steevens imputes great violence to this change of person, and would read, 'come to *him*;' but there is no impropriety in Guiderius's sudden address to the *body itself*. It might, indeed, be ascribed to our author's careless manner, of which an instance like the present occurs at the beginning of the next act, where Posthumus says,

————— you married ones,
If each of you would take this course, how many
Must murder wives much better than themselves.'

Douce.

See Act iii. Sc. 3, note 12, p. 67, ante.

²⁶ The *ruddock* is the red-breast.

Yea, and furr'd moss besides, when flowers are none,
To winter-ground²⁷ thy corse.

Gui.

Pr'ythee, have done;
And do not play in wench-like words with that
Which is so serious. Let us bury him,
And not protract with admiration what
Is now due debt.—To the grave.

Arv.

Say, where shall's lay him?

Gui. By good Euriphile, our mother.

Arv.

Be't so:

And let us, Polydore, though now our voices
Have got the mannish crack, sing him to the ground,
As once our mother; use like note, and words,
Save that Euriphile must be Fidele.

Gui. Cadwal,

I cannot sing: I'll weep, and word it with thee:
For notes of sorrow, out of tune, are worse
Than priests and fanes that lie.

Arv.

We'll speak it then.

Bel. Great griefs, I see, medicine the less²⁸: for
Cloten

Is quite forgot. He was a queen's son, boys:
And, though he came our enemy, remember,
He was paid²⁹ for that: Though mean and mighty,
rotting
Together, have one dust; yet reverence³⁰

²⁷ To *winter-ground* appears to mean to dress or decorate thy corse with 'furred moss,' for a *winter* covering, when there are no flowers to strew it with. In *Cornucopia*, or *Divers Secrets*, &c. by Thomas Johnson, 4to. 1596, sig. E. it is said, 'The robin red-brest, if he finds a man or woman dead, will cover all his face with moss; and some thinke that if the body should remain unburied that he would cover the whole body also.' The reader will remember the pathetic old ballad of the Children in the Wood.

²⁸ So in a former passage of this play:—

'——— a touch more rare

Subdues all paugs and fears.'

And in *King Lear*:

'—— Where the greater malady is fix'd,

The lesser is scarce felt.'

²⁹ i. e. punished. Falstaff after having been beaten, when in the dress of an old woman, says, 'I pay'd nothing for it neither, but was paid for my learning.'

³⁰ *Reverence*, or due regard to subordination, is the power that keeps peace and order in the world.

(That angel of the world), doth make distinction
Of place 'tween high and low. Our foe was princely;
And though you took his life, as being our foe,
Yet bury him as a prince.

Gui. Pray you, fetch him hither.
Thersites' body is as good as Ajax,
When neither are alive.

Arv. If you'll go fetch him,
We'll say our song the whilst.—Brother, begin.

[*Exit* BELARIUS.]

Gui. Nay, Cadwal, we must lay his head to the
east;
My father hath a reason for't.

Arv. 'Tis true.

Gui. Come on then, and remove him.

Arv. So,—begin.

SONG.

Gui. Fear no more the heat o'the sun³¹,
Nor the furious winter's rages;
Thou thy worldly task hast done,
Home art gone, and ta'en thy wages:
Golden lads and girls all must,
As chimney-sweepers, come to dust.

Arv. Fear no more the frown o'the great,
Thou art past the tyrant's stroke;
Care no more to clothe, and eat;
To thee the reed is as the oak:
The sceptre, learning, physic, must
All follow this, and come to dust³².

³¹ This is the topic of consolation that nature dictates to all men on these occasions. The same farewell we have over the dead body in Lucian:—'Τέκνον ἄθλιον ὄνκετι διψήσεις, ὄνκετι πεινήσεις,' &c.—Warburton.

³² 'The poet's sentiment seems to have been this:—All human excellence is equally subject to the stroke of death: neither the power of kings, nor the science of scholars, nor the art of those whose immediate study is the prolongation of life, can protect them from the final destiny of man.'—Johnson.

Gui. *Fear no more the lightning-flash,*
 Arv. *Nor the all-dreaded thunder-stone;*
 Gui. *Fear not slander, censure rash;*
 Arv. *Thou hast finish'd joy and moan:*
 Both. *All lovers young, all lovers must*
 Consign³³ to thee, and come to dust.

Gui. *No exorciser³⁴ harm thee!*
 Arv. *Nor no witchcraft charm thee!*
 Gui. *Ghost unlaid forbear thee!*
 Arv. *Nothing ill come near thee!*
 Both. *Quiet consummation³⁵ have;*
 And renowned be thy grave³⁶!

Re-enter BELARIUS, with the Body of CLOTEN.

Gui. We have done our obsequies: Come lay him down.

Bel. Here's a few flowers, but about midnight, more:

The herbs, that have on them cold dew o'the night,
 Are strewings fitt'st for graves.—Upon their faces³⁷:

³³ To 'consign to thee' is to 'seal the same contract *with thee*;' i. e. add their names to thine upon the register of death. So in *Romeo and Juliet*:—

————— seal

A dateless bargain to engrossing death.'

³⁴ It has already been observed that *exorciser* anciently signified a person who could raise spirits, not one who lays them. See vol. iii. p. 313, note 31.

³⁵ *Consummation* is used in the same sense in *King Edward III.* 1596:—

'My soul will yield this castle of my flesh,

This mingled tribute, with all willingness,

To darkness, *consummation*, dust, and worms.'

Milton, in his *Epitaph on the Marchioness [of Winchester]*, is indebted to the passage before us:—

'Gentle lady, may thy grave

Peace and quiet ever have.'

³⁶ 'For the obsequies of Fidele (says Dr. Johnson) a song was written by my unhappy friend, Mr. William Collins of Chichester, a man of uncommon learning and abilities. I shall give it a place at the end, in honour of his memory.'

³⁷ Malone observes, that 'Shakspeare did not recollect when he wrote these words; that there was but one face on which the flowers could be strewed.' It is one of the poet's lapses of thought, and will countenance the passage remarked upon in Act iv. Sc. 1, note 3, p. 97, ante.

You were as flowers, now wither'd: even so
 These herb'lets shall, which we upon you strow.—
 Come on, away: apart upon our knees.
 The ground, that gave them first, has them again;
 Their pleasures here are past, so is their pain.

[*Exeunt* BEL. GUI. and ARV.]

Imo. [*Awaking.*] Yes, sir, to Milford Haven;
 Which is the way?—

I thank you.—By yon bush?—Pray, how far thither?
 'Ods pittikins³⁸!—can it be six miles yet?

I have gone all night:—'Faith, I'll lay down and
 sleep.

But, soft! no bedfellow:—O, gods and goddesses!
 [*Seeing the Body.*]

These flowers are like the pleasures of the world;
 This bloody man, the care on't.—I hope, I dream;
 For, so, I thought I was a cave-keeper,
 And cook to honest creatures: But 'tis not so;
 'Twas but a bolt of nothing, shot at nothing,
 Which the brain makes of fumes. Our very eyes
 Are sometimes like our judgments, blind. Good
 faith,

I tremble still with fear: But if there be
 Yet left in heaven as small a drop of pity
 As a wren's eye, fear'd gods, a part of it!
 The dream's here still; even when I wake, it is
 Without me, as within me; not imagin'd, felt.
 A headless man!—The garments of Posthumus!
 I know the shape of his leg; this is his hand;
 His foot Mercurial; his Martial thigh;
 The brawns of Hercules: but his Jovial³⁹ face—
 Murder in heaven?!—How?—'Tis gone.—Pisanio,

³⁸ This diminutive adoration is derived from God's pity, by the addition of *kin*. In this manner we have also 'Ods bodikins.

³⁹ 'Jovial face' here signifies such a face as belongs to Jove. The epithet is frequently so used in the old dramatic writers; particularly Heywood:—

——— Alcides here will stand
 To plague you all with his high Jovial hand.'

The Silver Age.

All curses madd'd Hecuba gave the Greeks,
 And mine to boot, be darted on thee! Thou,
 Conspir'd with that irregular⁴⁰ devil, Cloten,
 Hast here cut off my lord.—To write, and read,
 Be henceforth treacherous! Damn'd Pisanio
 Hath with his forged letters,—damn'd Pisanio—
 From this most bravest vessel of the world
 Struck the main-top!—O, Posthumus! alas,
 Where is thy head? where's that? Ah me!
 where's that?

Pisanio might have kill'd thee at the heart,
 And left this head on⁴¹.—How should this be?
 Pisanio?

'Tis he, and Cloten: malice and lucre in them
 Have laid this woe here. O, 'tis pregnant, pregnant⁴²!
 The drug he gave me, which, he said, was precious
 And cordial to me, have I not found it
 Murd'rous to the senses? That confirms it home:
 This is Pisanio's deed, and Cloten's! O!—
 Give colour to my pale cheek with thy blood,
 That we the horridier may seem to those
 Which chance to find us: O, my lord, my lord!

Enter Lucius, a Captain, and other Officers, and a
 Soothsayer.

Cap. To them the legions garrison'd in Gallia,
 After your will, have cross'd the sea; attending
 You here at Milford Haven, with your ships:
 They are here in readiness.

Luc.

But what from Rome?

Cap. The senate hath stirr'd up the confiners,

⁴⁰ *Irregular* must mean lawless, licentious, out of rule. The word has not hitherto been met with elsewhere: but in Reynolds's *God's Revenge against Adultery*, ed. 1671, p. 121, we have '*irregular* lust.'

⁴¹ This is another of the poet's lapses, unless we attribute the error to the old printers, and read, '*thy* head on.' We must understand by '*this* head,' the head of Posthumus; the head that *did* belong to *this* body.

⁴² i. e. 'tis a ready, apposite conclusion.

And gentlemen of Italy; most willing spirits,
That promise noble service: and they come
Under the conduct of bold Iachimo,
Sienna's brother⁴³.

Luc. When expect you them?

Cap. With the next benefit o'the wind.

Luc. This forwardness
Makes our hopes fair. Command, our present
numbers

Be muster'd; bid the captains look to't.—Now, sir,
What have you dream'd, of late, of this war's purpose?

Sooth. Last night the very gods show'd me a
vision⁴⁴:

(I fast⁴⁵, and pray'd, for their intelligence), Thus:—
I saw Jove's bird, the Roman eagle, wing'd
From the spungy⁴⁶ south to this part of the west,
There vanish'd in the sunbeams: which portends
Unless my sins abuse my divination),
Success to the Roman host.

Luc. Dream often so,
And never false.—Soft, ho! what trunk is here,
Without his top? The ruin speaks, that sometime
It was a worthy building.—How! a page!—
Or dead, or sleeping on him? But dead, rather:
For nature doth abhor to make his bed
With the defunct, or sleep upon the dead.—
Let's see the boy's face.

Cap. He is alive, my lord.

Luc. He'll then instruct us of this body.—
Young one,

⁴³ Shakspeare appears to have meant brother to the prince of Sienna. He was not aware that Sienna was a republic, or possibly did not heed it.

⁴⁴ It was no common dream, but sent from the very gods, or the gods themselves.

⁴⁵ *Fast* for *fasted*, as we have in another place of this play *lift* for *lifted*. In *King John* we have *heat* for *heated*, *waft* for *wasted*, &c. Similar phraseology will be found in the Bible, Mark, i. 31; John, xiii. 18; Exodus, xii. 8, &c.

⁴⁶ Milton has availed himself of this epithet in *Comus*:—

————— Thus I hurl

My dazzling spells into the *spungy* air.

Inform us of thy fortunes: for it seems,
They crave to be demanded: Who is this,
Thou mak'st thy bloody pillow? Or who was he,
That, otherwise than noble nature did⁴⁷,
Hath alter'd that good picture? What's thy interest
In this sad wreck? How came it? Who is it?
What art thou?

Imo. I am nothing: or if not,
Nothing to be were better. This was my master,
A very valiant Briton, and a good,
That here by mountaineers lies slain;—Alas!
There are no more such masters: I may wander
From east to occident, cry out for service,
Try many, all good, serve truly, never
Find such another master.

Luc. 'Lack, good youth!
Thou mov'st no less with thy complaining, than
Thy master in bleeding: Say his name, good friend.

Imo. Richard du Champ⁴⁸. If I do lie, and do
No harm by it, though the gods hear, I hope
[*Aside.*

They'll pardon it. Say you, sir?

Luc. Thy name?

Imo. Fidele, sir.

Luc. Thou dost approve thyself the very same:
Thy name well fits thy faith; thy faith, thy name.
Wilt take thy chance with me? I will not say,
Thou shalt be so well master'd; but, be sure,
No less belov'd. The Roman emperor's letters,
Sent by a consul to me, should not sooner
Than thine own worth prefer thee: Go with me.

Imo. I'll follow, sir. But first, an't please the gods,

⁴⁷ Who has altered this picture, so as to make it otherwise than nature did it? Olivia, speaking of her own beauty as of a picture, asks Viola if it 'is not well done?'

⁴⁸ Shakspeare was indebted for his modern names (which sometimes are mixed with ancient ones), as well as for his anachronisms, to the fashionable novels of his time. Steevens cites some amusing instances from *A Petite Palace of Pettie his Pleasure*, 1576. But the absurdity was not confined to novels; the drama would afford numerous examples.

I'll hide my master from the flies, as deep
 As these poor pickaxes⁴⁹ can dig: and when
 With wild wood-leaves and weeds I have strew'd
 his grave,

And on it said a century of prayers,
 Such as I can, twice o'er, I'll weep, and sigh;
 And, leaving so his service, follow you,
 So please you entertain me.

Luc.

Ay, good youth;

And rather father thee, than master thee.—

My friends,

The boy hath taught us manly duties: Let us
 Find out the prettiest daisied plot we can,
 And make him with our pikes and partizans
 A grave: Come, arm him⁵⁰.—Boy, he is preferr'd
 By thee to us; and he shall be interr'd,
 As soldiers can. Be cheerful; wipe thine eyes:
 Some falls are means the happier to arise. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III. *A Room in Cymbeline's Palace.*

Enter CYMBELINE, Lords, and PISANIO.

Cym. Again; and bring me word, how 'tis with her.
 A fever with the absence of her son:
 A madness, of which her life's in danger:—Heavens,
 How deeply you at once do touch me! Imogen,
 The great part of my comfort, gone: my queen
 Upon a desperate bed; and in a time
 When fearful wars point at me; her son gone,
 So needful for this present: It strikes me, past
 The hope of comfort.—But for thee, fellow,
 Who needs must know of her departure, and

⁴⁹ Meaning her fingers.

⁵⁰ That is, 'take him up in your arms.' So in Fletcher's *Two Noble Kinsmen* :—

'— — — Arm your prize,

I know you will not lose her.'

The prize was Emilia.

Dost seem so ignorant, we'll enforce it from thee
By a sharp torture.

Pis.

Sir, my life is yours,
I humbly set it at your will: But, for my mistress,
I nothing know where she remains, why gone,
Nor when she purposes return. 'Beseech your
highness,
Hold me your loyal servant.

1 Lord.

Good my liege,
'The day that she was missing, he was here:
I dare be bound he's true, and shall perform
All parts of his subjection loyally.
For Cloten,—
'There wants no diligence in seeking him,
And will¹, no doubt, be found.

Cym.

The time's troublesome:
We'll slip you for a season; but our jealousy
[To PISANIO.

Does yet depend².

1 Lord.

So please your majesty,
The Roman legions, all from Gallia drawn,
Are landed on your coast; with a supply
Of Roman gentlemen, by the senate sent.

Cym. Now for the counsel of my son, and queen!—
I am amaz'd with matter³.

1 Lord.

Good my liege,
Your preparation can affront⁴ no less
Than what you hear of: come more, for more you're
ready:

¹ Perhaps we should read, 'he'll no doubt be found.' But this omission of the personal pronoun was by no means uncommon in Shakespeare's age. There are several other instances in these plays, especially in King Henry VIII.: take one example:—

'——— which if granted,
As he made semblance of his duty, would
Have put his knife into him.'

See Lear, Act ii. Sc. 4.

² 'My suspicion is yet undetermined; if I do not condemn you, I likewise have not acquitted you.' We now say, the cause is depending.

³ i. e. confounded by a variety of business.

⁴ 'Your forces are able to face such an army as we hear the enemy will bring against us.'

The want is, but to put those powers in motion,
That long to move.

Cym. I thank you: Let's withdraw;
And meet the time, as it seeks us. We fear not
What can from Italy annoy us; but
We grieve at chances here.—Away. [*Exeunt.*

Pis. I heard no letter⁵ from my master, since
I wrote him, Imogen was slain: 'Tis strange:
Nor hear I from my mistress, who did promise
To yield me often tidings; Neither know I
What is betid to Cloten; but remain
Perplex'd in all. The heavens still must work:
Wherein I am false, I am honest; not true, to be true.
These present wars shall find I love my country,
Even to the note⁶ o'the king, or I'll fall in them.
All other doubts, by time let them be clear'd:
Fortune brings in some boats, that are not steer'd.
[*Exit.*

SCENE IV. *Before the Cave.*

Enter BELARIUS, GUIDERIUS, and ARVIRAGUS.

Gui. The noise is round about us.

Bel. Let us from it.

Arv. What pleasure, sir, find we in life, to lock it
From action and adventure?

Gui. Nay, what hope
Have we in hiding us? this way, the Romans
Must or for Britons slay us; or receive us
For barbarous and unnatural revolts¹
During their use, and slay us after.

Bel.

Sons,

⁵ Sir Thomas Hanmer reads, *I've had* no letter.' But perhaps 'no letter' is here used to signify 'no tidings,' not a syllable of reply.

⁶ 'I will so distinguish myself, the king shall remark my valour.'

¹ i. e. *revolters*. As in *King John* :—

'Lead me to the revolts of England here.'

We'll higher to the mountains; there secure us.
 To the king's party there's no going; newness
 Of Cloten's death (we being not known, not muster'd
 Among the bands) may drive us to a render²
 Where we have liv'd; and so extort from us
 That which we've done, whose answer would be death
 Drawn on with torture.

Gui. This is, sir, a doubt,
 In such a time, nothing becoming you,
 Nor satisfying us.

Arv. It is not likely,
 That when they hear the Roman horses neigh,
 Behold their quarter'd fires³, have both their eyes
 And ears so cloy'd importantly as now,
 That they will waste their time upon our note,
 To know from whence we are.

Bel. O, I am known
 Of many in the army: many years,
 Though Cloten then but young, you see, not wore him
 From my remembrance. And, besides, the king
 Hath not deserv'd my service, nor your loves;
 Who find in my exile the want of breeding,
 The certainty of this hard life⁴; aye hopeless
 To have the courtesy your cradle promis'd,
 But to be still hot summer's tanlings, and
 The shrinking slaves of winter.

Gui. Than be so,
 Better to cease to be. Pray, sir, to the army:
 I and my brother are not known; yourself,
 So out of thought, and thereto so o'ergrown,
 Cannot be question'd.

² 'An account of our place of abode.' This dialogue is a just representation of the superfluous caution of an old man.

Render is used in a similar sense in a future scene of this play:—

'My boon is, that this gentleman may *render*
 Of whom he had this ring.'

³ i. e. the *fires* in the respective quarters of the Roman army. Their beacon or watch-fires. So in King Henry V.:—

'Fire answers fire: and through their paly flames
 Each battle sees the other's umber'd face.'

⁴ That is, 'the certain consequence of this hard life.'

Arr. By this sun that shines,
I'll thither: What thing is it, that I never
Did see man die? scarce ever look'd on blood,
But that of coward hares, hot goats, and venison?
Never bestrid a horse, save one, that had
A rider like myself, who ne'er wore rowel
Nor iron on his heel? I am asham'd
To look upon the holy sun, to have
The benefit of his bless'd beams, remaining
So long a poor unknown.

Gui. By heavens, I'll go:
If you will bless me, sir, and give me leave,
I'll take the better care; but if you will not,
The hazard therefore due fall on me, by
The hands of Romans!

Arv. So say I; Amen.

Bel. No reason I, since on your lives you set
So slight a valuation, should reserve
My crack'd one to more care. Have with you, boys:
If in your country wars you chance to die,
That is my bed too, lads, and there I'll lie:
Lead, lead.—The time seems long; their blood
 thinks scorn, [*Aside.*]
Till it fly out, and show them princes born.

[Exeunt.]

ACT V.

SCENE I. *A Field between the British and Roman Camps.*

*Enter POSTHUMUS, with a bloody Handkerchief*¹.

Post. Yea, bloody cloth, I'll keep thee; for I wish'd
Thou should'st be colour'd thus. You married ones,

¹ The bloody token of Imogen's death, which Pisanio, in the foregoing act, determined to send.

If each of you would take this course, how many
Must murder wives much better than themselves,
For wrying² but a little?—O, Pisanio!
Every good servant does not all commands:
No bond, but to do just ones.—Gods! if you
Should have ta'en vengeance on my faults, I never
Had liv'd to put on³ this: so had you saved
The noble Imogen to repent; and struck
Me, wretch, more worth your vengeance. But, alack,
You snatch some hence for little faults; that's love,
To have them fall no more: you some permit
To second ills with ills, each elder worse⁴;
And make them dread it, to the doer's shrift⁵.
But Imogen is your own: Do your best wills,
And make me bless'd to obey!—I am brought hither
Among the Italian gentry, and to fight

'This is a soliloquy of nature, uttered when the effervescence of a mind agitated and perturbed, spontaneously and inadvertently discharges itself in words. The speech throughout all its tenour, if the last conceit be excepted, seems to issue warm from the heart. He first condemns his own violence; then tries to disburden himself by imputing part of the crime to Pisanio; he next soothes his mind to an artificial and momentary tranquillity, by trying to think that he has been only an instrument of the gods for the happiness of Imogen. He is now grown reasonable enough to determine that, having done so much evil, he will do no more; that he will not fight against the country which he has already injured; but as life is no longer supportable, he will die in a just cause, and die with the obscurity of a man who does not think himself worthy to be remembered.'—Johnson.

² This uncommon verb is used by Stanyhurst in the third book of the translation of Virgil:—

'—the maysters *wrye* their vessells.'

And in Sidney's *Arcadia*, lib. i. ed. 1633, p. 67:—'That from the right line of virtue are *wryed* to these crooked shifts.'

³ To put on is to incite, instigate.

⁴ The last deed is certainly not the *oldest*; but Shakspeare calls the deed of an elder man an *elder deed*. Where corruptions are, they grow with years, and the oldest sinner is the greatest.

⁵ The old copy reads:—

'And make them dread it to the doers *thrift*.'

Which the commentators have in vain tormented themselves to give a meaning to. Mason endeavoured to give the sense of *repentance* to *thrift*; but his explanation better suits the passage as it now stands:—'Some you snatch hence for little faults: others you suffer to heap ills on ills, and afterwards make them dread having done so, to the eternal welfare of the doers.' *Shrift* is confession and repentance. The typographical error would easily arise in old printing, when *sh* and *th* were frequently confounded.

Against my lady's kingdom: 'Tis enough
 That, Britain, I have kill'd thy mistress; peace!
 I'll give no wound to thee. Therefore, good heavens,
 Hear patiently my purpose: I'll disrobe me
 Of these Italian weeds, and suit myself
 As does a Briton peasant: so I'll fight
 Against the part I come with; so I'll die
 For thee, O Imogen, even forw hom my life
 Is, every breath, a death: and thus, unknown,
 Pitied nor hated, to the face of peril
 Myself I'll dedicate. Let me make men know
 More valour in me, than my habits show.
 Gods put the strength o'the Leonati in me!
 'To shame the guise o'the world, I will begin
 The fashion, less without, and more within. [*Exit.*

SCENE II. *The same.*

Enter at one side, LUCIUS, IACHIMO, and the Roman Army; at the other side, the British Army; LEONATUS POSTHUMUS following it, like a poor Soldier. They march over, and go out. Alarums. Then enter again in skirmish, IACHIMO and POSTHUMUS: he vanquisheth and disarmeth IACHIMO, and then leaves him.

Iach. The heaviness and guilt within my bosom
 Takes off my manhood: I have belied a lady,
 The princess of this country, and the air on't
 Revengingly enfeebls me; Or could this carl¹,
 A very drudge of nature's, have subdu'd me,
 In my profession? Knighthoods and honours, borne
 As I wear mine, are titles but of scorn.

¹ *Carl* or *churl* (*ceorl*, Sax.), is a clown or countryman, and is used by our old writers in opposition to a gentleman. Palgrave, in his *Eclaircissement de la Langue Française*, 1530, explains the words *carle*, *chorle*, *churle*, by *vilain*, *vilain lourdiér*; and *churlyah-nesse* by *vilainie*, *rusticité*. The thought seems to have been imitated in Philaster:—

'The gods take part against me; could this bear
 Have held me thus else?'

If that thy gentry, Britain, go before
 This lout, as he exceeds our lords, the odds
 Is, that we scarce are men, and you are gods. [*Exit.*]

The Battle continues; the Britons fly; CYMBELINE is taken: then enter to his rescue, BELARIUS, GUIDERIUS, and ARVIRAGUS.

Bel. Stand, stand! We have the advantage of
 the ground;
 The lane is guarded: nothing routs us, but
 The villany of our fears.

Gui. Arv. Stand, stand, and fight!

Enter POSTHUMUS, and seconds the Britons: They rescue CYMBELINE, and exeunt. Then, enter LUCIUS, IACHIMO, and IMOGEN.

Luc. Away, boy, from the troops, and save thyself:
 For friends kill friends, and the disorder's such
 As war were hood-wink'd.

Iach. 'Tis their fresh supplies.

Luc. It is a day turn'd strangely: or betimes
 Let's reinforce, or fly. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III. *Another Part of the Field.*

Enter POSTHUMUS and a British Lord.

Lord. Cam'st thou from where they made the stand?

Post. I did:

Though you, it seems, come from the fliers.

Lord. I did.

Post. No blame be to you, sir; for all was lost,
 But that the heavens fought: The king himself
 Of his wings destitute¹, the army broken,

¹ The stopping of the Roman army by three persons is an allusion to the story of the Hays, as related by Holinshed in his History of Scotland, p. 155; upon which Milton once intended to have formed a drama. Shakespeare was evidently acquainted with it:—
 'Hale beholding the king, with the most part of the nobles fighting with great valiance in the middle-ward, now destitute of the wings,' &c.

And but the backs of Britons seen, all flying
Through a strait lane; the enemy full-hearted,
Lolling the tongue with slaughtering, having work
More plentiful than tools to do't, struck down
Some mortally, some slightly touch'd, some falling
Merely through fear; that the strait pass was damm'd
With dead men, hurt behind, and cowards living
To die with lengthen'd shame.

Lord.

Where was this lane?

Post. Close by the battle, ditch'd, and wall'd
with turf;

Which gave advantage to an ancient soldier,—
An honest one, I warrant; who deserv'd
So long a breeding, as his white beard came to,
In doing this for his country;—athwart the lane,
He, with two striplings (lads more like to run
The country base², than to commit such slaughter;
With faces fit for masks, or rather fairer
Than those for preservation cas'd, or shame³)
Made good the passage; cry'd to those that fled,
*Our Britain's hearts die flying, not our men;
To darkness fleet, souls that fly backwards! Stand!
Or we are Romans, and will give you that
Like beasts, which you shun beastly; and may save,
But to look back in frown: stand, stand.*—These three,
Three thousand confident, in act as many
(For three performers are the file, when all
The rest do nothing), with this word, *stand, stand*,
Accommodated by the place, more charming,
With their own nobleness (which could have turn'd
A distaff to a lance), gilded pale looks,
Part, shame, part, spirit renew'd; that some, turn'd
coward

But by example (O, a sin in war,
Damn'd in the first beginners!) 'gan to look
The way that they did, and to grin like lions

² A country game called *prison bars*, vulgarly *prison-base*. See vol. i. p. 103, note 9.

³ Shame for modesty, or shamefacedness.

Upon the pikes o'the hunters. Then began:
 A stop i'the chaser, a retire; anon,
 A rout, confusion thick: Forthwith they fly
 Chickens, the way which they stoop'd eagles; slaves,
 The strides they victors made: and now our cowards
 (Like fragments in hard voyages), became
 The life o'the need; having found the back-door open
 Of the unguarded hearts, Heavens, how they wound!
 Some, slain before; some, dying; some, their friends,
 O'erborne i'the former wave: ten, chas'd by one,
 Are now each one the slaughter-man of twenty:
 Those, that would die or ere resist, are grown
 The mortal bugs⁴ o'the field.

Lord. This was strange chance:

A narrow lane! an old man, and two boys!

Post. Nay, do not wonder at it: You are made
 Rather to wonder at the things you hear,
 Than to work any. Will you rhyme upon't,
 And vent it for a mockery? Here is one:
*Two boys, an old man twice a boy, a lane,
 Preserv'd the Britons, was the Romans' bane.*

Lord. Nay, be not angry, sir.

Post. 'Lack, to what end?
 Who dares not stand his foe, I'll be his friend:
 For if he'll do, as he is made to do,
 I know, he'll quickly fly my friendship too.
 You have put me into rhyme.

Lord. Farewell, you are angry. [*Exit.*

Post. Still going?—This is a lord! O noble
 misery!

To be i'the field, and ask, what news, of me!
 To-day, how many would have given their honours
 To have sav'd their carcasses? took heel to do't,
 And yet died too? I, in mine own woe charm'd⁵,
 Could not find death, where I did hear him groan;

⁴ i. e. *terrors*, *bugbears*. See King Henry VI. Part. III. Act v. Sc. 2, p. 343:—

⁵ For Warwick was a *bug* that fear'd us all.

⁶ Alluding to the common superstition of charms being powerful enough to keep men unhurt in battle. See vol. iv. p. 299, note 6.

Nor feel him, where he struck: Being an ugly monster,
 'Tis strange, he hides him in fresh cups, soft beds,
 Sweet words; or hath more ministers than we
 That draw his knives i'the war.—Well, I will find
 him:

For being now a favourer to the Roman,
 No more a Briton, I have resum'd again
 The part I came in: Fight I will no more,
 But yield me to the veriest hind, that shall
 Once touch my shoulder. Great the slaughter is
 Here made by the Roman; great the answer⁶ be
 Britons must take; For me, my ransome's death;
 On either side I come to spend my breath;
 Which neither here I'll keep, nor bear again,
 But end it by some means for Imogen.

Enter Two British Captains, and Soldiers.

1 *Cap.* Great Jupiter be prais'd! Lucius is taken:
 'Tis thought, the old man and his sons were angels.

2 *Cap.* There was a fourth man, in a silly habit⁷,
 That gave the affront⁸ with them.

1 *Cap.* So 'tis reported:
 But none of them can be found.—Stand! who is
 there?

Post. A Roman;
 Who had not now been drooping here, if seconds
 Had answer'd him.

2 *Cap.* Lay hands on him; a dog!
 A leg of Rome shall not return to tell
 What crows have peck'd them here. He brags his
 service
 As if he were of note: bring him to the king.

⁶ i. e. *retaliation*. As in a former scene, p. 108, line 6:—

'That which we've done, whose *answer* would be death.'

⁷ *Silly* is *simple* or *rustic*. Thus in the novel of Boccaccio, on which this play is formed:—'The servant, who had no great good will to kill her, very easily grew pitifull, took off her upper garment, and gave her a poore ragged doublet, a *silly* chapperone.'

⁸ i. e. the *encounter*. See vol. iv. p. 101, note 5.

Enter CYMBELINE, attended: BELARIUS, GUIDERIUS, ARVIRAGUS, PISANIO, and Roman Captives. The Captains present POSTHUMUS to CYMBELINE, who delivers him over to a Gaoler: after which, all go out⁹.

SCENE IV. *A Prison.*

Enter POSTHUMUS, and Two Gaolers.

1 *Gaol.* You shall not now be stolen, you have locks upon you¹;

So graze, as you find pasture.

2 *Gaol.* Ay, or a stomach. [*Exeunt Gaolers.*

Post. Most welcome, bondage! for thou art a way, I think, to liberty: Yet am I better Than one that's sick o'the gout: since he had rather Groan so in perpetuity, than be cur'd By the sure physician, death; who is the key To unbar these locks. My conscience! thou art fetter'd

More than my shanks, and wrists: You good gods, give me

The penitent instrument, to pick that bolt, Then, free for ever! Is't enough, I am sorry? So children temporal fathers do appease; Gods are more full of mercy. Must I repent? I cannot do it better than in gyves, Desir'd, more than constrain'd: to satisfy, If of my freedom 'tis the main part, take No stricter render of me, than my all².

⁹ This stage direction for 'inexplicable dumb show' is probably an interpolation by the players. Shakspeare has expressed his contempt for such mummery in *Hamlet*.

¹ The wit of the Gaoler alludes to the custom of putting a lock on a horse's leg when he is turned out to pasture.

² This passage is very obscure, and I must say with Malone that I think it is so rendered either by the omission of a line, or some other corruption of the text. I have no faith in Malone's explanation: that which Steevens offers is not much more satisfactory; but I have nothing better to offer. 'Posthumus questions whether

I know, you are more clement than vile men,
 Who of their broken debtors take a third,
 A sixth, a tenth, letting them thrive again
 On their abatement; that's not my desire:
 For Imogen's dear life, take mine; and though
 'Tis not so dear, yet 'tis a life; you coin'd it:
 'Tween man and man, they weigh not every stamp;
 Though light, take pieces for the figure's sake:
 You rather mine, being yours: and so, great powers,
 If you will take this audit, take this life,
 And cancel these cold bonds³. O, Imogen!
 I'll speak to thee in silence. [He sleeps.]

*Solemn Music*⁴. *Enter, as an Apparition, SICILIUS LEONATUS, Father to POSTHUMUS, an old Man, attired like a Warrior; leading in his hand an ancient Matron, his Wife, and Mother to POSTHUMUS, with Music before them. Then, after other Music, follow the Two young Leonati, Brothers to POSTHUMUS, with wounds, as they died in the Wars. They circle POSTHUMUS round, as he lies sleeping.*

Sici. No more, thou thunder master, show
 Thy spite on mortal flies:

contrition be sufficient atonement for guilt. Then, to satisfy the offended gods, he desires them to take no more than his present all, that is, his life, if it is the *main part*, the chief point, or principal condition of his freedom, i. e. of his freedom from future punishment.

³ So in *Macbeth*:—

'Cancel and tear to pieces that great bond
 That keeps me pale.'

There is an equivocal between the legal instrument and bonds of steel; a little out of its place in a passage of pathetic exclamation.

⁴ This Scene is supposed not to be Shakspeare's, but foisted in by the players for mere show. The great poet, who has conducted his fifth Act with such matchless skill, could never have designed the vision to be twice described by Posthumus, had this contemptible nonsense been previously delivered on the stage. It appears that the players indulged themselves sometimes in unwarrantable liberties of the same kind. Nashe, in his *Lenten Stuffe*, 1599, assures us that in a play of his, called the *Isle of Dogs*, four acts, without his consent, or the least guess of his drift or scope, were supplied by the players. See the *Prolegomena* to Malone's *Shakspeare*, vol. ii. : article *Shakspeare*, Ford, and Jonson.

With Mars fall out, with Juno chide,
That thy adulteries
Rates and revenges.

Hath my poor boy done aught but well,
Whose face I never saw?

I died, whilst in the womb he stay'd
Attending Nature's law.

Whose father then (as men report,
Thou orphans' father art),
Thou should'st have been, and shielded him
From this earth-vexing smart.

Moth. Lucina lent not me her aid,
But took me in my throes;
That from me was Posthumus ript,
Came crying 'mongst his foes,
A thing of pity!

Sici. Great nature, like his ancestry,
Moulded the stuff so fair,
That he deserv'd the praise o'the world,
As great Sicilius' heir.

1 *Bro.* When once he was mature for man,
In Britain where was he
That could stand up his parallel;
Or fruitful object be
In eye of Imogen, that best
Could deem his dignity?

Moth. With marriage wherefore was he mock'd,
To be exil'd and thrown
From Leonati' seat, and cast
From her his dearest one,
Sweet Imogen?

Sici. Why did you suffer Iachimo,
Slight thing of Italy,
To taint his nobler heart and brain
With needless jealousy:
And to become the geck^b and scorn
O'the other's villany?

^b The fool.

2 *Bro.* For this, from stiller seats we came,
Our parents, and us twain,
That, striking in our country's cause,
Fell bravely, and were slain;
Our fealty, and 'Tenantius' right,
With honour to maintain.

1 *Bro.* Like hardiment Posthumus hath
To Cymbeline perform'd:
Then Jupiter, thou king of gods,
Why hast thou thus adjourn'd
The graces for his merits due;
Being all to dolours turn'd?

Sici. Thy crystal window ope; look out;
No longer exercise,
Upon a valiant race, thy harsh
And potent injuries:

Moth. Since, Jupiter, our son is good,
Take off his miseries.

Sici. Peep through thy marble mansion; help!
Or we poor ghosts will cry
To the shining synod of the rest,
Against thy deity.

2 *Bro.* Help, Jupiter; or we appeal,
And from thy justice fly.

*JUPITER descends in Thunder and Lightning, sitting
upon an Eagle: he throws a Thunder-bolt.
The Ghosts fall on their knees.*

Jup. No more, you petty spirits of region low,
Offend our hearing; hush!—How dare you, ghosts,
Accuse the thunderer, whose bolt, you know,
Sky-planted, batters all rebelling coasts?
Poor shadows of Elysium, hence; and rest
Upon your never withering banks of flowers:
Be not with mortal accidents oppress;
No care of yours it is, you know, 'tis ours.
Whom best I love, I cross; to make my gift,
The more delay'd, delighted⁶. Be content;

⁶ *Delighted for delightful, or causing delight.* See vol. p. II. 51, note 22.

Your low-laid son our god-head will uplift:

His comforts thrive, his trials well are spent.
Our Jovial star reign'd at his birth, and in

Our temple was he married.—Rise, and fade! —
He shall be lord of lady Imogen,

And happier much by his affliction made.
This tablet lay upon his breast; wherein

Our pleasure his full fortune doth confine;
And so, away: no further with your din

Express impatience, lest you stir up mine.—

Mount, eagle, to my palace crystalline. [*Ascends.*]

Sici. He came in thunder; his celestial breath
Was sulphurous to smell: the holy eagle
Stoop'd, as to foot us¹: his ascension is
More sweet than our bless'd fields; his royal bird
Prunes the immortal wing, and cloy^s his beak,
As when his god is pleas'd.

All.

Thanks, Jupiter!

Sici. The marble pavement closes, he is enter'd
His radiant roof:—Away! and, to be blest,
Let us with care perform his great behest.

[*Ghosts vanish.*]

Post. [*Waking*]. Sleep, thou hast been a grand-
sire, and begot

A father to me: and thou hast created
A mother and two brothers: But (O scorn!)
Gone! they went hence so soon as they were
born.

And so I am awake.—Poor wretches that depend
On greatness' favour, dream as I have done;
Wake, and find nothing.—But, alas, I swerve:
Many dream not to find, neither deserve,
And yet are steep'd in favours; so am I,
That have this golden chance, and know not why.

¹ i. e. to grasp us in his pounces.

² And till they foot and clutch their prey.

Herbert.

³ In ancient language the *cloy*s or *clee*s of a bird or beast are the same with *claws* in modern speech. To *claw* their beaks is an accustomed action with hawks and eagles.

What fairies haunt this ground? A book? O, rare one!
Be not, as is our fangled⁹ world, a garment
Nobler than that it covers: let thy effects
So follow, to be most unlike our courtiers,
As good as promise.

[Reads.] *When as a lion's whelp shall, to himself
unknown, without seeking find, and be embraced
by a piece of tender air; and when from a
stately cedar shall be lopped branches, which,
being dead many years, shall after revive, be
jointed to the old stock, and freshly grow;
then shall Posthumus end his miseries, Britain
be fortunate, and flourish in peace and plenty.*

'Tis still a dream; or else such stuff as madmen
Tongue, and brain not: either both, or nothing:
Or senseless speaking, or a speaking such
As sense cannot untie. Be what it is,
The action of my life is like it, which
I'll keep, if but for sympathy.

Re-enter Gaolers.

Gaol. Come, sir, are you ready for death?

Post. Over-roasted rather: ready long ago.

Gaol. Hanging is the word, sir; if you be ready
for that, you are well cooked.

Post. So, if I prove a good repast to the spec-
tators, the dish pays the shot.

Gaol. A heavy reckoning for you, sir: But the
comfort is, you shall be called to no more payments,
fear no more tavern bills; which are often the
sadness of parting, as the procuring of mirth: you
come in faint for want of meat, depart reeling with
too much drink; sorry that you have paid too
much, and sorry that you are paid¹⁰ too much;

⁹ i. e. *trifling*. Hence *new-fangled*, still in use for new toys or trifles.

¹⁰ *Paid* here means *subdued* or *overcome* by the liquor.

purse and brain both empty: the brain the heavier for being too light, the purse too light, being drawn of heaviness: O! of this contradiction you shall now be quit.—O the charity of a penny cord! it sums up thousands in a trice: you have no true debtor and creditor but it; of what's past, is, and to come, the discharge:—Your neck, sir, is pen, book, and counters; so the acquittance follows.

Post. I am merrier to die, than thou art to live.

Gaol. Indeed, sir, he that sleeps feels not the tooth-ach: But a man that were to sleep your sleep, and a hangman to help him to bed, I think, he would change places with his officer: for, look you, sir, you know not which way you shall go.

Post. Yes, indeed, do I, fellow.

Gaol. Your death has eyes in's head then; I have not seen him so pictured: you must either be directed by some that take upon them to know; or take upon yourself that, which I am sure you do not know; or jump¹¹ the after-inquiry on your own peril: and how you shall speed in your journey's end, I think you'll never return to tell one.

Post. I tell thee, fellow, there are none want eyes to direct them the way I am going, but such as wink, and will not use them.

Gaol. What an infinite mock is this, that a man should have the best use of eyes, to see the way of blindness! I am sure, hanging's the way of winking.

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. Knock off his manacles; bring your prisoner to the king.

Post. Thou bringest good news;—I am called to be made free.

Gaol. I'll be hanged then.

¹¹ i. e. hazard. See vol. iv. p. 221, note 2.

Post. Thou shalt be then freer than a gaoler; no bolts for the dead.

[*Exeunt POSTHUMUS and Messenger.*]

Gaol. Unless a man would marry a gallows, and beget young gibbets, I never saw one so prone¹². Yet, on my conscience, there are verier knaves desire to live, for all he be a Roman: and there be some of them too, that die against their wills; so should I, if I were one. I would we were all of one mind, and one mind good; O, there were desolation of gaolers, and gallowses! I speak against my present profit; but my wish hath a preferment in't.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE VI. Cymbeline's Tent.

Enter CYMBELINE, BELARIUS, GUIDERIUS, ARVIRAGUS, PISANIO, Lords, Officers, and Attendants.

Cym. Stand by my side, you whom the gods have made Preservers of my throne. Woe is my heart, That the poor soldier, that so richly fought, Whose rags sham'd gilded arms, whose naked breast Stepp'd before targe of proof, cannot be found: He shall be happy that can find him, if Our grace can make him so.

¹² *Prone* here signifies *ready, prompt*. As in *Measure for Measure*, Act i. Sc. 3, p. 16:—

‘———— in her youth

There is a *prone* and speechless dialect,

Such as moves men.’

Thus also in *Lucan's Pharsalia*, translated by Sir Arthur Gorges, b. vi.:—

‘——Thessalian fierce steeds,

For use of war so *prone* and fit.’

And in *Wilfride Holme's* poem, entitled *The Fall and Evil Success of Rebellion*, &c. 1537:—

‘With bombard and basilisk, with men *prone* and vigorous.’

¹ ‘In the scene before us, all the surviving characters are assembled; and at the expense of whatever incongruity the former events may have been produced, perhaps little can be discovered on this occasion to offend the most scrupulous advocate for regularity: and as little is found wanting to satisfy the spectator by a catastrophe which is intricate without confusion, and not more rich in ornament than nature.’—*Steevens*.

Bel. I never saw
Such noble fury in so poor a thing;
Such precious deeds in one that promis'd nought
But beggary and poor looks.

Cym. No tidings of him?

Pis. He hath been search'd among the dead and
living,
But no trace of him.

Cym. To my grief, I am
The heir of his reward; which I will add
To you, the liver, heart, and brain of Britain,
[*To BELARIUS, GUIDERIUS, and ARV.*
By whom, I grant, she lives; 'Tis now the time
To ask of whence you are:—report it.

Bel. Sir,
In Cambria are we born, and gentlemen:
Further to boast, were neither true nor modest,
Unless I add, we are honest.

Cym. Bow your knees:
Arise, my knights o'the battle²: I create you
Companions to our person, and will fit you
With dignities becoming your estates.

Enter CORNELIUS and Ladies.
There's business in these faces³.—Why so sadly
Greet you our victory? you look like Romans,
And not o'the court of Britain.

Cor. Hail, great king!
To sour your happiness, I must report
The queen is dead.

Cym. Whom worse than a physician
Would this report become? But I consider,
By medicine life may be prolong'd, yet death
Will seize the doctor too⁴.—How ended she?

² Thus in Stowe's Chronicle, p. 164, edit. 1615:—'Philip of France made Arthur Plantagenet Knight of the Fields.'

³ So in Macbeth:—

'The business of this man looks out of him.'

⁴ This observation has already occurred in the Funeral Song, p. 99:—

'The sceptre, learning, physic, must
All follow this, and come to dust.'

Cor. With horror, madly dying, like her life;
Which, being cruel to the world, concluded
Most cruel to herself. What she confess'd,
I will report, so please you: These her women
Can trip me, if I err: who, with wet cheeks,
Were present when she finish'd.

Cym.

Pr'ythee, say.

Cor. First, she confess'd she never lov'd you; only
Affected greatness got by you, not you:
Married your royalty, was wife to your place;
Abhorr'd your person.

Cym.

She alone knew this:

And, but she spoke it dying, I would not
Believe her lips in opening it. Proceed.

Cor. Your daughter, whom she bore in hand⁵ to
love

With such integrity, she did confess
Was as a scorpion to her sight; whose life,
But that her flight prevented it, she had
Ta'en off by poison.

Cym.

O most delicate fiend!

Who is't can read a woman?—Is there more?

Cor. More, sir, and worse. She did confess,
she had

For you a mortal mineral; which, being took,
Should by the minute feed on life, and, ling'ring,
By inches waste you: In which time she purpos'd,
By watching, weeping, tendance, kissing, to
O'ercome you with her show: yes, and in time
(When she had fitted you with her craft), to work
Her son into the adoption of the crown.
But failing of her end by his strange absence,
Grew shameless desperate; open'd, in despite
Of heaven and men, her purposes; repented
The evils she hatch'd were not effected; so,
Despairing, died.

Cym.

Heard you all this, her women?

⁵ 'To bear in hand' is 'to delude by false appearances.' See
vol. v. p. 253, note 9.

Lady. We did, so please your highness.

Cym.

Mine eyes
Were not in fault, for she was beautiful;
Mine ears, that heard her flattery; nor my heart,
That thought her like her seeming; it had been
vicious,
To have mistrusted her: yet, O my daughter!
That it was folly in me, thou may'st say,
And prove it in thy feeling. Heaven mend all!

*Enter LUCIUS, IACHIMO, the Soothsayer, and other
Roman Prisoners, guarded; POSTHUMUS behind,
and IMOGEN.*

Thou com'st not, Caius, now for tribute; that
The Britons have raz'd out, though with the loss
Of many a bold one; whose kinsmen have made suit,
That their good souls may be appeas'd with slaughter
Of you their captives, which ourself have granted;
So, think of your estate.

Luc. Consider, sir, the chance of war: the day
Was yours by accident; had it gone with us,
We should not, when the blood was cool, have
threaten'd

Our prisoners with the sword. But since the gods
Will have it thus, that nothing but our lives
May be call'd ransom, let it come: sufficeth,
A Roman with a Roman's heart can suffer:
Augustus lives to think on't: And so much
For my peculiar care. This one thing only
I will entreat; My boy, a Briton born,
Let him be ransom'd: never master had
A page so kind, so duteous, diligent,
So tender over his occasions, true,
So feat⁶, so nurselike: let his virtue join
With my request, which, I'll make bold, your
highness
Cannot deny; he hath done no Briton harm,

⁶ *Feat* is ready, dexterous.

Though he have serv'd a Roman: save him, sir,
And spare no blood beside.

Cym. I have surely seen him:
His favour¹ is familiar to me.—
Boy, thou hast look'd thyself into my grace,
And art mine own.—I know not why, [nor] wherefore,
To say, live, boy²: ne'er thank thy master; live:
And ask of Cymbeline what boon thou wilt,
Fitting my bounty, and thy state, I'll give it;
Yea, though thou do demand a prisoner,
The noblest ta'en.

Imo. I humbly thank your highness.

Luc. I do not bid thee beg my life, good lad;
And yet, I know, thou wilt.

Imo. No, no: alack,
There's other work in hand: I see a thing
Bitter to me as death: your life, good master,
Must shuffle for itself.

Luc. The boy disdains me,
He leaves me, scorns me: Briefly die their joys,
That place them on the truth of girls and boys.—
Why stands he so perplex'd?

Cym. What would'st thou, boy?
I love thee more and more; think more and more
What's best to ask. Know'st him thou look'st on?
speak,
Wilt have him live? Is he thy kin? thy friend?

Imo. He is a Roman; no more kin to me,
Than I to your highness; who, being born your
vassal,
Am something nearer.

Cym. Wherefore ey'st him so?

Imo. I'll tell you, sir, in private, if you please
To give me hearing.

Cym. Ay, with all my heart,
And lend my best attention. What's thy name?

¹ Countenance.

² 'I know not what should induce me to say, live, boy.' The word *nor* was inserted by Rowe.

Imo. Fidele, sir.

Cym. Thou art my good youth, my page;
I'll be thy master: Walk with me; speak freely.

[CYMBELINE and IMOGEN converse apart.]

Bel. Is not this boy reviv'd from death?

Arv. One sand another
Not more resembles: That sweet rosy lad,
Who died, and was Fidele:—What think you?

Gui. The same dead thing alive.

Bel. Peace, peace! see further; he eyes us not;
forbear;

Creatures may be alike: were't he, I am sure
He would have spoke to us.

Gui. But we saw him dead.

Bel. Be silent; let's see further.

Pis. It is my mistress: [*Aside.*
Since she is living, let the time run on,
To good, or bad.

[CYMBELINE and IMOGEN come forward.]

Cym. Come, stand thou by our side;
Make thy demand aloud.—Sir, [*To IACH.*] step you
forth;

Give answer to this boy, and do it freely;
Or, by our greatness, and the grace of it,
Which is our honour, bitter torture shall
Winnow the truth from falsehood.—On, speak to him.

Imo. My boon is, that this gentleman may render
Of whom he had this ring.

Post. What's that to him?
[*Aside.*

Cym. That diamond upon your finger, say,
How came it yours?

Iach. Thou'lt torture me to leave unspoken that
Which, to be spoke, would torture thee.

Cym. How! me?

Iach. I am glad to be constrain'd to utter that which
'Torments me to conceal. By villany
I got this ring; 'twas Leonatus' jewel:
Whom thou didst banish; and (which more may
grieve thee,

As it doth me), a nobler sir ne'er liv'd
 'Twixt sky and ground. Wilt thou hear more, my
 lord?

Cym. All that belongs to this.

Iach. That paragon, thy daughter,—
 For whom my heart drops blood, and my false spirits
 Quail⁹ to remember,—Give me leave; I faint.

Cym. My daughter! what of her? Renew thy
 strength:

I had rather thou should'st live while nature will,
 Than die ere I hear more: strive man, and speak.

Iach. Upon a time (unhappy was the clock
 That struck the hour!) it was in Rome (accurs'd
 The mansion where!) 'twas at a feast, (O 'would
 Our viands had been poison'd! or, at least,
 Those which I heav'd to head!) the good Posthúmus,
 (What should I say? he was too good, to be
 Where ill men were; and was the best of all
 Amongst the rar'st of good ones), sitting sadly,
 Hearing us praise our loves of Italy
 For beauty that made barren the swell'd boast
 Of him that best could speak: for feature¹⁰, laming
 The shrine of Venus, or straight-pight Minerva,
 Postures beyond brief nature; for condition,
 A shop of all the qualities that man
 Loves woman for; besides, that hook of wiving,
 Fairness which strikes the eye:—

⁹ To *quail* is to *faint*, or sink into dejection. See vol. vi. p. 284, note 5.

¹⁰ *Feature* is here used for *proportion*. See vol. i. p. 118, note 4; and Sc. 1, note 7, p. 9, ante:—

‘——— for *feature* laming

The shrine of Venus or straight-pight Minerva,

Postures beyond *brief* nature.’

i. e. the ancient statues of Venus and Minerva, which exceeded in beauty of exact proportion any living bodies, the work of *brief*, i. e. of hasty and unelaborate nature. So in Antony and Cleopatra:—

‘O'er-picturing that Venus, where we see

The fancy out-work nature.’

Pight is *set*, compact: as in the phrase, ‘a quarry and well-pight man.’

Cym. I stand on fire:
Come to the matter.

Iach. All too soon I shall,
Unless thou would'st grieve quickly.—This Posthúmus
(Most like a noble lord in love, and one
'That had a royal lover), took his hint;
And, not dispraising whom we prais'd (therein
He was as calm as virtue), he began
His mistress' picture; which by his tongue being
made,
And then a mind put in't, either our brags
Were crack'd of kitchen trulls, or his description
Prov'd us unspeaking sots.

Cym. Nay, nay, to the purpose.

Iach. Your daughter's chastity—there it begins.
He spake of her as¹¹ Dian had hot dreams,
And she alone were cold: Whereat, I, wretch!
Made scruple of his praise; and wager'd with him
Pieces of gold, 'gainst this which then he wore
Upon his honour'd finger, to attain
In suit the place of his bed, and win this ring
By hers and mine adultery: he, true knight,
No lesser of her honour confident
Than I did truly find her, stakes this ring;
And would so, had it been a carbuncle
Of Phœbus' wheel; and might so safely, had it
Been all the worth of his car¹². Away to Britain
Post I in this design: Well may you, sir,
Remember me at court, where I was taught
Of your chaste daughter the wide difference
'Twixt amorous and villanous. Being thus quench'd
Of hope, not longing, mine Italian brain
'Gan in your duller Britain operate
Most vilely; for my vantage, excellent;
And, to be brief, my practice so prevail'd,

¹¹ *As for as if.* So in *The Winter's Tale*.—

'— he utters them *as* he had eaten ballads.'

¹² 'He had deserved it, were it *carbuncled*

Like Phœbus' car.'

Antony and Cleopatra.

That I return'd with similar proof enough
 To make the noble Leonatus mad,
 By wounding his belief in her renown
 With tokens thus, and thus; averring notes¹³
 Of chamber-hanging, pictures, this her bracelet,
 (O, cunning, how I got 'it!) nay, some marks
 Of secret on her person, that he could not
 But think her bond of chastity quite crack'd,
 I having ta'en the forfeit. Whereupon,—
 Methinks, I see him now,—

Post.

Ay, so thou dost,

[*Coming forward.*]

Italian fiend!—Ah me, most credulous fool,
 Egregious murderer, thief, any thing
 That's due to all the villains past, in being,
 To come!—O, give me cord, or knife, or poison,
 Some upright justicer¹⁴! Thou, king, send out
 For torturers ingenious: it is I
 That all the abhorred things o'the earth amend,
 By being worse than they. I am Posthumus,
 That kill'd thy daughter:—villain like, I lie;
 That caus'd a lesser villain than myself,
 A sacrilegious thief, to do't:—the temple
 Of virtue was she; yea, and she herself¹⁵.
 Spit, and throw stones, cast mire upon me, set
 The dogs o'the street to bay me: every villain
 Be call'd Posthumus Leonatus; and
 Be villany less than 'twas!—O Imogen!
 My queen, my life, my wife! O Imogen,
 Imogen, Imogen!

Imo.

Peace, my lord; hear, hear—

Post. Shall's have a play of this? Thou scornful page,
 There lie thy part.

[*Striking her; she falls.*]

¹³ i. e. such marks of the chamber and pictures, as averred or confirmed my report.

¹⁴ *Justicer* was anciently used instead of justice. Shakspeare has the word thrice in *King Lear*. And Warner, in his *Albion's England*, 1602, b. x. ch. 45:—

'Presculling his progenitors, a *justicer* upright.'

¹⁵ 'Not only the temple of virtue, but virtue herself.'

Pis. O, gentlemen, help, help,
 Mine, and your mistress:—O, my Lord Posthumus!
 You ne'er kill'd Imogen till now:—Help, help!—
 Mine honour'd lady!

Cym. Does the world go round?

Post. How come these staggers¹⁶ on me?

Pis. Wake, my mistress?

Cym. If this be so, the gods do mean to strike me
 To death with mortal joy.

Pis. How fares my mistress?

Imo. O, get thee from my sight;
 Thou gav'st me poison: dangerous fellow, hence!
 Breathe not where princes are.

Cym. The tune of Imogen!

Pis. Lady,
 The gods throw stones of sulphur on me, if
 That box I gave you was not thought by me
 A precious thing; I had it from the queen.

Cym. New matter still?

Imo. It poison'd me.

Cor. O gods!—

I left out one thing which the queen confess'd,
 Which must approve thee honest: If Pisanio
 Have, said she, given his mistress that confection
 Which I gave him for a cordial, she is serv'd
 As I would serve a rat.

Cym. What's this, Cornelius?

Cor. The queen, sir, very oft imp'ortun'd me
 To temper¹⁷ poisons for her; still pretending
 The satisfaction of her knowledge, only
 In killing creatures vile, as cats and dogs
 Of no esteem: I, dreading that her purpose
 Was of more danger, did compound for her
 A certain stuff, which, being ta'en, would cease
 The present power of life; but, in short time,

¹⁶ i. e. this wild and delirious perturbation. It is still common to say 'it stagger'd me,' when we have been moved by any sudden emotion of surprise. See vol. iii. p. 246, note 22.

¹⁷ Mix, compound.

All offices of nature should again
Do their due functions.—Have you ta'en of it?

Imo. Most like I did, for I was dead.

Bel.

My boys,

There was our error.

Gwi.

This is sure, Fidele.

Imo. Why did you throw your wedded lady
from you?

Think, that you are upon a rock; and now

Throw me again¹⁸. [*Embracing him.*]

Post.

Hang there like fruit, my soul,

Till the tree die!

Cym.

How now, my flesh, my child?

What, mak'st thou me a dullard in this act?

Wilt thou not speak to me?

Imo.

Your blessing, sir.

[*Kneeling.*]

Bel. Though you did love this youth, I blame
ye not;

You had a motive for't.

[*To Gwi. and Arv.*]

Cym.

My tears that fall,

Prove holy water on thee! Imogen,

Thy mother's dead.

Imo.

I am sorry for't, my lord.

Cym. O, she was naught; and 'long of her it was,
That we meet here so strangely: But her son
Is gone, we know not how, nor where.

Pis.

My lord,

¹⁸ Imogen comes up to Posthumus as soon as she knows that the error is cleared up; and, hanging fondly on him, says, not as upbraiding him, but with kindness and good humour, 'How could you treat your wife thus?' in that endearing tone which most readers, who are fathers and husbands, will understand who will add *poor* to wife. She then adds, Now you know who I am, suppose we were on the edge of a precipice, and throw me from you; meaning, in the same endearing irony, to say, I am sure it is as impossible for you to be intentionally unkind to me, as it is for you to kill me. Perhaps some very wise persons may smile at part of this note; but however much black-letter books may be necessary to elucidate some parts of Shakespeare, there are others which require some acquaintance with those familiar pages of the book of Nature;

'Which learning may not understand,

And wisdom may disdain to hear.

Pyg.

Now fear is from me, I'll speak troth. Lord Cloten,
Upon my lady's missing, came to me
With his sword drawn; foam'd at the mouth, and
swore,

If I discover'd not which way she was gone,
It was my instant death: By accident,
I had a feigned letter of my master's
Then in my pocket; which directed him
To seek her on the mountains near to Milford;
Where, in a frenzy, in my master's garments,
Which he inforc'd from me, away he posts
With unchaste purpose, and with oath to violate
My lady's honour: what became of him,
I further know not.

Gui. Let me end the story:
I slew him there.

Cym. Marry, the gods forefend!
I would not thy good deeds should from my lips
Pluck a hard sentence: pr'ythee, valiant youth,
Deny't again.

Gui. I have spoke it, and I did it.

Cym. He was a prince.

Gui. A most uncivil one: The wrongs he
did me
Were nothing princelike; for he did provoke me
With language that would make me spurn the sea,
If it could roar so to me: I cut off's head;
And am right glad, he is not standing here
To tell this tale of mine.

Cym. I am sorry for thee:
By thine own tongue thou art condemn'd, and must
Endure our law: Thou art dead.

Imo. That headless man
I thought had been my lord.

Cym. Bind the offender,
And take him from our presence.

Bel. Stay, sir king:
This man is better than the man he slew,
As well descended as thyself; and hath
More of thee merited, than a band of Clotens

Had ever scar for.—Let his arms alone;
[*To the Guard.*]

They were not born for bondage.

Cym. Why, old soldier,
Wilt thou undo the worth thou art unpaid for,
By tasting of our wrath¹⁹? How of descent
As good as we?

Arv. In that he spake too far.

Cym. And thou shalt die for't.

Bel. We will die all three:
But I will prove, that two of us are as good
As I have given out him.—My sons, I must,
For mine own part, unfold a dangerous speech,
Though, haply, well for you.

Arv. Your danger is
Ours.

Gui. And our good his.

Bel. Have at it then.—
By leave;—Thou hadst, great king, a subject, who
Was call'd Belarius.

Cym. What of him? he is
A banish'd traitor.

Bel. He it is, that hath
Assum'd this age²⁰: indeed, a banish'd man;
I know not how, a traitor.

Cym. Take him hence;
The whole world shall not save him.

Bel. Not too hot:
First pay me for the nursing of thy sons;
And let it be confiscate all, so soon
As I have receiv'd it.

Cym. Nursing of my sons?

Bel. I am too blunt and saucy: Here's my knee;
Ere I arise, I will prefer my sons;

¹⁹ The consequence is taken for the whole action; *by tasting* is *by forcing us to make thee to taste*.

²⁰ As there is no reason to imagine that Belarius had assumed the appearance of being older than he really was, it must have a reference to the different appearance which he now makes in comparison with that when Cymbeline last saw him.

Then, spare not the old father. Mighty sir,
 These two young gentlemen, that call me father,
 And think they are my sons, are none of mine;
 They are the issue of your loins, my liege,
 And blood of your begetting.

Cym.

How! my issue?

Bel. So sure as you your father's. I, old Morgan,
 Am that Belarius whom you sometime banish'd:
 Your pleasure was my mere offence²¹, my punishment
 Itself, and all my treason; that I suffer'd,
 Was all the harm I did. These gentle princes
 (For such, and so they are) these twenty years
 Have I train'd up: those arts they have, as I
 Could put into them; my breeding was, sir, as
 Your highness knows. Their nurse, Euriphile,
 Whom for the theft I wedded, stole these children
 Upon my banishment: I mov'd her to't;
 Having receiv'd the punishment before,
 For that which I did then: Beaten for loyalty
 Excited me to treason: Their dear loss,
 The more of you 'twas felt, the more it shap'd
 Unto my end of stealing them. But, gracious sir,
 Here are your sons again; and I must lose
 Two of the sweet'st companions in the world:
 The benediction of these covering heavens
 Fall on their heads like dew! for they are worthy
 To inlay heaven with stars²².

Cym.

Thou weep'st, and speak'st²³.

The service, that you three have done, is more
 Unlike than this thou tell'st: I lost my children;

²¹ The old copy reads '*neere offence*;' the emendation is by Mr. Tyrwhitt. Belarius means to say 'My crime, my punishment, and all the treason that I committed,' originated in, and were founded on, your caprice only.'

²² 'Take him and cut him into little stars,
 And he will make the face of heaven so fine,' &c.

Romeo and Juliet.

²³ 'Thy tears give testimony to the sincerity of thy relation; and I have the less reason to be incredulous, because the actions which you have done within my knowledge are more incredible than the story which you relate.' The king reasons very justly.

JOHNSON.

If these be they, I know not how to wish
A pair of worthier sons.

Bel. Be pleas'd a while.—

This gentleman, whom I call Polydore,
Most worthy prince, as yours, is true Guiderius;
This gentleman, my Cadwal, Arvirágus,
Your younger princely son; he, sir, was lapp'd
In a most curious mantle, wrought by the hand
Of his queen mother, which, for more probation,
I can with ease produce.

Cym. Guiderius had
Upon his neck a mole, a sanguine star:
It was a mark of wonder.

Bel. This is he;
Who hath upon him still that natural stamp;
It was wise nature's end in the donation,
To be his evidence now.

Cym. O, what am I
A mother to the birth of three? Ne'er mother
Rejoic'd deliverance more:—Bless'd may you be,
That after this strange starting from your orbs,
You may reign in them now!—O Imogen,
Thou hast lost by this a kingdom.

Imo. No, my lord;
I have got two worlds by't.—O my gentle brother,
Have we thus met? O never say hereafter,
But I am truest speaker: you call'd me brother,
When I was but your sister; I you brothers,
When you were so indeed.

Cym. Did you e'er meet?

Arv. Ay, my good lord.

Gui. And at first meeting lov'd;
Continued so, until we thought he died.

Cor. By the queen's dram she swallow'd.

Cym. O rare instinct!
When shall I hear all through? This fierce²⁴
abridgment

²⁴ *Fierce* is vehement, rapid.

Hath to it circumstantial branches, which
Distinction should be rich in²⁶.—Where? how liv'd
you?

And when came you to serve our Roman captive?
How parted with your brothers? how first met them?
Why fled you from the court? and whither? These,
And your three motives²⁶ to the battle, with
I know not how much more, should be demanded;
And all the other by-dependancies,
From chance to chance; but nor the time, nor place,
Will serve our long intergatories²⁷. See,
Posthumus anchors upon Imogen;
And she, like harmless lightning, throws her eye
On him, her brothers, me, her master; hitting
Each object with a joy; the counterchange
Is severally in all. Let's quit this ground,
And smoke the temple with our sacrifices.—
Thou art my brother; So we'll hold thee ever.

[To BELARIUS.]

Imo. You are my father too; and did relieve me,
To see this gracious season.

Cym. All o'erjoy'd
Save these in bonds; let them be joyful too,
For they shall taste our comfort.

Imo. My good master,
I will yet do you service.

Luc. Happy be you!

Cym. The forlorn soldier, that so nobly fought,
He would have well becom'd this place, and grac'd
The thankings of a king.

²⁶ i. e. which ought to be rendered distinct by an ample narrative.

²⁶ 'Your three motives' means 'the motives of you three.' So in *Romeo and Juliet*, 'both our remedies' means 'the remedy for us both.'

²⁷ *Intergatories* was frequently used for *interrogatories*, and consequently as a word of only five syllables. See vol. iii. p. 287, note 17. Thus in *Novella*, by Brome, Act ii. Sc. 1:—

'—Then you must answer

To these *intergatories*.'

In *The Merchant of Venice*, near the end, it is also thus used:—

'And charge us there upon *intergatories*.'

Post. I am, sir,
The soldier that did company these three
In poor beseeching; 'twas a fitment for
The purpose I then follow'd;—That I was he,
Speak, Iachimo; I had you down, and might
Have made you finish.

Iach. I am down again: [*Kneeling.*
But now my heavy conscience sinks my knee,
As then your force did. Take that life, beseech you,
Which I so often owe: but, your ring first;
And here the bracelet of the truest princess,
That ever swore her faith.

Post. Kneel not to me;
The power that I have on you, is to spare you;
The malice towards you, to forgive you: Live,
And deal with others better.

Cym. Nobly doom'd:
We'll learn our freeness of a son-in-law;
Pardon's the word to all.

Arr. You help us, sir,
As you did mean indeed to be our brother;
Joy'd are we, that you are.

Post. Your servant, princes.—Good my lord of
Rome,
Call forth your soothsayer: As I slept, methought,
Great Jupiter, upon his eagle back'd,
Appear'd to me, with other spritely shows²⁸
Of mine own kindred: when I wak'd, I found
This label on my bosom; whose containing
Is so from sense in hardness, that I can
Make no collection²⁹ of it; let him show
His skill in the construction.

²⁸ *Spritely shows* are groups of sprites, ghostly appearances.

²⁹ A *collection* is a corollary, a consequence deduced from premises
So in Davies's poem on The Immortality of the Soul:—

'When she from sundry arts one skill doth draw;

Gath'ring from divers sights one act of war;

From many cases like one rule of law:

These her *collections*, not the senses are.'

So the Queen in Hamlet says:—

Luc. Philarmonus,——

Sooth. Here, my good lord.

Luc. Read, and declare the meaning.

Sooth. [Reads.] *When as a lion's whelp shall, to himself unknown, without seeking find, and be embraced by a piece of tender air; and when from a stately cedar shall be lopped branches, which, being dead many years shall after revive, be jointed to the old stock, and freshly grow; then shall Posthumus end his miseries, Britain be fortunate, and flourish in peace and plenty.*

Thou, Leonatus, art the lion's whelp;

The fit and apt construction of thy name,

Being Leo-natus, doth import so much:

The piece of tender air, thy virtuous daughter,

[To CYMBELINE.]

Which we call *mollis aer*; and *mollis aer*

We term it *mulier*: which *mulier* I divine,

Is this most constant wife: who, even now,

Answering the letter of the oracle,

Unknown to you, unsought, were clipp'd about

With this most tender air.

Cym. This hath some seeming.

Sooth. The lofty cedar, royal Cymbeline,
Personates thee: and thy lopp'd branches point
Thy two sons forth: who, by Belarius stolen,
For many years thought dead, are now reviv'd,
To the majestic cedar join'd; whose issue
Promises Britain peace and plenty.

Cym. Well,

My peace we will begin³⁰:—And, Caius Lucius,
Although the victor, we submit to Cæsar,
And to the Roman empire; promising

‘—— Her speech is nothing,
Yet the unshaped use of it doth move
The hearers to collection.’

Whose containing means the contents of which.

³⁰ It should apparently be, ‘By peace we will begin.’ The Soothsayer says, that the label promised to Britain ‘peace and plenty.’ To which Cymbeline replies, ‘We will begin with peace, to fulfil the prophecy.’

THIS play has many just sentiments, some natural dialogues, and some pleasing scenes, but they are obtained at the expense of much incongruity. To remark the folly of the fiction, the absurdity of the conduct, the confusion of the names and manners of different times, and the impossibility of the events in any system of life, were to waste criticism upon unresisting imbecility, upon faults too evident for detection, and too gross for aggravation.')

JOHNSON.

*) Johnson's remark on the gross incongruity of names and manners in this play is just, but it was the common error of the age; in *The Wife for a Month*, of Beaumont and Fletcher, we have Frederick and Alphonso among a host of Greek names, not to mention the firing of a pistol by Demetrius Pollocortes in *The Humorous Lieutenant*. PYZ,

It is hardly necessary to point out the extreme injustice of the unfounded severity of Johnson's animadversions upon this exquisite drama. The antidote will be found in the reader's appeal to his own feelings after reiterated perusal. It is with satisfaction I refer to the more just and discriminative opinion of a foreign critic, to whom every lover of Shakspeare is deeply indebted, cited in the preliminary remarks,

S. W. S.

A SONG,

SUNG BY GUIDERIUS AND ARVIRAGUS OVER FIDELE,
SUPPOSED TO BE DEAD.

BY MR. WILLIAM COLLINS.

*To fair Fidele's grassy tomb,
Soft maids and village hinds shall bring
Each opening sweet, of earliest bloom,
And rife all the breathing spring.*

*No wailing ghost shall dare appear
To vex with shrieks this quiet grove;
But shepherd lads assemble here,
And melting virgins own their love.*

*No wither'd witch shall here be seen,
No goblins lead their nightly crew:
The female fays shall haunt the green,
And dress thy grave with pearly dew.*

*The redbreast oft at evening hours
Shall kindly lend his little aid,
With hoary moss, and gather'd flowers,
To deck the ground where thou art laid.*

*When howling winds, and beating rain,
In tempests shake the sylvan cell;
Or midst the chase on every plain,
The tender thought on thee shall dwell.*

*Each lonely scene shall thee restore;
For thee the tear be duly shed;
Belov'd till life could charm no more;
And mourn'd till pity's self be dead.*



TITUS ANDRONICUS.

TITUS ANDRONICUS.

PRELIMINARY REMARKS.

ON what principle the editors of the first complete edition of Shakspeare's works admitted this play into their volume cannot now be ascertained. The most probable reason that can be assigned is, that he wrote a few lines in it, or gave some assistance to the author in revising it, or in some way or other aided in bringing it forward on the stage. The tradition mentioned by Ravenscroft, in the time of King James II., warrants us in making one or other of these suppositions. 'I have been told (says he, in his preface to an alteration of this play, published in 1687), by some anciently conversant with the stage, that it was not originally his, but brought by a private author to be acted, and he only gave some master touches to one or two of the principal parts.'

'A booke, entitled *A Noble Roman Historie of Titus Andronicus*,' was entered at Stationers' Hall, by John Danter, Feb. 6, 1593-4. This was undoubtedly the play, as it was printed in that year (according to Langbaine, who alone appears to have seen the first edition), and acted by the servants of the Earls of Pembroke, Derby, and Sussex. It is observable that in the entry no author's name is mentioned, and that the play was originally performed by the same company of comedians who exhibited the old drama, entitled *The Contention of the Houses of Yorke and Lancaster*, *The old Taming of a Shrew*, and Marlowe's *King Edward II.*; by whom not one of Shakspeare's plays is said to have been performed.

From Ben Jonson's *Induction to Bartholomew Fair*, 1614, we learn that *Andronicus* had been exhibited twenty-five or thirty years before; that is, according to the lowest computation, in 1589; or, taking a middle period, which is perhaps more just, in 1587.

'To enter into a long disquisition to prove this piece not to have been written by Shakspeare would be an idle waste of time. To those who are not conversant with his writings, if particular passages were examined, more words would be necessary than the subject is worth; those who are well acquainted with his works cannot entertain a doubt on the question. I will, however, mention one mode by which it may be easily ascertained. Let the reader only peruse a few lines of *Appius and Virginia*, *Tancred and Gismund*, *The Battle of Alcazar*, *Jeronimo*, *Selimus Emperor of the Turks*, *The Wounds of Civil War*, *The Wars of Cyrus*, *Loocrine*, *Arden of Feversham*, *King Edward I.*, *The Spanish Tragedy*, *Solyman and Perseda*, *King Leir*, *The old King John*, or any other of the pieces that were exhibited before the time of Shakspeare, and he will at once perceive that *Titus Andronicus* was coined in the same mint.

'The testimony of Meres [who attributes it to Shakspeare in his *Palladis Tamia*, or the Second Part of Wits Common Wealth, 1598], remains to be considered. His *enumerating* this among Shakspeare's plays may be accounted for in the same way in which we may account for its being *printed* by his fellow comedians in the first folio edition of his works. Meres was, in 1598, when his book first appeared, intimately connected with Drayton, and *probably* acquainted with some of the dramatic poets of the time, from some or other of whom he might have heard that Shakspeare interested himself about this tragedy, or had written a few lines for the author. The internal evidence furnished by the piece itself, and proving it not to have been the production of Shakspeare, greatly outweighs any single testimony on the other side. Meres might have been misinformed, or inconsiderately have given credit to the rumour of the day. In short, the high antiquity of the piece, its entry on the Stationers' books, and being afterwards printed without the name of Shakspeare, its being performed by the servants of Lord Pembroke, &c.; the stately march of the ver-sification, the whole colour of the composition, its resemblance to several of our most ancient dramas, the dissimilitude of the style from our author's undoubted plays, and the tradition mentioned by Ravenscroft when some of his contemporaries had not long been dead (for Lowin and Taylor, two of his fellow comedians, were alive a few years before the Restoration, and Sir Wm. Davenant did not die till April, 1668); all these circumstances combined, prove with irresistible force that the play of *Titus Andronicus* has been erroneously ascribed to Shakspeare.—MALONE.

'Mr. Malone, in the preceding note, has expressed his opinion that Shakspeare may have written a few lines in this play, or given some assistance to the author in revising it. Upon no other ground than this has it any claim to a place among our poet's dramas: Those passages in which he supposed the hand of Shakspeare may be traced, he marked with inverted commas. This system of seizing upon every line possessed of merit, as belonging of right to our great dramatist, is scarcely doing justice to his contemporaries; and resembles one of the arguments which Theobald has used in his preface to *The Double Falsehood*:—"My partiality for Shakspeare makes me wish that every thing which is good or pleasing in our tongue had been owing to his pen." Many of the writers of that day were men of high poetical talent; and many individual speeches are found in plays, which, as plays, are of no value, which would not have been in any way unworthy of Shakspeare himself; of whom, Dr. Johnson has observed, that "his real power is not shown in the splendour of particular passages, but by the progress of the fable and the tenour of his dialogue; and that he that tries to recommend him by select quotations will succeed like the pedant in Hierocles, who, when he offered his house to sale, carried a brick in his pocket as a specimen." Dr. Farmer has ascribed *Titus Andronicus* to Kyd, and placed it on a level with *Loecine*; but it appears to be much more in the style of Marlowe. His fondness for accumulating horrors upon other occasions will account for the sanguinary character of this play; and it would not, I think, be difficult to show by extracts from his other performances, that there is not a line in it which he was not fully capable of writing.—BOSWELL.

'The author, whoever he was, might have borrowed the story, &c. from an old ballad which is entered in the books of the Stationers' Company immediately after the play to John Danter, Feb. 6, 1593: and again entered to Tho. Pavyer, April 19, 1602. The reader will find it in Dr. Percy's *Reliques of Ancient English Poetry*, vol. i. Painter, in his *Palace of Pleasure*, tom. ii. speaks

of the story of Titus as well known, and particularly mentions the cruelty of Tamora. And there is an allusion to it in *A Knack to Know a Knave*, 1594.

'I have given the reader a specimen (in the notes) of the changes made in this play by Ravenscroft, and may add, that when the Empress stabs her child, he has supplied the Moor with the following lines:—

"She has outdone me, ev'n in mine own art,
Outdone me in murder, kill'd her own child;
Give it me, I'll eat it."

'It rarely happens that a dramatic piece is altered with the same spirit that it was written; but *Titus Andronicus* has undoubtedly fallen into the hands of one whose feelings and imagination were congenial with those of the author.

'It was evidently the work of one who was acquainted with Greek and Roman literature. It is likewise deficient in such internal marks as distinguish the tragedies of Shakespeare from those of other writers; I mean that it presents no struggles to introduce the vein of humour so constantly interwoven with the business of his serious dramas. It can neither boast of his striking excellencies, nor of his acknowledged defects; for it offers not a single interesting situation, a natural character, or a string of quibbles, from first to last. That Shakespeare should have written without commanding our attention, moving our passions, or sporting with words, appears to me as improbable as that he should have studiously avoided dissyllable and trisyllable terminations in this play and in no other.

'Let it be likewise remembered that this piece was not published with the name of Shakespeare till after his death. The quartos [of 1600] and 1611 are anonymous.

'Could the use of particular terms, employed in no other of his pieces, be admitted as an argument that he was not its author, more than one of these might be found; among which is *palliment* for *robe*, a Latinism, which I have not met with elsewhere in any English writer, whether ancient or modern; though it must have originated from the mint of a scholar. I may add, that *Titus Andronicus* will be found on examination to contain a greater number of classical allusions, &c. than are scattered over all the rest of the performances on which the seal of Shakespeare is indubitably fixed.—Not to write any more *about and about* this suspected *thing*, let me observe that the glitter of a few passages in it has, perhaps, misled the judgment of those who ought to have known that both sentiment and description are more easily produced than the interesting fabric of a tragedy. Without these advantages many plays have succeeded; and many have failed, in which they have been dealt about with lavish profusion. It does not follow that he who can carve a frieze with minuteness, elegance, and ease, has a conception equal to the extent, propriety, and grandeur of a temple.

'Whatever were the motives of Heming and Condell for admitting this tragedy among those of Shakespeare, all it has gained by their favour is, to be delivered down to posterity with repeated remarks of contempt—a Thersites babbling among heroes, and introduced only to be derided.—STEEVENS.

PERSONS REPRESENTED.

SATURNINUS, *Son to the late Emperor of Rome, and afterwards declared Emperor himself.*

BASSIANUS, *Brother to Saturninus; in love with Lavinia.*

TITUS ANDRONICUS, *a noble Roman, General against the Goths.*

MARCUS ANDRONICUS, *Tribune of the People; and Brother to Titus.*

LUCIUS,
QUINTUS,
MARTIUS,
MUTIUS,

} *Sons to Titus Andronicus.*

Young LUCIUS, a Boy, Son to Lucius.

PUBLIUS, *Son to Marcus the Tribune.*

ÆMILIUS, *a noble Roman.*

ALARBUS,
CHIRON,
DEMETRIUS,

} *Sons to Tamora.*

AARON, *a Moor, beloved by Tamora.*

A Captain. Tribune, Messenger, and Clown; Romans. Goths, and Romans.

TAMORA, *Queen of the Goths.*

LAVINIA, *Daughter to Titus Andronicus.*

A Nurse, and a Black Child.

Kinsmen of Titus, Senators, Tribunes, Officers, Soldiers, and Attendants.

SCENE—*Rome; and the Country near it.*

TITUS ANDRONICUS.

ACT I.

SCENE I. Rome. Before the Capitol.

The Tomb of the Andronici appearing ; the Tribunes and Senators aloft, as in the Senate. Enter, below, SATURNINUS and his Followers, on one side ; and BASSIANUS and his Followers on the other ; with Drum and Colours.

Saturninus.

Noble patricians, patrons of my right,
Defend the justice of my cause with arms ;
And, countrymen, my loving followers,
Plead my successive title¹ with your swords :
I am his first-born son, that was the last
That wore the imperial diadem of Rome ;
Then let my father's honours live in me,
Nor wrong mine age² with this indignity.

Bas. Romans,—friends, followers, favourers of
my right,—
If ever Bassianus, Cæsar's son,
Were gracious in the eyes of royal Rome,

¹ i. e. my title to the succession. 'The empire being elective and not successive, the emperors in being made profit of their own times.'—*Raleigh*.

² Saturninus means his seniority in point of age. In a subsequent passage Tamora speaks of him as a very young man.

Keep then this passage to the Capitol;
And suffer not dishonour to approach
The imperial seat, to virtue consecrate,
To justice, continence, and nobility:
But let desert in pure election shine;
And, Romans, fight for freedom in your choice.

Enter MARCUS ANDRONICUS aloft, with the Crown.

Mar. Princes that strive by factions, and by friends,
Ambitiously for rule and empery,—
Know, that the people of Rome, for whom we stand
A special party, have, by common voice,
In election for the Roman empery,
Chosen Andronicus, surnamed Pius,
For many good and great deserts to Rome;
A nobler man, a braver warrior,
Lives not this day within the city walls:
He by the senate is accited³ home,
From weary wars against the barbarous Goths;
That, with his sons, a terror to our foes,
Hath yok'd a nation strong, train'd up in arms.
Ten years are spent, since first he undertook
This cause of Rome, and chastised with arms
Our enemies' pride: Five times he hath return'd
Bleeding to Rome, bearing his valiant sons
In coffins from the field;
And now at last, laden with honour's spoils,
Returns the good Andronicus to Rome,
Renowned Titus, flourishing in arms.
Let us entreat,—By honour of his name,
Whom, worthily, you would have now succeed,
And in the Capitol and senate's right,
Whom you pretend to honour and adore,—
That you withdraw you, and abate your strength;
Dismiss your followers, and, as suitors should,
Plead your deserts in peace and humbleness.

Sat. How fair the tribune speaks to calm my thoughts!

³ Summoned.

Bas. Marcus Andronicus, so I do affy
 In thy uprightness and integrity,
 And so I love and honour thee and thine,
 Thy nobler brother Titus, and his sons,
 And her to whom my thoughts are humbled all,
 Gracious Lavinia, Rome's rich ornament,
 That I will here dismiss my loving friends;
 And to my fortunes, and the people's favour,
 Commit my cause in balance to be weigh'd.

[Exeunt the Followers of BASSIANUS.]

Sat. Friends, that have been thus forward in
 my right,
 I thank you all, and here dismiss you all;
 And to the love and favour of my cuntry
 Commit myself, my person, and the cause.

[Exeunt the Followers of SATURNINUS.]

Rome, be as just and gracious unto me,
 As I am confident and kind to thee.—
 Open the gates, and let me in.

Bas. Tribunes! and me, a poor competitor.

*[SAT. and BAS. go into the Capitol, and exeunt
 with Senators, MARCUS, &c.]*

SCENE II. *The same.*

Enter a Captain, and Others.

Cap. Romans, make way; The good Andronicus,
 Patron of virtue, Rome's best champion,
 Successful in the battles that he fights,
 With honour and with fortune is return'd,
 From where he circumscribed with his sword,
 And brought to yoke, the enemies of Rome.

*Flourish of Trumpets, &c. Enter MUTIUS and MAR-
 TIUS; after them Two Men bearing a Coffin
 covered with black; then QUINTUS and LUCIUS.
 After them, TITUS ANDRONICUS; and then TAMORA,
 with ALARBUS, CHIRON, DEMETRIUS, AARON, and other
 Goths, prisoners; Soldiers and People following.
 The Bearers set down the Coffin, and TITUS speaks.*

Tit. Hail, Rome, victorious in thy mourning weeds!
Lo, as the bark that hath discharg'd her freight,
Returns with precious lading to the bay,
From whence at first she weigh'd her anchorage,
Cometh Andronicus, bound with laurel boughs,
To re-salute his country with his tears;
Tears of true joy for his return to Rome.—
Thou great defender of this Capitol¹,
Stand gracious to the rights that we intend!—
Romans, of five and twenty valiant sons,
Half of the number that king Priam had,
Behold the poor remains alive, and dead!
These, that survive, let Rome reward with love;
These, that I bring unto their latest home,
With burial amongst their ancestors:
Here Goths have given me leave to sheath my sword.
'Titus, unkind, and careless of thine own,
Why suffer'st thou thy sons, unburied yet,
To hover on the dreadful shore of Styx?—
Make way to lay them by their brethren.

[*The Tomb is opened.*]

There greet in silence, as the dead are wont,
And sleep in peace, slain in your country's wars!
O sacred receptacle of my joys,
Sweet cell of virtue and nobility,
How many sons of mine hast thou in store,
That thou wilt never render to me more?

Luc. Give us the proudest prisoner of the Goths,
That we may hew his limbs, and, on a pile,
Ad manes fratrum sacrifice his flesh,
Before this earthly² prison of their bones;
That so the shadows be not unappeas'd,
Nor we disturb'd with prodigies on earth³.

Tit. I give him you; the noblest that survives,
The eldest son of this distressed queen.

¹ Jupiter, to whom the Capitol was sacred.

² *Earthy*.—Ed. 1600.

³ It was supposed that the ghosts of unburied people appeared to solicit the rites of funeral.

Tam. Stay, Roman brethren;—Gracious conqueror,
 Victorious Titus, rue the tears I shed,
 A mother's tears in passion⁴ for her son:
 And, if thy sons were ever dear to thee,
 O, think my son to be as dear to me.
 Sufficeth not, that we are brought to Rome,
 To beautify thy triumphs, and return,
 Captive to thee, and to thy Roman yoke;
 But must my sons be slaughter'd in the streets,
 For valiant doings in their country's cause?
 O! if to fight for king and commonweal
 Were piety in thine, it is in these.
 Andronicus, stain not thy tomb with blood:
 Wilt thou draw near the nature of the gods?
 Draw near them then in being merciful:
 Sweet mercy is nobility's true badge;
 Thrice-noble Titus, spare my first-born son.

Tit. Patient⁵ yourself, madam, and pardon me.
 These are their brethren, whom you Goths beheld
 Alive, and dead; and for their brethren slain,
 Religiously they ask a sacrifice:
 To this your son is mark'd; and die he must,
 To appease their groaning shadows that are gone.

Luc. Away with him! and make a fire straight;
 And with our swords, upon a pile of wood,
 Let's hew his limbs, till they be clean consum'd.

[*Exeunt* LUCIUS, QUINTUS, MARTIUS, and MUTIUS,
with ALARBUS.

Tam. O cruel, irreligious piety!

Chi. Was ever Scythia half so barbarous?

Dem. Oppose not Scythia to ambitious Rome.
 Alarbus goes to rest; and we survive
 To tremble under Titus' threatening look.
 Then, madam, stand resolv'd; but hope withal,
 The selfsame gods, that arm'd the queen of Troy

⁴ i. e. in grief.

⁵ This verb is used by other old dramatic writers. Thus in Arden of Feversham, 1592:—

'Patient yourself, we cannot help it now.'

With opportunity of sharp revenge
Upon the Thracian tyrant in his tent⁶,
May favour Tamora, the queen of Goths
(When Goths were Goths, and Tamora was queen),
To quit the bloody wrongs upon her foes.

*Re-enter LUCIUS, QUINTUS, MARTIUS, and MUTIUS,
with their swords bloody.*

Luc. See, lord and father, how we have perform'd
Our Roman rites: Alarbus' limbs are lopp'd,
And entrails feed the sacrificing fire,
Whose smoke, like incense, doth perfume the sky.
Remaineth nought, but to inter our brethren,
And with loud 'larums welcome them to Rome.

Tit. Let it be so, and let Andronicus
Make this his latest farewell to their souls.

*[Trumpets sounded, and the Coffins laid in
the Tomb.]*

In peace and honour rest you here, my sons!
Rome's readiest champions, repose you here in rest,
Secure from worldly chances and mishaps!
Here lurks no treason, here no envy swells,
Here grow no damned grudges; here are no storms,
No noise, but silence and eternal sleep:

Enter LAVINIA.

In peace and honour rest you here, my sons!

Lav. In peace and honour live Lord Titus long;
My noble lord and father, live in fame!
Lo! at this tomb my tributary tears

⁶ Theobald says that we should read, 'in her tent;' i. e. in the tent where she and the other Trojan women were kept; for thither Hecuba by a wile had decoyed Polymnestor, in order to perpetrate her revenge. Steevens objects to Theobald's conclusion, that the writer gleaned this circumstance from the Hecuba of Euripides, and says, 'he may have been misled by the passage in Ovid—"vadt ad artificem;" and therefore took it for granted she found him in his tent.' Yet on another occasion he observes, that the writer has a plain allusion to the Ajax of Sophocles, of which no translation was extant in the time of Shakespeare.

I render, for my brethren's obsequies;
And at thy feet I kneel with tears of joy
Shed on the earth, for thy return to Rome:
O, bless me here with thy victorious hand,
Whose fortunes Rome's best citizens applaud.

Tit. Kind Rome, thou hast thus lovingly reserv'd
The cordial of mine age to glad my heart!—
Lavinia, live; outlive thy father's days,
And fame's eternal date, for virtue's praise⁷!

Enter MARCUS ANDRONICUS, SATURNINUS, BASSIANUS,
and Others.

Mar. Long live Lord Titus, my beloved brother,
Gracious triumpher in the eyes of Rome!

Tit. Thanks, gentle tribune, noble brother Marcus.

Mar. And welcome, nephews, from successful wars,
You that survive, and you that sleep in fame.
Fair lords, your fortunes are alike in all,
That in your country's service drew your swords:
But safer triumph is this funeral pomp,
That hath aspir'd to Solon's happiness⁸,
And triumphs over chance, in honour's bed.—
Titus Andronicus, the people of Rome,
Whose friend in justice thou hast ever been,
Send thee by me, their tribune, and their trust,
This palliament⁹ of white and spotless hue;
And name thee in election for the empire,
With these our late deceased emperor's sons:
Be *candidatus* then, and put it on,
And help to set a head on headless Rome.

Tit. A better head her glorious body fits,
Than his, that shakes for age and feebleness:
What? should I don¹⁰ this robe, and trouble you?

⁷ To 'outlive an eternal date' is, though not philosophical, yet poetical sense. He wishes that her life may be longer than his, and her praise longer than fame.

⁸ The maxim alluded to is, that no man can be pronounced happy before his death.

⁹ A robe.

¹⁰ i. e. do on, put it on.

Be chosen with proclamations to-day;
 To-morrow, yield up rule, resign my life,
 And set abroad new business for you all?
 Rome, I have been thy soldier forty years,
 And buried one and twenty valiant sons,
 Knighted in field, slain manfully in arms,
 In right and service of their noble country;
 Give me a staff of honour for mine age,
 But not a sceptre to control the world:
 Upright he held it, lords, that held it last.

Mar. Titus, thou shalt obtain and ask the empery¹¹.

Sat. Proud and ambitious tribune, canst thou tell?—

Tit. Patience, Prince Saturnine.

Sat. Romans, do me right;—
 Patricians, draw your swords, and sheath them not
 Till Saturninus be Rome's emperor:—
 Andronicus, 'would thou wert shipp'd to hell,
 Rather than rob me of the people's hearts.

Luc. Proud Saturnine, interrupter of the good
 That noble-minded Titus means to thee!

Tit. Content thee, prince; I will restore to thee
 The people's hearts, and wean them from themselves.

Bas. Andronicus, I do not flatter thee,
 But honour thee, and will do till I die:
 My faction if thou strengthen with thy friends,
 I will most thankful be: and thanks, to men
 Of noble minds, is honourable meed.

Tit. People of Rome, and people's tribunes here,
 I ask your voices, and your suffrages;
 Will you bestow them friendly on Andronicus?

Trib. To gratify the good Andronicus,
 And gratulate his safe return to Rome,
 The people will accept whom he admits.

Tit. Tribunes, I thank you: and this suit I make,
 That you create your emperor's eldest son,

¹¹ Steevens remarks that 'here is rather too much of the
ύπερτον πρότερον.'

Lord Saturnine; whose virtues will, I hope,
Reflect on Rome, as Titan's rays on earth,
And ripen justice in this commonweal:
Then if you will elect by my advice,
Crown him, and say,—*Long live our emperor!*

Mar. With voices and applause of every sort,
Patricians, and plebeians, we create
Lord Saturninus, Rome's great emperor;
And say,—*Long live our emperor Saturnine!*

[*A long Flourish.*]

Sat. Titus Andronicus, for thy favours done
To us in our election this day,
I give thee thanks in part of thy deserts,
And will with deeds requite thy gentleness:
And, for an onset, Titus, to advance
Thy name, and honourable family,
Lavinia will I make my empress,
Rome's royal mistress, mistress of my heart,
And in the sacred Pantheon her espouse:
Tell me, Andronicus, doth this motion please thee?

Tit. It doth, my worthy lord; and, in this match,
I hold me highly honour'd of your grace:
And here, in sight of Rome, to Saturnine,—
King and commander of our commonweal,
The wide world's emperor,—do I consecrate
My sword, my chariot, and my prisoners;
Presents well worthy Rome's imperial lord:
Receive them then, the tribute that I owe,
Mine honour's ensigns humbled at thy feet.

Sat. Thanks, noble Titus, father of my life!
How proud I am of thee; and of thy gifts,
Rome shall record; and, when I do forget
The least of these unspeakable deserts,
Romans, forget your fealty to me.

Tit. Now, madam, are you prisoner to an emperor;
[*To TAMORA.*]

To him, that for your honour and your state,
Will use you nobly, and your followers.

Sat. A goodly lady, trust me; of the hue
That I would choose, were I to choose anew.

Clear up, fair queen, that cloudy countenance;
Though chance of war hath wrought this change
 of cheer,

Thou com'st not to be made a scorn in Rome:
Princely shall be thy usage every way.
Rest on my word, and let not discontent
Daunt all your hopes: Madam, he comforts you,
Can make you greater than the queen of Goths.—
Lavinia, you are not displeas'd with this?

Lav. Not I, my lord¹²; sith true nobility
Warrants these words in princely courtesy.

Sat. Thanks, sweet Lavinia.—Romans, let us go:
Ransomeless here we set our prisoners free:
Proclaim our honours, lords, with trump and drum.

Bas. Lord Titus, by your leave, this maid is mine.
[*Seizing LAVINIA.*]

Tit. How, sir? Are you in earnest then, my lord?

Bas. Ay, noble Titus; and resolv'd withal,
To do myself this reason and this right.

[*The Emperor courts TAMORA in dumb show.*]

Mar. *Suum cuique* is our Roman justice:
This prince in justice seizeth but his own.

Luc. And that he will, and shall, if Lucius live.

Tit. Traitors, avaunt! Where is the emperor's
guard?

Treason, my lord; Lavinia is surpris'd.

Sat. Surpris'd! By whom?

Bas. By him that justly may
Bear his betroth'd from all the world away.

[*Exeunt MARCUS and BASSIANUS, with
LAVINIA.*]

¹² 'It was a pity to part a couple who seem to have corresponded in disposition so exactly as Saturninus and Lavinia. Saturninus, who has just promised to espouse her, already wishes he were to choose again; and she who was engaged to Bassianus (whom she afterward marries) expresses no reluctance when her father gives her to Saturninus. Her subsequent raillery to Tamora is of so coarse a nature, that if her tongue had been all she was condemned to lose, perhaps the author (whoever he was) might have escaped censure on the score of poetic justice.'

Mut. Brothers, help to convey her hence away,
And with my sword I'll keep this door safe.

[*Exeunt* LUCIUS, QUINTUS, and MARTIUS.]

Tit. Follow, my lord, and I'll soon bring her back.

Mut. My lord, you pass not here.

Tit.

What, villain boy!

Barr'st me my way in Rome?

[*Tit.* kills *Mut.*]

Mut.

Help, Lucius, help.

Re-enter LUCIUS.

Luc. My lord, you are unjust: and, more
than so,

In wrongful quarrel you have slain your son.

Tit. Nor thou, nor he, are any sons of mine:

My sons would never so dishonour me:

Traitor, restore Lavinia to the emperor.

Luc. Dead, if you will: but not to be his wife,
That is another's lawful promis'd love. [*Exit.*]

Sat. No, Titus, no; the emperor needs her not,
Nor her, nor thee, nor any of the stock:

I'll trust, by leisure, him that mocks me once;

Thee never, nor thy traitorous haughty sons,

Confederates all thus to dishonour me.

Was there none else in Rome to make a stale¹³ of,

But Saturnine? Full well, Andronicus,

Agree these deeds with that proud brag of thine,

That said'st, I begg'd the empire at thy hands.

Tit. O monstrous! what reproachful words are
these?

Sat. But go thy ways; go, give that changing
piece

To him that flourish'd for her with his sword:

A valiant son-in-law thou shalt enjoy;

¹³ A *stale* here signifies a *stalking-horse*. To make a *stale* of any one seems to have meant 'to make them an object of mockery.' This is the meaning of Katharine in *The Taming of the Shrew*, when she says to her father, '— is it your will to make a *stale* of me amongst these mates?' I will request the reader to correct my note on that passage, vol. iii. p. 334, accordingly.

One fit to bandy with thy lawless sons,
To ruffle¹⁴ in the commonwealth of Rome.

Tit. These words are razors to my wounded heart.

Sat. And therefore, lovely Tamora, queen of
Goths,—

That, like the stately Phœbe 'mongst her nymphs,
Dost overshadow the gallant'st dames of Rome,—
If thou be pleas'd with this my sudden choice,
Behold, I choose thee, Tamora, for my bride,
And will create thee emperess of Rome.
Speak, queen of Goths, dost thou applaud my
choice?

And here I swear by all the Roman gods,—
Sith priest and holy water are so near,
And tapers burn so bright, and every thing
In readiness for Hymeneus stand,—
I will not resalute the streets of Rome,
Or climb my palace, till from forth this place
I lead espous'd my bride along with me.

Tam. And here, in sight of heaven, to Rome I
swear,

If Saturnine advance the queen of Goths,
She will a handmaid be to his desires,
A loving nurse, a mother to his youth.

Sat. Ascend, fair queen, Pantheon:—Lords, ac-
company
Your noble emperor, and his lovely bride,
Sent by the heavens for prince Saturnine,
Whose wisdom hath her fortune conquered:
There shall we consummate our spousal rites.

[*Exeunt SATURNINUS, and his Followers; TA-
MORA, and her Sons; AARON and Goths.*]

Tit. I am not bid¹⁵ to wait upon this bride;—
Titus, when wert thou wont to walk alone,
Dishonour'd thus, and challenged of wrongs?

¹⁴ To ruffle was to be tumultuous and turbulent. Thus Baret:—
'A trouble or ruffling in the common-weale: *procella*.'

¹⁵ i. e. invited.

Re-enter MARCUS, LUCIUS, QUINTUS, *and* MARTIUS.

Mar. O, Titus, see, O, see, what thou hast done!
In a bad quarrel slain a virtuous son.

Tit. No, foolish tribune, no; no son of mine,—
Nor thou, nor these confederates in the deed
'That hath dishonour'd all our family;
Unworthy brother, and unworthy sons!

Luc. But let us give him burial, as becomes;
Give Mutius burial with our brethren.

Tit. Traitors, away! he rests not in this tomb.
This monument five hundred years hath stood,
Which I have sumptuously re-edified:
Here none but soldiers, and Rome's servitors,
Repose in fame; none basely slain in brawls:—
Bury him where you can, he comes not here.

Mar. My lord, this is impiety in you:
My nephew Mutius' deeds do plead for him;
He must be buried with his brethren.

Quin. Mart. And shall, or him we will accompany.

Tit. And shall? What villain was it spoke that word?

Quin. He that would vouch't in any place but here.

Tit. What, would you bury him in my despite?

Mar. No, noble Titus; but entreat of thee
To pardon Mutius, and to bury him.

Tit. Marcus, even thou hast struck upon my crest,
And, with these boys, mine honour thou hast wounded:

My foes I do repute you every one;
So trouble me no more, but get you gone.

Mart. He is not with himself¹⁶; let us withdraw.

Quin. Not I, till Mutius' bones be buried.

[MARCUS and the Sons of TITUS kneel.]

Mar. Brother, for in that name doth nature plead.

Quin. Father, and in that name doth nature speak.

¹⁶ 'He is not with himself.' This is much the same sort of phrase as *he is beside himself*, a genuine English idiom.

Tit. Speak thou no more, if all the rest will speed.

Mar. Renowned Titus, more than half my soul,—

Luc. Dear father, soul and substance of us all,—

Mar. Suffer thy brother Marcus to inter

His noble nephew here in virtue's nest,
That died in honour and Lavinia's cause.

Thou art a Roman, be not barbarous.

The Greeks, upon advice, did bury Ajax

That slew himself; and wise Laertes' son

Did graciously plead for his funerals¹⁷.

Let not young Mutius then, that was thy joy,

Be barr'd his entrance here.

Tit. Rise, Marcus, rise:—

The dismal'st day is this, that e'er I saw,

To be dishonour'd by my sons in Rome!—

Well, bury him, and bury me the next.

[*Mutius is put into the Tomb.*]

Luc. There lie thy bones, sweet Mutius, with thy
friends,

Till we with trophies do adorn thy tomb!—

All. No man shed tears for noble Mutius;
He lives in fame that died in virtue's cause¹⁸.

Mar. My lord,—to step out of these dreary
dumps,—

How comes it, that the subtle queen of Goths
Is of a sudden thus advanc'd in Rome?

Tit. I know not, Marcus; but, I know, it is;
Whether by device, or no, the heavens can tell:

Is she not then beholden to the man

That brought her for this high good turn so far?

Yes, and will nobly him remunerate.

¹⁷ 'This passage alone would sufficiently convince me that the play before us was the work of one who was conversant with the Greek tragedies in their original language. We have here a plain allusion to the Ajax of Sophocles, of which no translation was extant in the time of Shakespeare. In that piece Agamemnon consents at last to allow Ajax the rites of sepulture, and Ulysses is the pleader whose arguments prevail in favour of his remains.'—*Steevens*.

¹⁸ This is evidently a translation of the distich of Ennius:—

'Nemo me lacrumis decorat: nec funera fletu

Fascit quur? volito vivu' per ora virum.'

Flourish. Re-enter, at one side, SATURNINUS, attended; TAMORA, CHIRON, DEMETRIUS, and AARON: at the other, BASSIANUS, LAVINIA, and Others.

Sat. So, Bassianus, you have play'd your prize¹⁹; God give you joy, sir, of your gallant bride.

Bas. And you of yours, my lord: I say no more, Nor wish no less; and so I take my leave.

Sat. Traitor, if Rome have law, or we have power, Thou and thy faction shall repent this rape.

Bas. Rape, call you it, my lord, to seize my own, My true betrothed love, and now my wife? But let the laws of Rome determine all; Mean while I am possessed of that is mine.

Sat. 'Tis good, sir: You are very short with us; But, if we live, we'll be as sharp with you.

Bas. My lord, what I have done, as best I may, Answer I must, and shall do with my life. Only thus much I give your grace to know, By all the duties that I owe to Rome, This noble gentleman, Lord Titus here, Is in opinion, and in honour, wrong'd; That, in the rescue of Lavinia, With his own hand did slay his youngest son, In zeal to you, and highly mov'd to wrath To be control'd in that he frankly gave: Receive him then to favour, Saturnine; That hath express'd himself, in all his deeds, A father, and a friend, to thee, and Rome.

Tit. Prince Bassianus, leave to plead my deeds; 'Tis thou, and those, that have dishonour'd me: Rome and the righteous heavens be my judge, How I have lov'd and honour'd Saturnine!

Tam. My worthy lord, if ever Tamora Were gracious in those princely eyes of thine, Then hear me speak indifferently for all; And at my suit, sweet, pardon what is past.

¹⁹ To play a prize was a technical term in the ancient fencing schools. See vol. i. p. 184, note 25.

Sat. What! madam! be dishonour'd openly,
And basely put it up without revenge?

Tam. Not so, my lord; The gods of Rome forefend,
I should be author to dishonour you!

But, on mine honour, dare I undertake
For good Lord Titus' innocence in all,
Whose fury, not dissembled, speaks his griefs:

Then, at my suit, look graciously on him;
Lose not so noble a friend on vain suppose,
Nor with sour looks afflict his gentle heart.

My lord, be rul'd by me, be won at last,
Dissemble all your griefs and discontents:

You are but newly planted in your throne;

Lest then the people, and patricians too,

Upon a just survey, take Titus' part,

And so supplant us for ingratitude

(Which Rome reputes to be a heinous sin)

Yield at entreats, and then let me alone:

I'll find a day to massacre them all,

And raze their faction, and their family,

The cruel father, and his traitorous sons,

To whom I sued for my dear son's life;

And make them know, what 'tis to let a
queen

Kneel in the streets, and beg for grace in
vain.

Aside.

Come, come, sweet emperor,—come, Andronicus,
Take up this good old man, and cheer the heart
That dies in tempest of thy angry frown.

Sat. Rise, Titus, rise; my empress hath prevail'd.

Tit. I thank your majesty, and her, my lord:
These words, these looks, infuse new life in me.

Tam. Titus, I am incorporate in Rome,
A Roman now adopted happily,
And must advise the emperor for his good.
This day all quarrels die, Andronicus;—
And let it be mine honour, good my lord,
That I have reconcil'd your friends and you.—
For you, Prince Bassianus, I have pass'd
My word and promise to the emperor,

That you will be more mild and tractable.—
And fear not, lords,—and you, Lavinia;
By my advice, all humbled on your knees,
You shall ask pardon of his majesty.

Luc. We do; and vow to heaven, and to his
highness,
That, what we did, was mildly, as we might,
Tend'ring our sister's honour, and our own.

Mar. That on mine honour here I do protest.

Sat. Away, and talk not; trouble us no more.—

Tam. Nay, nay, sweet emperor, we must all be
friends:

The tribune and his nephews kneel for grace;
I will not be denied. Sweet heart, look back.

Sat. Marcus, for thy sake, and thy brother's here,
And at my lovely Tamora's entreats,
I do remit these young men's heinous faults.
Stand up.

Lavinia, though you left me like a churl,
I found a friend; and sure as death I swore,
I would not part a bachelor from the priest.
Come, if the emperor's court can feast two brides,
You are my guest, Lavinia, and your friends:
This day shall be a love-day, Tamora.

Tit. To-morrow, an it please your majesty,
To hunt the panther and the hart with me,
With horn and hound, we'll give your grace *bon jour*.

Sat. Be it so, Titus, and gramercy too. [*Exeunt*.]

ACT II¹.SCENE I. Rome. *Before the Palace.**Enter AARON.*

Aar. Now climbeth Tamora Olympus' top,
Safe out of fortune's shot: and sits aloft,
Secure of thunder's crack, or lightning's flash;
Advanc'd above pale envy's threat'ning reach.
As when the golden sun salutes the morn,
And, having gilt the ocean with his beams,
Gallops the zodiack in his glistening coach,
And overlooks the highest-peering hills;
So Tamora.—
Upon her wit doth earthly honour wait,
And virtue stoops and trembles at her frown.
Then, Aaron, arm thy heart, and fit thy thoughts
To mount aloft with thy imperial mistress,
And mount her pitch; whom thou in triumph long
Hast prisoner held, fetter'd in amorous chains;
And faster bound to Aaron's charming eyes,
Than is Prometheus tied to Caucasus.
Away with slavish weeds, and servile thoughts!
I will be bright, and shine in pearl and gold,
To wait upon this new-made emperess.
To wait, said I? to wanton with this queen,
This goddess, this Semiramis;—this nymph,
This siren, that will charm Rome's Saturnine,
And see his shipwreck, and his commonweal's.
Holloa! what storm is this?

¹ In the quarto of 1600 the stage direction is '*Sound trumpets, manet Moore.*' In the quarto of 1611 the direction is '*Manet Aaron,*' and he is before made to enter with Tamora, though he says nothing. This scene ought to continue the first act.—*Johnson.*

Enter CHIRON and DEMETRIUS, braving.

Dem. Chiron, thy years want wit, thy wit wants edge,
And manners, to intrude where I am grac'd:
And may, for aught thou know'st, affected be.

Chi. Demetrius, thou dost overween in all:
And so in this to bear me down with braves.
'Tis not the difference of a year, or two,
Makes me less gracious, thee more fortunate:
I am as able, and as fit, as thou,
To serve, and to deserve my mistress' grace;
And that my sword upon thee shall approve,
And plead my passions for Lavinia's love.

Aar. Clubs, clubs²! these lovers will not keep
the peace.

Dem. Why, boy, although our mother, unadvis'd,
Gave you a dancing-rapier³ by your side,
Are you so desperate grown, to threat your friends?
Go to; have your lath glued within your sheath,
Till you know better how to handle it.

Chi. Meanwhile, sir, with the little skill I have,
Full well shalt thou perceive how much I dare.

Dem. Ay, boy, grow ye so brave? [*They draw.*

Aar. Why, how now, lords?
So near the emperor's palace dare you draw,
And maintain such a quarrel openly?
Full well I wot the ground of all this grudge;
I would not for a million of gold,
The cause were known to them it most concerns:
Nor would your noble mother, for much more,
Be so dishonour'd in the court of Rome.
For shame, put up.

² This was the usual outcry for assistance, when any riot in the street happened.

³ It appears that a light kind of sword, more for show than use, was worn by gentlemen, even when dancing, in the reign of Elizabeth. So in *All's Well that Ends Well* :—

'—no sword worn
But one to dance with.'

And Greene in his Quip for an Upstart Courtier :—'One of them carrying his cutting sword of choller, the other his dancing-rapier of delight.'

Dem. Not I: till I have sheath'd
My rapier in his bosom, and, withall,
Thrust these reproachful speeches down his throat,
That he hath breath'd in my dishonour here.

Chi. For that I am prepar'd and full resolv'd,—
Foulspoken coward! that thunder'st with thy tongue⁴,
And with thy weapon nothing dar'st perform.

Aar. Away, I say.—
Now by the gods, that warlike Goths adore,
This petty brabble will undo us all.—
Why, lords,—and think you not how dangerous
It is to jut upon a prince's right?
What, is Lavinia then become so loose,
Or Bassianus so degenerate,
That for her love such quarrels may be broach'd,
Without controlment, justice, or revenge?
Young lords, beware!—an should the empress know
This discord's ground, the music would not please.

Chi. I care not, I, knew she and all the world;
I love Lavinia more than all the world.

Dem. Youngling, learn thou to make some meaner
choice:

Lavinia is thine elder brother's hope.

Aar. Why, are ye mad? or know ye not, in Rome
How furious and impatient they be,
And cannot brook competitors in love?
I tell you, lords, you do but plot your deaths
By this device.

Chi. Aaron, a thousand deaths
Would I propose, to achieve her whom I love⁵.

Aar. To achieve her!—How?

Dem. Why mak'st thou it so strange?

⁴ This phrase appears to have been adopted from Virgil, *Æneid* xi. 383:—

‘Proinde tona eloquio, solitum tibi—’

⁵ Chiron appears to mean, ‘that, had he a thousand lives, such was his love for Lavinia, he would propose to venture them all to achieve her.’ Thus in the *Taming of the Shrew*:—

*‘Tranio, I burn, I burn, I pine, I perish, Tranio,
If I achieve not this young modest girl.’*

She is a woman, therefore may be woo'd;
 She is a woman, therefore may be won⁶;
 She is Lavinia, therefore must be lov'd.
 What, man! more water glideth by the mill?⁷
 Than wots the miller of; and easy it is
 Of a cut loaf to steal a shive, we know:
 Though Bassianus be the emperor's brother,
 Better than he have yet worn Vulcan's badge.

Aar. Ay, and as good as Saturninus may.

[*Aside.*

Dem. Then why should he despair, that knows
 to court it

With words, fair looks, and liberality?
 What, hast thou not full often struck a doe,
 And borne her cleanly by the keeper's nose⁸?

Aar. Why then, it seems, some certain snatch,
 or so,

Would serve your turns

Chi. Ay, so the turn were serv'd.

Dem. Aaron, thou hast hit it.

Aar. 'Would, you had hit it too;
 Then should not we be tir'd with this ado.
 Why, hark ye, hark ye,—And are you such fools,

⁶ These two lines occur, with very little variation, in the First Part of King Henry VI. :—

'She's beautiful, and therefore to be woo'd;
 She is a woman, therefore to be won.'

This circumstance has given rise to a conjecture that the author of the present play was also the writer of the original King Henry VI. Ritson says that he 'should take Kyd to have been the author of Titus Andronicus, because he seems to delight in murders and scraps of Latin, though it must be confessed that in the first of those good qualities Marlowe's Jew of Malta may fairly dispute precedence with the Spanish Tragedy.'

⁷ There is a Scottish proverb, 'Mickle water goes by the miller when he sleeps.' No omnem molitor quæ fluit unda videt. The subsequent line is also a northern proverb, 'It is safe taking a shive of a cut loaf.'

⁸ Mr. Holt is willing to infer that Titus Andronicus was one of Shakespeare's early performances, because the stratagems of the profession traditionally given to his youth seems here to have been fresh in the writer's mind. But when we consider how common allusions to sports of the field are in all the writers of that age, there seems to be no real ground for the conclusion.

To square⁹ for this? Would it offend you then
That both should speed?

Chi.

I'faith, not me.

Dem.

Nor me,

So I were one.

Aar. For shame, be friends; and join for that
you jar.

'Tis policy and stratagem must do
That you affect; and so must you resolve;
That what you cannot, as you would, achieve,
You must perforce accomplish as you may.
Take this of me, Lucrece was not more chaste
Than this Lavinia, Bassianus' love.
A speedier course than lingering languishment
Must we pursue, and I have found the path.
My lords, a solemn hunting is in hand;
There will the lovely Roman ladies troop:
The forest walks are wide and spacious;
And many unfrequented plots there are,
Fitted by kind¹⁰ for rape and villany:
Single you thither then this dainty doe,
And strike her home by force, if not by words:
This way, or not at all, stand you in hope.
Come, come, our empress, with her sacred¹¹ wit,
To villany and vengeance consecrate,
Will we acquaint with all that we intend;
And she shall file our engines with advice¹²,
That will not suffer you to square yourselves,
But to your wishes' height advance you both.
The emperor's court is like the house of fame,
The palace full of tongues, of eyes, of ears:
The woods are ruthless, dreadful, deaf, and dull;
There speak, and strike, brave boys, and take your
turns:

⁹ Quarrel.

¹⁰ By nature.

¹¹ *Sacred* here signifies *accursed*; a Latinism.

¹² The allusion is to the operation of the file, which, by giving smoothness, facilitates the motion of the parts of an engine or piece of machinery.

There serve your lust, shadow'd from heaven's eye,
And revel in Lavinia's treasury.

Chi. Thy counsel, lad, smells of no cowardice.

Dem. *Sit fas aut nefas*, till I find the stream
To cool this heat, a charm to calm these fits,
*Per Styga, per manes vehor*¹³. [Exeunt.

SCENE II¹.

*A Forest near Rome. A Lodge seen at a distance.
Horns, and cry of Hounds heard.*

*Enter TITUS ANDRONICUS, with Hunters &c. MARCUS,
LUCIUS, QUINTUS, and MARTIUS.*

Tit. The hunt is up, the morn is bright and gray,
The fields are fragrant, and the woods are green:
Uncouple here, and let us make a bay,
And wake the emperor and his lovely bride,
And rouse the prince; and ring a hunter's peal,
That all the court may echo with the noise.
Sons, let it be your charge, as it is ours,
To tend the emperor's person carefully:
I have been troubled in my sleep this night,
But dawning day new comfort hath inspir'd.

*Horns wind a Peal. Enter SATURNINUS, TAMORA,
BASSIANUS, LAVINIA, CHIRON, DEMETRIUS, and
Attendants.*

Tit. Many good morrows to your majesty;—
Madam, to you as many and as good!—
I promised your grace a hunter's peal.

Sat. And you have rung it lustily, my lords,
Somewhat too early for new married ladies.

¹³ These scraps of Latin are taken, though not exactly, from some of Seneca's tragedies.

¹ 'The division of this play into acts, which was first made in the folio of 1623, is improper. There is here an interval of action and here the second act ought to have begun.'—JOHNSON.

Bas. Lavinia, how say you ?

Lav. I say, no ;
I have been broad awake two hours and more.

Sat. Come on then, horse and chariots let us have,
And to our sport :— Madam, now shall ye see
Our Roman hunting. [*To TAMORA.*

Mar. I have dogs, my lord,
Will rouse the proudest panther in the chase,
And climb the highest promontory top.

Tit. And I have horse will follow where the game
Makes way, and run like swallows o'er the plain.

Dem. Chiron, we hunt not, we, with horse nor
hound,
But hope to pluck a dainty doe to ground.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE III. *A desert Part of the Forest.*

Enter AARON, with a Bag of Gold.

Aar. He, that had wit, would think that I had none,
To bury so much gold under a tree,
And never after to inherit¹ it.
Let him, that thinks of me so abjectly,
Know, that this gold must coin a stratagem;
Which, cunningly effected, will beget
A very excellent piece of villany;
And so repose, sweet gold, for their unrest,
[*Hides the Gold.*
That have their alms out of the empress' chest².

Enter TAMORA.

Tam. My lovely Aaron, wherefore look'st thou
sad³,

¹ i. e. *possess*. See vol. i. p. 143, note 9.

² This is obscure. It seems to mean only, that they who are to come at this gold of the empress are to suffer by it.

JOHNSON.

³ Malone remarks that there is much poetical beauty in this speech of Tamora ; he thinks it the only part of the play which resembles the style of Shakspeare.

When every thing doth make a gleeful boast?
The birds chant melody on every bush;
The snake lies rolled in the cheerful sun;
The green leaves quiver with the cooling wind,
And make a chequer'd shadow on the ground:
Under their sweet shade, Aaron, let us sit,
And—whilst the babbling echo mocks the hounds,
Replying shrilly to the well tun'd horns,
As if a double hunt were heard at once,—
Let us sit down, and mark their yelling noise:
And—after conflict, such as was suppos'd
The wandering prince and Dido once enjoy'd,
When with a happy storm they were surpris'd,
And curtain'd with a counsel-keeping cave,—
We may, each wreathed in the other's arms,
Our pastimes done, possess a golden slumber;
Whiles hounds, and horns, and sweet melodious birds,
Be unto us, as is a nurse's song
Of lullaby, to bring her babe asleep.

Aar. Madam, though Venus govern your desires,
Saturn is dominator over mine:
What signifies my deadly standing eye,
My silence, and my cloudy melancholy?
My fleece of woolly hair that now uncurls,
Even as an adder, when she doth unroll
To do some fatal execution?
No, madam, these are no venereal signs;
Vengeance is in my heart, death in my hand,
Blood and revenge are hammering in my head.
Hark, Tamora,—the empress of my soul,
Which never hopes more heaven than rests in thee,
This is the day of doom for Bassianus;
His Philomel⁴ must lose her tongue to-day:
Thy sons make pillage of her chastity,
And wash their hands in Bassianus' blood.
Seest thou this letter? take it up, I pray thee,
And give the king this fatal-plotted scroll:—

⁴ See Ovid's *Metamorphoses*, book vi.

Now question me no more, we are espied;
Here comes a parcel⁵ of our hopeful booty,
Which dreads not yet their lives' destruction.

Tam. Ah, my sweet Moor, sweeter to me than life!

Aar. No more, great empress, Bassianus comes:
Be cross with him; and I'll go fetch thy sons
To back thy quarrels, whatsoe'er they be. [*Exit.*]

Enter BASSIANUS and LAVINIA.

Bas. Who have we here? Rome's royal empress,
Unfurnish'd of her well beseeming troop?
Or is it Dian, habited like her;
Who hath abandoned her holy groves,
To see the general hunting in this forest?

Tam. Saucy controller of our private steps!
Had I the power, that, some say, Dian had,
Thy temples should be planted presently
With horns, as was Actæon's; and the hounds
Should drive upon thy new transformed limbs,
Unmannerly intruder as thou art!

Lav. Under your patience, gentle empress,
'Tis thought you have a goodly gift in horning;
And to be doubted, that your Moor and you
Are singled forth to try experiments:
Jove shield your husband from his hounds to-day!
'Tis pity, they should take him for a stag.

Bas. Believe me, queen, your swarth Cimmerian⁶
Doth make your honour of his body's hue,
Spotted, detested, and abominable.
Why are you sequester'd from all your train?
Dismounted from your snow-white goodly steed,
And wander'd hither to an obscure plot,
Accompanied but with a barbarous Moor,
If foul desire had not conducted you?

Lav. And, being intercepted in your sport,
Great reason that my noble lord be rated

⁵ i. e. a part.]

⁶ *Swarth* is *dusky*. The Moor is called *Cimmerian*, from the affinity of blackness to darkness.

For sauciness.—I pray you, let us hence,
And let her 'joy her raven-colour'd love;
This valley fits the purpose passing well.

Bas. The king, my brother, shall have note of this.

Lav. Ay, for these slips have made him noted
long⁷:

Good king! to be so mightily abus'd!

Tam. Why have I patience to endure all this?

Enter CHIRON and DEMETRIUS.

Dem. How now, dear sovereign, and our gracious
mother,

Why doth your highness look so pale and wan?

Tam. Have I not reason, think you, to look pale?
These two have 'tic'd me hither to this place,
A barren detested vale, you see, it is:
The trees, though summer, yet forlorn and lean,
O'ercome with moss, and baleful mistletoe.
Here never shines the sun⁸, here nothing breeds,
Unless the nightly owl, or fatal raven.
And, when they show'd me this abhorred pit,
They told me, here, at dead time of the night,
A thousand fiends, a thousand hissing snakes,
Ten thousand swelling toads, as many urchins⁹,
Would make such fearful and confused cries,
As any mortal body, hearing it,
Should straight fall mad, or else die suddenly¹⁰.
No sooner had they told this hellish tale,
But straight they told me, they would bind me here
Unto the body of a dismal yew;

⁷ He had yet been married but one night. The true reading may be 'made her,' i. e. Tamora

⁸ Rowe seems to have thought on this passage in his *Jane Shore* :—

'This is the house where the sun never dawns,
The bird of night sits screaming o'er its roof,
Grim spectres sweep along the horrid gloom,
And nought is heard but wailings and lamentings.'

⁹ Hedgehogs.

¹⁰ This is said in fabulous physiology of those that hear the groan of the mandrake when torn up. The same thought, and almost the same expression, occur in *Romeo and Juliet*.

And leave me to this miserable death.
 And then they call'd me, foul adulteress,
 Lascivious Goth, and all the bitterest terms
 That ever ear did hear to such effect.
 And, had you not by wondrous fortune come,
 This vengeance on me had they executed:
 Revenge it, as you love your mother's life,
 Or be ye not henceforth call'd my children.

Dem. This is a witness that I am thy son.

[*Stabs BASSIANUS.*

Chi. And this for me, struck home to show my strength. [*Stabbing him likewise.*

Lav. Ay come, Semiramis¹¹, — nay, barbarous Tamora!

For no name fits thy nature but thy own!

Tam. Give me thy poniard; you shall know, my boys,

Your mother's hand shall right your mother's wrong.

Dem. Stay, madam, here is more belongs to her;
 First, thrash the corn, then after burn the straw:
 This minion stood upon her chastity,
 Upon her nuptial vow, her loyalty,
 And with that painted hope¹² braves your mightiness:
 And shall she carry this unto her grave?

Chi. An if she do, I would I were an eunuch.
 Drag hence her husband to some secret hole,
 And make his dead trunk pillow to our lust.

Tam. But when you have the honey you desire,
 Let not this wasp outlive, us both to sting

Chi. I warrant you, madam; we will make that sure.—

Come, mistress, now perforce, we will enjoy
 That nice-preserved honesty of yours.

¹¹ The propriety of this address will be best understood by consulting Pliny's Nat. Hist. ch. 42. The incontinence of Semiramis has been already alluded to in the Induction to *The Taming of the Shrew*, Sc. ii.

¹² *Painted hope* is only *specious hope*, or *ground of confidence more plausible than solid*. Steevens thought that the word *hope* was interpolated, the sense being complete and the line more harmonious without it.

Lav. O Tamora! thou bear'st a woman's face,—

Tam. I will not hear her speak; away with her.

Lav. Sweet lords, entreat her hear me but a word.

Dem. Listen, fair madam: Let it be your glory
To see her tears: but be your heart to them,
As unrelenting flint to drops of rain.

Lav. When did the tiger's young ones teach the dam?

O, do not learn her wrath; she taught it thee:
The milk, thou suck'dst from her, did turn to marble;

Even at thy teat thou hadst thy tyranny.—

Yet every mother breeds not sons alike;

Do thou entreat her shew a woman pity.

[To CHIRON.

Chi. What! would'st thou have me prove myself a bastard?

Lav. 'Tis true; the raven doth not hatch a lark:
Yet I have heard (O could I find it now!)

The lion mov'd with pity, did endure

To have his princely paws par'd all away.

Some say that ravens foster forlorn children,

The whilst their own birds famish in their nests:

O, be to me, though thy hard heart say no,

Nothing so kind, but something pitiful!

Tam. I know not what it means; away with her.

Lav. O, let me teach thee: for my father's sake,
That gave thee life, when well he might have slain thee,

Be not obdurate, open thy deaf ears.

Tam. Hadst thou in person ne'er offended me,
Even for his sake am I pitiless:—

Remember, boys, I pour'd forth tears in vain,

To save your brother from the sacrifice;

But fierce Andronicus would not relent.

Therefore away with her, and use her as you will;
The worse to her, the better lov'd of me.

Lav. O Tamora, be call'd a gentle queen,
And with thine own hands kill me in this place:

For 'tis not life, that I have begg'd so long;
Poor I was slain, when Bassianus died.

Tam. What begg'st thou then; fond woman, let me go.

Lav. 'Tis present death I beg; and one thing more,
That womanhood denies my tongue to tell:
O, keep me from their worse than killing lust,
And tumble me into some loathsome pit;
Where never man's eye may behold my body:
Do this, and be a charitable murderer.

Tam. So should I rob my sweet sons of their fee:
No, let them satisfy their lust on thee.

Dem. Away, for thou hast staid us here too long.

Lav. No grace? no womanhood? Ah, beastly creature!

The blot and enemy to our general name!
Confusion fall——

Chi. Nay, then I'll stop your mouth:—Bring thou her husband:

[*Dragging off LAVINIA.*
This is the hole where Aaron bid us hide him.
[Exeunt.

Tam. Farewell, my sons; see that you make her sure:
Ne'er let my heart know merry cheer indeed,
Till all the Andronici be made away.
Now will I hence to seek my lovely Moor,
And let my spleenful sons this trull deflower. [*Exit.*

SCENE IV. *The same.*

Enter AARON, with QUINTUS and MARTIUS.

Aar. Come on, my lords; the better foot before:
Straight will I bring you to the loathsome pit,
Where I espy'd the panther fast asleep.

Quin. My sight is very dull, whate'er it bodes.

Mar. And mine, I promise you; wer't not for shame,

Well could I leave our sport to sleep awhile.
[*MARTIUS falls into the Pit.*

Quin. What, art thou fallen? What subtle hole
is this,

Whose mouth is cover'd with rude-growing briars;
Upon whose leaves are drops of new-shed blood,
As fresh as morning's dew distill'd on flowers?
A very fatal place it seems to me:—

Speak, brother, hast thou hurt thee with the fall?

Mart. O, brother, with the dismall'st object hurt
That ever eye, with sight, made heart lament.

Aar. [*Aside.*] Now will I fetch the king to find
them here:

That he thereby may give a likely guess,
How these were they that made away his brother.

[*Exit AARON.*]

Mart. Why dost not comfort me, and help me out
From this unhallow'd and blood-stained hole?

Quin. I am surprised with an uncouth fear:
A chilling sweat o'erruns my trembling joints;
My heart suspects more than mine eye can see.

Mart. To prove thou hast a true divining heart,
Aaron and thou look down into this den,
And see a fearful sight of blood and death.

Quin. Aaron is gone; and my compassionate heart
Will not permit mine eyes once to behold
The thing, whereat it trembles by surmise:
O, tell me how it is; for ne'er till now
Was I a child, to fear I know not what.

Mart. Lord Bassianus lies embrewed here,
All on a heap like to a slaughter'd lamb,
In this detested, dark, blood-drinking pit.

Quin. If it be dark, how dost thou know 'tis he?

Mart. Upon his bloody finger he doth wear
A precious ring, that lightens all the hole¹,
Which, like a taper in some monument,

¹ Old naturalists assert that there is a gem called a carbuncle, which emits not reflected but native light. Boyle believed in the reality of its existence. It is often alluded to in ancient fable. Thus in *The Gesta Romanorum*:—'He farther beheld and saw a carbuncle that lighted all the house.' And Drayton in *The Muse's Elysium*:—

Doth shine upon the dead man's earthy cheeks,
And shows the ragged entrails of this pit:
So pale did shine the moon on Pyramus,
When he by night lay bath'd in maiden blood.
O brother, help me with thy fainting hand,—
If fear hath made thee faint, as me it hath,—
Out of this fell devouring receptacle,
As hateful as Cocytus' misty mouth.

Quin. Reach me thy hand, that I may help thee out;
Or, wanting strength to do thee so much good,
I may be pluck'd into the swallowing womb
Of this deep pit, poor Bassianus' grave.
I have no strength to pluck thee to the brink.

Mart. Nor I no strength to climb without thy help.

Quin. Thy hand once more; I will not loose again,
Till thou art here aloft, or I below:
Thou canst not come to me, I come to thee.

[*Falls in.*]

Enter SATURNINUS and AARON.

Sat. Along with me:—I'll see what hole is here.
And what he is, that now is leap'd into it.
Say, who art thou, that lately didst descend
Into this gaping hollow of the earth?

Mart. The unhappy son of old Andronicus;
Brought hither in a most unlucky hour,
To find thy brother Bassianus dead.

Sat. My brother dead? I know, thou dost but jest:
He and his lady both are at the lodge,
Upon the north side of this pleasant chase;
'Tis not an hour since I left him there.

Mart. We know not where you left him all alive,
But, out alas! here have we found him dead.

'Is that admired mighty stone,
The carbuncle that's named;
Which from it such a flaming light
And radiancy ejecteth,
That in the very darkest night
The eye to it directeth.

Enter TAMORA, with Attendants; TITUS ANDRONICUS, and LUCIUS.

Tam. Where is my lord, the king?

Sat. Here, Tamora; though griev'd with killing grief.

Tam. Where is thy brother Bassianus?

Sat. Now to the bottom dost thou search my wound;

Poor Bassianus here lies murdered.

Tam. Then all too late I bring this fatal writ.

[Giving a Letter.]

The complot of this timeless² tragedy;
And wonder greatly, that man's face can fold
In pleasing smiles such murderous tyranny.

Sat. *[Reads.]* *An if we miss to meet him handsomely,—*

*Sweet huntsman, Bassianus 'tis, we mean,—
Do thou so much as dig the grave for him;
Thou know'st our meaning: Look for thy reward
Among the nettles at the elder tree,
Which overshades the mouth of that same pit,
Where we decreed to bury Bassianus.
Do this, and purchase us thy lasting friends.
O, Tamora! was ever heard the like?
'This is the pit, and this the elder tree:
Look, sirs, if you can find the huntsman out,
That should have murder'd Bassianus here.*

Aar. My gracious lord, here is the bag of gold.

[Showing it.]

Sat. Two of thy whelps, *[To Tit.]* fell curs of bloody kind,

Have here bereft my brother of his life:—
Sirs, drag them from the pit unto the prison;
There let them bide, until we have devis'd
Some never-heard-of torturing pain for them.

² i. e. untimely. So in *King Richard II.* :—
'The bloody office of his timeless end.'

Tam. What, are they in this pit? O wondrous thing!

How easily murder is discovered!

Tit. High emperor, upon my feeble knee
I beg this boon, with tears not lightly shed,
That this fell fault of my accursed sons,
Accursed, if the fault be prov'd in them,—

Sat. If it be prov'd! you see, it is apparent.—
Who found this letter? *Tamora*, was it you?

Tam. *Andronicus* himself did take it up.

Tit. I did, my lord: yet let me be their bail:
For by my father's reverend tomb, I vow,
'They shall be ready at your highness' will,
'To answer their suspicion with their lives.

Sat. Thou shalt not bail them: see, thou follow me.

Some bring the murder'd body, some the murderers:
Let them not speak a word, the guilt is plain;
For, by my soul, were there worse end than death,
That end upon them should be executed.

Tam. *Andronicus*, I will entreat the king;
Fear not thy sons, they shall do well enough.

Tit. Come, *Lucius*, come: stay not to talk with them. *[Exeunt severally.]*

SCENE V. *The same.*

Enter DEMETRIUS and CHIRON, with LAVINIA, ravished; her Hands cut off, and her Tongue cut out.

Dem. So now go tell, an if thy tongue can speak,
Who 'twas that cut thy tongue, and ravish'd thee.

Chi. Write down thy mind, bewray thy meaning so;
And, if thy stumps will let thee, play the scribe.

Dem. See, how with signs and tokens she can scrawl.

Chi. Go home, call for sweet water, wash thy hands.

Dem. She hath no tongue to call, nor hands to wash:

And so let's leave her to her silent walks.

Chi. An 'twere my case, I should go hang myself.

Dem. If thou hadst hands to help thee knit the cord.

[*Exeunt DEMETRIUS and CHIRON.*]

Enter MARCUS.

Mar. Who's this,—my niece, that flies away so fast? Cousin, a word; Where is your husband?—
If I do dream, would all my wealth would wake me!¹
If I do wake, some planet strike me down,
That I may slumber in eternal sleep!—
Speak, gentle niece, what stern ungentle hands
Have lopp'd, and hew'd, and made thy body bare
Of her two branches? those sweet ornaments,
Whose circling shadows kings have sought to sleep in;
And might not gain so great a happiness,
As half thy love? Why dost not speak to me?—
Alas, a crimson river of warm blood,
Like to a bubbling fountain stirr'd with wind,
Doth rise and fall between thy rosed lips,
Coming and going with thy honey breath.
But, sure, some Tereus hath deflour'd thee;
And, lest thou should'st detect him, cut thy tongue.
Ah, now thou turn'st away thy face for shame!
And, notwithstanding all this loss of blood,—
As from a conduit with three issuing spouts,—
Yet do thy cheeks look red as Titan's face,
Blushing to be encounter'd with a cloud.
Shall I speak for thee? shall I say, 'tis so?
O, that I knew thy heart; and knew the beast,
That I might rail at him to ease my mind!
Sorrow concealed, like an oven stopp'd,
Doth burn the heart to cinders where it is.

¹ 'If this be a dream, I would give all my possessions to be delivered from it by waking.'

Fair Philomela, she but lost her tongue,
And in a tedious sampler sew'd her mind;
But, lovely niece, that mean is cut from thee;
A craftier Tereus, cousin, hast thou met,
And he hath cut those pretty fingers off,
That could have better sew'd than Philomel
O, had the monster seen those lily hands
Tremble, like aspen leaves, upon a lute,
And make the silken strings delight to kiss them;
He would not then have touch'd them for his life:
Or, had he heard the heavenly harmony,
Which that sweet tongue hath made,
He would have dropp'd his knife, and fell asleep,
As Cerberus at the Thracian poet's feet.
Come, let us go, and make thy father blind:
For such a sight will blind a father's eye:
One hour's storm will drown the fragrant meads;
What will whole months of tears thy father's eyes?
Do not draw back, for we will mourn with thee;
O, could our mourning ease thy misery? [*Exeunt.*

ACT III.

SCENE I. Rome. *A Street.*

Enter Senators, Tribunes, and Officers of Justice, with MARTIUS and QUINTUS, bound, passing on to the Place of Execution: TITUS going before, pleading.

Tit. Hear me, grave fathers! noble tribunes, stay!
For pity of mine age, whose youth was spent
In dangerous wars, whilst you securely slept;
For all my blood in Rome's great quarrel shed;
For all the frosty nights that I have watch'd;
And for these bitter tears, which now you see

Filling the aged wrinkles in my cheeks;
Be pitiful to my condemned sons,
Whose souls are not corrupted as 'tis thought!
For two and twenty sons I never wept,
Because they died in honour's lofty bed.
For these, good tribunes, in the dust I write

[*Throwing himself on the Ground.*

My heart's deep languor, and my soul's sad tears.
Let my tears stanch the earth's dry appetite;
My sons' sweet blood will make it shame and blush.

[*Exeunt Senators, Tribunes, &c, with the Prisoners.*

O earth, I will befriend thee more with rain,
That shall distil from these two ancient urns¹,
Than youthful April shall with all his showers:
In summer's drought, I'll drop upon thee still;
In winter, with warm tears I'll melt the snow,
And keep eternal spring-time on thy face,
So thou refuse to drink my dear sons' blood.

Enter Lucius, with his Sword drawn.

O, reverend tribunes! gentle aged men!
Unbind my sons, reverse the doom of death;
And let me say that never wept before,
My tears are now prevailing orators.

Luc. O, noble father, you lament in vain;
The tribunes hear you not, no man is by,
And you recount your sorrows to a stone.

Tit. Ah, Lucius, for thy brothers let me plead:
Grave tribunes, once more I entreat of you.

Luc. My gracious lord, no tribune hears you speak.

Tit. Why, 'tis no matter, man: or if they did mark,
They would not pity me; yet plead I must,
All bootless unto them.

Therefore I tell my sorrows to the stones;
Who, though they cannot answer my distress,

¹ The old copies read, 'two ancient *rimes*.' The emendation is by Sir T. Hanmer.

Yet in some sort they're better than the tribunes,
For that they will not intercept my tale:
When I do weep, they humbly at my feet
Receive my tears, and seem to weep with me;
And, were they but attired in grave weeds,
Rome could afford no tribune like to these.

A stone is soft as wax, tribunes more hard than stones:
A stone is silent, and offendeth not;
And tribunes with their tongues doom men to death.
But wherefore stand'st thou with thy weapon drawn?

Luc. To rescue my two brothers from their death:
For which attempt, the judges have pronounc'd
My everlasting doom of banishment.

Tit. O happy man! they have befriended thee.
Why, foolish Lucius, dost thou not perceive,
That Rome is but a wilderness of tigers?
Tigers must prey; and Rome affords no prey,
But me and mine: How happy art thou then,
From these devourers to be banished?
But who comes with our brother Marcus here?

Enter MARCUS and LAVINIA.

Mar. Titus, prepare thy aged eyes to weep;
Or, if not so, thy noble heart to break;
I bring consuming sorrow to thine age.

Tit. Will it consume me? let me see it then.

Mar. This was thy daughter.

Tit. Why, Marcus, so she is.

Luc. Ah me! this object kills me!

Tit. Faint-hearted boy, arise, and look upon her:—
Speak, my Lavinia, what accursed hand
Hath made thee handless in thy father's sight?
What fool hath added water to the sea?
Or brought a faggot to bright burning Troy?
My grief was at the height before thou cam'st,
And now, like Nilus, it disdaineth bounds.—
Give me a sword, I'll chop off my hands too;
For they have fought for Rome, and all in vain;
And they have nurs'd this woe, in feeding life;
In bootless prayer have they been held up,
And they have serv'd me to effectless use;

Now, all the service I require of them
Is, that the one will help to cut the other.—
’Tis well, Lavinia, that thou hast no hands;
For hands, to do Rome service, are but vain.

Luc. Speak, gentle sister, who hath martyr’d thee?

Mar. O, that delightful engine of her thoughts²,
That blabb’d them with such pleasing eloquence,
Is torn from forth that pretty hollow cage:
Where, like a sweet melodious bird, it sung
Sweet varied notes, enchanting every ear!

Luc. O, say thou for her, who hath done this deed?

Mar. O, thus I found her, straying in the park,
Seeking to hide herself, as doth the deer,
That hath received some unrecuring wound.

Tit. It was my deer; and he, that wounded her,
Hath hurt me more, than had he kill’d me dead:
For now I stand as one upon a rock,
Environ’d with a wilderness of sea;
Who marks the waxing tide grow wave by wave,
Expecting ever when some envious surge
Will in his brinish bowels swallow him.
This way to death my wretched sons are gone;
Here stands my other son, a banish’d man;
And here, my brother, weeping at my woes;
But that, which gives my soul the greatest spurn,
Is dear Lavinia, dearer than my soul.—
Had I but seen thy picture in this plight,
It would have madded me; What shall I do
Now I behold thy lively body so?
Thou hast no hands, to wipe away thy tears;
Nor tongue, to tell me who hath martyr’d thee:
Thy husband he is dead: and, for his death,
Thy brothers are condemn’d, and dead by this:—
Look, Marcus! ah, son Lucius, look on her:
When I did name her brothers, then fresh tears

² This piece furnishes scarce any resemblances to Shakspeare’s works; this one expression, however, is found in his *Venus and Adonis*:—

‘Once more the engine of her thoughts began.’

Stood on her cheeks; as doth the honey dew
Upon a gather'd lily almost wither'd.

Mar. Perchance, she weeps because they kill'd
her husband:

Perchance, because she knows them innocent.

Tit. If they did kill thy husband, then be joyful,
Because the law hath ta'en revenge on them.—

No, no, they would not do so foul a deed;
Witness the sorrow that their sister makes.—

Gentle Lavinia, let me kiss thy lips;

Or make some sign how I may do thee ease:

Shall thy good uncle, and thy brother Lucius,

And thou, and I, sit round about some fountain;

Looking all downwards, to behold our cheeks

How they are stain'd? like meadows, yet not dry

With miry slime left on them by a flood?

And in the fountain shall we gaze so long,

Till the fresh taste be taken from that clearness,

And made a brine pit with our bitter tears?

Or shall we cut away our hands, like thine?

Or shall we bite our tongues, and in dumb shows

Pass the remainder of our hateful days?

What shall we do? let us, that have our tongues,

Plot some device of further misery,

To make us wonder'd at in time to come.

Luc. Sweet father, cease your tears; for, at
your grief,

See, how my wretched sister sobs and weeps.

Mar. Patience, dear niece:—good Titus, dry
thine eyes.

Tit. Ah, Marcus, Marcus! brother well I wot,

Thy napkin cannot drink a tear of mine,

For thou, poor man, hast drown'd it with
thine own.

Luc. Ah, my Lavinia, I will wipe thy cheeks.

Tit. Mark, Marcus, mark! I understand her signs:

Had she a tongue to speak, now would she say

That to her brother which I said to thee;

His napkin with his true tears all bewet,

Can do no service on her sorrowful cheeks,

O, what a sympathy of woe is this!
As far from help as limbo³ is from bliss!

Enter AARON.

Aar. Titus Andronicus, my lord the emperor
Sends thee this word,—That, if thou love thy sons,
Let Marcus, Lucius, or thyself, old Titus,
Or any one of you, chop off your hand,
And send it to the king: he, for the same,
Will send thee hither both thy sons alive;
And that shall be the ransom for their fault.

Tit. O, gracious emperor! O, gentle Aaron!
Did ever raven sing so like a lark,
That gives sweet tidings of the sun's uprise?
With all my heart, I'll send the emperor
My hand:

Good Aaron, wilt thou help to chop it off?

Luc. Stay, father; for that noble hand of thine,
That hath thrown down so many enemies,
Shall not be sent: my hand will serve the turn:
My youth can better spare my blood than you:
And therefore mine shall save my brothers' lives.

Mar. Which of your hands hath not defended
Rome,
And rear'd aloft the bloody battleaxe,
Writing destruction on the enemy's castle⁴?
O, none of both but are of high desert:
My hand hath been but idle; let it serve
To ransom my two nephews from their death;
'Then have I kept it to a worthy end.

Aar. Nay, come agree, whose hand shall go
along,
For fear they die before their pardon come.

³ The *Limbus patrum*, as it was called, is a place that the schoolmen supposed to be in the neighbourhood of hell, where the souls of the patriarchs were detained, and those good men who died before our Saviour's resurrection. Milton gives the name of *Limbo* to his Paradise of Fools.

⁴ It appears from Grose on Antient Armour, that a *castle* was a kind of *close helmet*, probably so named from *casquetel*, old French. See vol. vii. p. 408, note 22.

Mar. My hand shall go.

Luc. By heaven, it shall not go.

Tit. Sirs, strive no more; such wither'd herbs
as these

Are meet for plucking up, and therefore mine.

Luc. Sweet father, if I shall be thought thy son,
Let me redeem my brothers both from death.

Mar. And, for our father's sake, and mother's care,
Now let me show a brother's love to thee.

Tit. Agree between you; I will spare my hand.

Luc. Then I'll go fetch an axe.

Mar. But I will use the axe.

[*Exeunt* LUCIUS and MARCUS.]

Tit. Come hither, Aaron; I'll deceive them both;
Lend me thy hand, and I will give thee mine.

Aar. If that be call'd deceit, I will be honest,
And never, whilst I live, deceive men so: --

But I'll deceive you in another sort,
And that you'll say, ere half an hour can pass. [*Aside.*
[*He cuts off* TITUS's *Hand.*

Enter LUCIUS and MARCUS.

Tit. Now, stay your strife: what shall be, is
despatch'd.—

Good Aaron, give his majesty my hand:
Tell him it was a hand that warded him
From thousand dangers; bid him bury it;
More hath it merited, that let it have.

As for my sons, say, I account of them
As jewels purchas'd at an easy price;
And yet dear too, because I bought mine own.

Aar. I go, Andronicus: and for thy hand,
Look by and by to have thy sons with thee:—
Their heads, I mean.—O, how this villany [*Aside.*
Doth fat me with the very thoughts of it!

Let fools do good, and fair men call for grace,
Aaron will have his soul black like his face. [*Exit.*

Tit. O, here I lift this one hand up to heaven,
And bow this feeble ruin to the earth:
If any power pities wretched tears,

To that I call:—What, wilt thou kneel with me?

[*To LAVINIA.*

Do then, dear heart; for heaven shall hear our prayers;

Or with our sighs we'll breathe the welkin dim,
And stain the sun with fog, as sometime clouds,
When they do hug him in their melting bosoms.

Mar. O! brother, speak with possibilities,
And do not break into these deep extremes.

Tit. Is not my sorrow deep, having no bottom?
Then be my passions bottomless with them.

Mar. But yet let reason govern thy lament.

Tit. If there were reason for these miseries,
Then into limits could I bind my woes:
When heaven doth weep, doth not the earth o'erflow?
If the winds rage, doth not the sea wax mad,
Threat'ning the welkin with his big-swoln face?
And wilt thou have a reason for this coil?
I am the sea; hark, how her sighs do blow:
She is the weeping welkin, I the earth:
Then must my sea be moved with her sighs;
Then must my earth with her continual tears
Become a deluge, overflow'd and drown'd:
For why? my bowels cannot hide her woes,
But like a drunkard must I vomit them.
Then give me leave; for losers will have leave
To ease their stomachs with their bitter tongues.

Enter a Messenger, with Two Heads and a Hand.

Mess. Worthy Andronicus, ill art thou repaid
For that good hand thou sent'st the emperor.
Here are the heads of thy two noble sons;
And here's thy hand, in scorn to thee sent back;
Thy griefs their sports, thy resolution mock'd:
That woe is me to think upon thy woes,
More than remembrance of my father's death.
[*Exit.*

Mar. Now let hot Ætna cool in Sicily,
And be my heart an ever burning hell!
These miseries are more than may be borne!

To weep with them that weep doth ease some deal,
But sorrow flouted at is double death.

Luc. Ah, that this sight should make so deep a wound,

And yet detested life not shrink thereat!

That ever death should let life bear his name,
Where life hath no more interest but to breathe!

[*LAVINIA kisses him.*]

Mar. Alas, poor heart, that kiss is comfortless,
As frozen water to a starved snake.

Tit. When will this fearful slumber have an end?

Mar. Now, farewell, flattery: Die, Andronicus;
Thou dost not slumber: see, thy two sons' heads;
Thy warlike hand: thy mangled daughter here;
Thy other banish'd son, with this dear sight
Struck pale and bloodless; and thy brother, I,
Even like a stony image, cold and numb.

Ah! now no more will I control thy griefs:
Rent off thy silver hair, thy other hand
Gnawing with thy teeth; and be this dismal sight
The closing up of our most wretched eyes!
Now is a time to storm; why art thou still?

Tit. Ha, ha, ha!

Mar. Why dost thou laugh? it fits not with this hour.

Tit. Why, I have not another tear to shed:
Besides this sorrow is an enemy,
And would usurp upon my watry eyes,
And make them blind with tributary tears;
Then which way shall I find revenge's cave?
For these two heads do seem to speak to me;
And threat me, I shall never come to bliss,
Till all these mischiefs be return'd again,
Even in their throats that have committed them.
Come, let me see what task I have to do.—
You heavy people, circle me about;
That I may turn me to each one of you,
And swear unto my soul to right your wrongs.
The vow is made.—Come, brother take a head;
And in this hand the other will I bear:

Lavinia, thou shalt be employed in these things;
Bear thou my hand, sweet wench, between thy
teeth.

As for thee, boy, go, get thee from my sight;
Thou art an exile, and thou must not stay:
Hie to the Goths, and raise an army there:
And, if you love me, as I think you do,
Let's kiss and part, for we have much to do.

[*Exeunt* TITUS, MARCUS, and LAVINIA.]

Luc. Farewell, Andronicus, my noble father;
The woeful'st man that ever liv'd in Rome!
Farewell, proud Rome! till Lucius come again,
He leaves his pledges dearer than his life.
Farewell, Lavinia, my noble sister;
O, 'would, thou wert as thou 'tofore hast been!
But now nor Lucius, nor Lavinia lives,
But in oblivion, and hateful griefs,
If Lucius live, he will requite your wrongs;
And make proud Saturninus and his empress
Beg at the gates, like Tarquin and his queen.
Now will I to the Goths, and raise a power,
To be reveng'd on Rome and Saturnine. [*Exit.*]

SCENE II¹.

A Room in Titus's House. A Banquet set out.

Enter TITUS, MARCUS, LAVINIA, and young LUCIUS,
a Boy.

Tit. So, so; now sit: and look, you eat no more
Than will preserve just so much strength in us
As will revenge these bitter woes of ours.
MARCUS, unknit that sorrow-wreathen knot²;

¹ This scene, which does not contribute any thing to the action, yet seems to be by the same author as the rest, is wanting in the quarto copies of 1600 and 1611, but found in the folio of 1623.

² So in *The Tempest*:—

‘—————sitting,
His arms in this *sad knot*.’

Thy niece and I, poor creatures, want our hands
 And cannot passionate³ our tenfold grief
 With folded arms. This poor right hand of mine
 Is left to tyrannize upon my breast;
 And when my heart, all mad with misery,
 Beats in this hollow prison of my flesh,
 Then thus I thump it down.—
 Thou map of woe, that thus dost talk in signs!

[To LAVINIA.]

When thy poor heart beats with outrageous beating,
 Thou canst not strike it thus to make it still.
 Wound it with sighing, girl; kill it with groans;
 Or get some little knife between thy teeth,
 And just against thy heart make thou a hole;
 That all the tears that thy poor eyes let fall,
 May run into that sink, and, soaking in,
 Drown the lamenting fool in sea-salt tears.

Mar. Fye, brother, fye! teach her not thus to lay
 Such violent hands upon her tender life.

Tit. How now! has sorrow made thee dote already?
 Why, Marcus, no man should be mad but I.
 What violent hands can she lay on her life?
 Ah, wherefore dost thou urge the name of hands⁴;—
 To bid Æneas tell the tale twice o'er,
 How Troy was burnt, and he made miserable?
 O, handle not the theme, to talk of hands;
 Lest we remember still, that we have none.—
 Fye, fye, how frantically I square my talk!
 As if we should forget we had no hands,
 If Marcus did not name the word of hands!—
 Come, let's fall to: and, gentle girl, eat this:—
 Here is no drink! Hark, Marcus, what she says;—
 I can interpret all her martyr'd signs,—
 She says, she drinks no other drink but tears,

³ This obsolete verb is likewise found in Spenser:—

'Great pleasure mix'd with pitiful regard,
 That godly king and queen did *passionate*.'

⁴ So in *Troilus and Cressida*:—

'——— thou
Handlest in thy discourse, O that her *hand*.'

Brew'd with her sorrows, mesh'd^b upon her cheeks:—
 Speechless complainer, I will learn thy thought;
 In thy dumb action will I be as perfect
 As begging hermits in their holy prayers:
 Thou shalt not sigh, nor hold thy stumps to heaven,
 Nor wink, nor nod, nor kneel, nor make a sign,
 But I, of these, will wrest an alphabet,
 And, by still practice, learn to know thy meaning.

Boy. Good grandsire, leave these bitter deep
 laments:

Make my aunt merry with some pleasing tale.

Mar. Alas, the tender boy, in passion mov'd,
 Doth weep to see his grandsire's heaviness.

Tit. Peace, tender sapling: thou art made of tears,
 And tears will quickly melt thy life away.—

[*MARCUS strikes the Dish with a Knife.*]

What dost thou strike at, Marcus, with thy knife?

Mar. At that that I have kill'd, my lord; a fly.

Tit. Out on thee, murderer! thou kill'st my heart;
 Mine eyes are cloy'd with view of tyranny:
 A deed of death, done on the innocent,
 Becomes not 'Titus' brother: Get thee gone;
 I see, thou art not for my company.

Mar. Alas, my lord, I have but kill'd a fly.

Tit. But how, if that fly had a father and mother^c?
 How would he hang his slender gilded wings,
 And buz lamenting doings in the air?
 Poor harmless fly!

That, with his pretty buzzing melody,
 Came here to make us merry; and thou hast kill'd
 him.

Mar. Pardon me, sir; 'twas a black ill favour'd fly,
 Like to the empress' Moor; therefore I kill'd him.

Tit. O, O, O,
 Then pardon me for reprehending thee,

^b A very coarse allusion to brewing.

^c Steevens conjectures that the words 'and mother' should be omitted. Ritson proposes to read the line thus:—

'But! How if that fly had a father, brother?'

For thou hast done a charitable deed.
Give me thy knife, I will insult on him;
Flattering myself, as if it were the Moor,
Come hither purposely to poison me.—
There's for thyself, and that's for 'Tamora.—
Ah, sirrah?¹—

Yet I do think we are not brought so low,
But that, between us, we can kill a fly,
That comes in likeness of a coal-black Moor.

Mar. Alas, poor man! grief has so wrought on him,
He takes false shadows for true substances.

Tit. Come, take away.—Lavinia, go with me:
I'll to thy closet; and go read with thee
Sad stories, chanced in the times of old.—
Come, boy, and go with me; thy sight is young,
And thou shalt read, when mine begins to dazzle.
[*Exeunt.*

ACT IV.

SCENE I. *The same. Before Titus's House.*

*Enter TITUS and MARCUS. Then enter Young LUCIUS,
LAVINIA running after him.*

Boy. Help, grandsire, help! my aunt Lavinia
Follows me every where, I know not why:—
Good uncle Marcus, see how swift she comes!
Alas, sweet aunt, I know not what you mean.

Mar. Stand by me, Lucius; do not fear thine aunt.

Tit. She loves thee, boy, too well to do thee harm.

Boy. Ay, when my father was in Rome, she did.

Mar. What means my niece Lavinia by these signs?

¹ This was formerly not a disrespectful expression. Poins uses the same address to the Prince of Wales in *King Henry IV. Part i. Act i. Sc. 2.*

Tit. Fear her not, Lucius:—Somewhat doth she mean :

See, Lucius, see, how much she makes of thee:
Somewhither would she have thee go with her.

Ah, boy, Cornelia never with more care
Read to her sons, than she hath read to thee,
Sweet poetry, and Tully's Orator¹.

Canst thou not guess wherefore she plies thee thus ?

Boy. My lord, I know not, I, nor can I guess,
Unless some fit or frenzy do possess her:
For I have heard my grandsire say full oft,
Extremity of griefs would make men mad;
And I have read that Hecuba of Troy
Ran mad through sorrow: That made me to fear;
Although, my lord, I know, my noble aunt
Loves me as dear as e'er my mother did,
And would not, but in fury, fright my youth:
Which made me down to throw my books, and fly;
Causeless, perhaps: But pardon me, sweet aunt:
And, madam, if my uncle Marcus go,
I will most willingly attend your ladyship.

Mar. Lucius, I will.

[*LAVINIA turns over the Books which LUCIUS has let fall.*]

Tit. How now, Lavinia?—Marcus, what means this?
Some book there is that she desires to see:—
Which is it, girl, of these?—Open them, boy.—
But thou art deeper read, and better skill'd;
Come, and take choice of all my library,
And so beguile thy sorrow, till the heavens
Reveal the damn'd contriver of this deed.—
Why lifts she up her arms in sequence² thus?

Mar. I think, she means, that there was more
than one

Confederate in the fact:—Ay, more there was:—
Or else to heaven she heaves them for revenge.

Tit. Lucius, what book is that she tosseth so?

¹ Tully's Treatise on Eloquence, entitled *Orator*.

² Succession.

Boy. Grandsire, 'tis Ovid's *Metamorphosis*;
My mother gave't me.

Mar. For love of her that's gone,
Perhaps she cull'd it from among the rest.

Tit. Soft! see, how busily she turns the leaves!
Help her:—

What would she find?—Lavinia, shall I read?
This is the tragic tale of Philomel,
And treats of 'Tereus' treason, and his rape;
And rape, I fear, was root of thine annoy.

Mar. See, brother, see; note how she quotes³
the leaves.

Tit. Lavinia, wert thou thus surpris'd, sweet girl,
Ravish'd and wrong'd, as Philomela was,
Forc'd in the ruthless, vast, and gloomy woods?—
See, see!—

Ay, such a place there is, where we did hunt,
(O, had we never, never, hunted there!)
Pattern'd by that the poet here describes,
By nature made for murders, and for rapes.

Mar. O, why should nature build so foul a den,
Unless the gods delight in tragedies!

Tit. Give signs, sweet girl,—for here are none
but friends,—
What Roman lord it was durst do the deed:
Or slunk not Saturnine, as Tarquin erst,
That left the camp to sin in Lucrece' bed?

Mar. Sit down, sweet niece;—brother, sit down
by me. —

Apollo, Pallas, Jove, or Mercury,
Inspire me, that I may this treason find!—
My lord, look here;—Look here, Lavinia:
This sandy plot is plain; guide, if thou canst,
This after me, when I have writ my name
Without the help of any hand at all.

*[He writes his Name with his Staff, and guides
it with his Feet and Mouth.]*

³ To quote is to observe.

Curs'd be that heart, that forc'd us to this shift!—
Write thou, good niece: and here display, at last,
What God will have discover'd for revenge!
Heaven guide thy pen to print thy sorrows plain,
That we may know the traitors and the truth!

[*She takes the Staff in her Mouth, and guides
it with her Stumps, and writes.*]

Tit. O, do you read, my lord, what she hath writ?
Stuprum—Chiron—Demetrius.

Mar. What, what!—the lustful sons of Tamora
Performers of this heinous, bloody deed?

Tit. *Magne Dominator poli*⁴,
Tam lentus audis scelera? tam lentus vides?

Mar. O, calm thee, gentle lord! although, I know,
There is enough written upon this earth,
To stir a mutiny in the mildest thoughts,
And arm the minds of infants to exclams.
My lord, kneel down with me: Lavinia, kneel;
And kneel, sweet boy, the Roman Hector's hope;
And swear with me,—as with the woful feere⁵,
And father of that chaste dishonour'd dame,
Lord Junius Brutus sware for Lucrece' rape,—
That we will prosecute, by good advice,
Mortal revenge upon these traitorous Goths,
And see their blood, or die with this reproach.

Tit. 'Tis sure enough, an you knew how,
But if you hurt these bear-whelps, then beware:
The dam will wake; and, if she wind you once,
She's with the lion deeply still in league,
And lulls him whilst she playeth on her back,
And, when he sleeps, will she do what she list.
You're a young hunstman, Marcus; let it alone;
And, come, I will go get a leaf of brass,

⁴ *Magne Regnator Deum*, &c. is the exclamation of Hippolytus when Phædra discovers the secret of her incestuous passion in Seneca's Tragedy.

⁵ *Feere* signifies a companion, and here metaphorically a husband, as in the old romance of Sir Eglamour of Artoys, sig. A 4:

'Christabele, your daughter free,
When shall she have a *feere*?

And with a gad⁶ of steel will write these words,
 And lay it by: the angry northern wind
 Will blow these sands, like Sibyl's leaves, abroad⁷,
 And where's your lesson then?—Boy, what say you?

Boy. I say, my lord, that if I were a man,
 Their mother's bed-chamber should not be safe
 For these bad bondmen to the yoke of Rome.

Mar. Ay, that's my boy! thy father hath full oft
 For this ungrateful country done the like.

Boy. And, uncle, so will I, an if I live.

Tit. Come, go with me into mine armoury;
 Lucius, I'll fit thee; and withal, my boy
 Shall carry from me to the empress' sons
 Presents, that I intend to send them both:
 Come, come; thou'lt do thy message, wilt thou not?

Boy. Ay, with my dagger in their bosoms, grandsire.

Tit. No, boy, not so; I'll teach thee another course.
 Lavinia, come:—Marcus, look to my house;
 Lucius and I'll go brave it at the court;
 Ay, marry, will we, sir: and we'll be waited on.

[*Exeunt* TITUS, LAVINIA, and *Boy.*]

Mar. O heavens, can you hear a good man groan,
 And not relent, or not compassion him?
 Marcus, attend him in his ecstasy;
 That hath more scars of sorrow in his heart,
 Than foemen's marks upon his batter'd shield:
 But yet so just, that he will not revenge:—
 Revenge the heavens for old Andronicus! [*Exit.*]

SCENE II. *The same. A Room in the Palace.*

Enter AARON, CHIRON, and DEMETRIUS, at one Door;
 at another Door, Young LUCIUS, and an Atten-
 dant, with a Bundle of Weapons, and Verses
 writ upon them.

Chi. Demetrius, here's the son of Lucius;
 He hath some message to deliver to us.

⁶ A gad, in A. S. signified the point of a spear. It is here used for a similar pointed instrument.

⁷ — Foliis tantum ne carmina manda,
 Ne turbata volent rapido ludibria ventis. *Æn.* vi. 75.

Aar. Ay, some mad message from his mad grandfather.

Boy. My lords, with all the humbleness I may,
I greet your honours from Andronicus;—
And pray the Roman gods confound you both.

[*Aside.*

Dem. Gramercy¹, lovely Lucius; What's the news?

Boy. That you are both decipher'd, that's the news,
For villains mark'd with rape. [*Aside.*] May it
please you,

My grandsire, well advis'd, hath sent by me
The goodliest weapons of his armoury,
To gratify your honourable youth,
The hope of Rome; for so he bade me say;
And so I do, and with his gifts present
Your lordships, that whenever you have need,
You may be armed and appointed well:
And so I leave you both, [*aside*] like bloody vil-
lains. [*Exeunt Boy and Attendant.*

Dem. What's here? A scroll; and written round
about?

Let's see;

*Integer vitæ, scelerisque purus,
Non eget Mauri jaculis, nec arcu.*

Chi. O, 'tis a verse in Horace; I know it well:
I read it in the grammar long ago.

Aar. Ay, just!—a verse in Horace:—right, you
have it.

Now, what a thing it is to be an ass!
Here's no sound jest²! the old man hath
found their guilt;
And sends the weapons wrapp'd about
with lines,

That wound, beyond their feeling, to the quick.
But were our witty empress well a-foot,
She would applaud Andronicus' conceit,
But let her rest in her unrest awhile.—

} *Aside.*

¹ i. e. *grand merci*; great thanks.

² This mode of expression was common formerly. So in King Henry IV. Part 1.:—'Here's no fine villany!'

And now, young lords, was't not a happy star
 Led us to Rome, strangers, and more than so,
 Captives, to be advanced to this height?
 It did me good, before the palace gate
 To brave the tribune in his brother's hearing.

Dem. But me more good, to see so great a lord
 Basely insinuate, and send us gifts.

Aar. Had he not reason, Lord Demetrius?
 Did you not use his daughter very friendly?

Dem. I would, we had a thousand Roman dames
 At such a bay, by turn to serve our lust.

Chi. A charitable wish, and full of love.

Aar. Here lacks but your mother for to say amen.

Chi. And that would she for twenty thousand more.

Dem. Come, let us go: and pray to all the gods
 For our beloved mother in her pains.

Aar. Pray to the devils; the gods have given
 us o'er. *[Aside. Flourish.*

Dem. Why do the emperor's trumpets flourish
 thus?

Chi. Belike, for joy the emperor hath a son.

Dem. Soft; who comes here?

*Enter a Nurse, with a Black-a-moor Child in
 her Arms.*

Nur. Good morrow, lords:
 O, tell me, did you see Aaron the Moor?

Aar. Well, more, or less, or ne'er a whit at all,
 Here Aaron is: and what with Aaron now?

Nur. O gentle Aaron, we are all undone!
 Now help, or woe betide thee evermore!

Aar. Why, what a caterwauling dost thou keep?
 What dost thou wrap and fumble in thine arms?

Nur. O, that which I would hide from heaven's eye,
 Our empress' shame, and stately Rome's disgrace;—
 She is deliver'd, lords, she is deliver'd.

Aar. To whom?

Nur. I mean, she's brought to bed.

Aar. Well, God
 Give her good rest! What hath he sent her?

Nur.

A devil.

Aar. Why, then she's the devil's dam; a joyful issue.

Nur. A joyless, dismal, black, and sorrowful issue: Here is the babe, as loathsome as a toad Amongst the fairest breeders of our clime. The empress sends it thee, thy stamp, thy seal, And bids thee christen it with thy dagger's point.

Aar. Out, out, you whore! is black so base a hue? Sweet blowse, you are a beauteous blossom, sure.

Dem. Villain, what hast thou done?

Aar. Done! that which thou Canst not undo.

Chi. Thou hast undone our mother.

Aar. Villain, I have done thy mother.

Dem. And therein, hellish dog, thou hast undone. Woe to her chance, and damn'd her loathed choice! Accurs'd the offspring of so foul a fiend!

Chi. It shall not live.

Aar. It shall not die.

Nur. Aaron, it must: the mother wills it so.

Aar. What, must it, nurse? then let no man but I, Do execution on my flesh and blood.

Dem. I'll broach³ the tadpole on my rapier's point; Nurse, give it me; my sword shall soon despatch it.

Aar. Sooner this sword shall plough thy bowels up,
[Takes the Child from the Nurse, and draws.
Stay, murderous villains! will you kill your brother?
Now, by the burning tapers of the sky,
That shone so brightly when this boy was got,
He dies upon my scimitar's sharp point,
That touches this my first-born son and heir!

³ In *Lust's Dominion*, by Marlowe, a play in its style bearing a near resemblance to *Titus Andronicus*, Eleazar, the Moor, a character of unmingled ferocity, like Aaron, and, like him, the paramour of a royal mistress, exclaims:—

'——— Run, and with a voice
Erected high as mine, say thus, thus threaten
To Roderigo and the Cardinal,
Seek no queens here; I'll broach them, if they do,
Upon my falchion's point.'

I tell you, younglings, not Enceladus⁴,
 With all his threat'ning band of Typhon's brood,
 Nor great Alcides, nor the god of war,
 Shall seize this prey out of his father's hands.
 What, what; ye sanguine, shallow-hearted boys!
 Ye white-lim'd walls! ye alehouse painted signs!
 Coal black is better than another hue,
 In that it scorns to bear another hue:
 For all the water in the ocean
 Can never turn a swan's black legs to white,
 Although she lave them hourly in the flood.
 Tell the emperess from me, I am of age
 To keep mine own; excuse it how she can.

Dem. Wilt thou betray thy noble mistress thus?

Aar. My mistress is my mistress; this, myself;
 The vigour, and the picture of my youth:
 This, before all the world, do I prefer;
 This, maugre all the world, will I keep safe,
 Or some of you shall smoke for it in Rome.

Dem. By this our mother is for ever sham'd.

Chi. Rome will despise her for this foul escape⁵.

Nur. The emperor, in his rage, will doom her
 death.

Chi. I blush to think upon this ignomy⁶.

Aar. Why, there's the privilege your beauty bears:
 Fye, treacherous hue! that will betray with blushing
 The close enacts and counsels of the heart⁷!
 Here's a young lad fram'd of another leer⁸:
 Look, how the black slave smiles upon the father;
 As who should say, *Old lad, I am thine own*.
 He is your brother, lords; sensibly fed
 Of that self-blood that first gave life to you;
 And, from that womb, where you imprison'd were,

⁴ A giant, the son of *Titan* and *Terra*.

⁵ i. e. this foul *illegitimate child*. So in *King John*:—
 'No scape of Nature.'

⁶ i. e. ignominy.

⁷ Thus also in *Othello*:—

'They are close denotements working from the heart.'

⁸ Complexion. See vol. iii. p. 172, note 8.

He is enfranchised and come to light:
 Nay, he's your brother by the surer side,
 Although my seal be stamped in his face.

Nur. Aaron, what shall I say unto the empress?

Dem. Advise thee, Aaron, what is to be done,
 And we will all subscribe to thy advice;
 Save thou the child, so we may all be safe.

Aar. Then sit we down, and let us all consult.
 My son and I will have the wind of you:
 Keep there: Now talk at pleasure of your safety.

[They sit on the Ground.]

Dem. How many women saw this child of his?

Aar. Why, so, brave lords; When we all join in
 league,

I am a lamb: but if you brave the Moor,
 The chafed boar, the mountain lioness,
 The ocean swells not so as Aaron storms.—
 But, say again, how many saw the child?

Nur. Cornelia the midwife, and myself,
 And no one else, but the deliver'd empress.

Aar. The emperess, the midwife, and yourself:
 Two may keep counsel, when the third's away⁹:
 Go to the empress; tell her, this I said:—

[Stabbing her.]

Weke, weke!—so cries a pig, prepar'd to the spit.

Dem. What mean'st thou, Aaron? Wherefore
 didst thou this?

Aar. O, lord, sir, 'tis a deed of policy:
 Shall she live to betray this guilt of ours?
 A long-tongu'd babbling gossip? no, lords, no.
 And now be it known to you my full intent.
 Not far, one Muliteus lives¹⁰, my countryman,
 His wife but yesternight was brought to bed;
 His child is like to her, fair as you are:
 Go pack¹¹ with him, and give the mother gold,

⁹ This proverb is introduced in *Romeo and Juliet*, Act ii.

¹⁰ The word *lives*, which is wanting in the old copies was supplied by Rowe. Steevens thinks *Muliteus* a corruption for '*Muly lives*.'

¹¹ To pack is to contrive insidiously. So in *King Lear*:—
 'Snuffs and packings of the duke's.'

And tell them both the circumstance of all;
And how by this their child shall be advanc'd
And be received for the emperor's heir,
And substituted in the place of mine,
To calm this tempest whirling in the court;
And let the emperor dandle him for his own.
Hark ye, lords, ye see, that I have given her
physic, [Pointing to the Nurse.

And you must needs bestow her funeral;
The fields are near, and you are gallant grooms:
This done, see that you take no longer days,
But send the midwife presently to me.
The midwife, and the nurse, well made away,
Then let the ladies tattle what they please.

Chi. Aaron, I see, thou wilt not trust the air
With secrets.

Dem. For this care of Tamora,
Herself, and hers, are highly bound to thee.

[Exeunt DEM. and CHI. bearing off the Nurse.

Aar. Now to the Goths, as swift as swallow flies;
There to dispose this treasure in mine arms,
And secretly to greet the empress' friends.—
Come on, you thick-lipp'd slave, I'll bear you hence;
For it is you that puts us to our shifts:
I'll make you feed on berries, and on roots,
And feed on curds and whey, and suck the goat,
And cabin in a cave; and bring you up
To be a warrior, and command a camp. [Exit.

SCENE III. *The same. A public Place.*

Enter TITUS, bearing Arrows, with Letters at the
ends of them; with him MARCUS, Young LUCIUS,
and other Gentlemen, with Bows.

Tit. Come, Marcus, come;—Kinsmen, this is the
way:—

Sir boy, now let me see your archery;
Look ye draw home enough, and 'tis there straight:
Terras Astræa reliquit:

Be you remember'd, Marcus, she's gone, she's fled.
Sir, take you to your tools. You, cousins, shall
Go sound the ocean, and cast your nets;
Happily you may find her in the sea;
Yet there's as little justice as at land:—
No; Publius and Sempronius, you must do it;
'Tis you must dig with mattock, and with spade,
And pierce the inmost centre of the earth:
Then, when you come to Pluto's region,
I pray you, deliver him this petition:
Tell him, it is for justice, and for aid:
And that it comes from old Andronicus,
Shaken with sorrows in ungrateful Rome.—
Ah, Rome!—Well, well; I made thee miserable,
What time I threw the people's suffrages
On him that thus doth tyrannize o'er me.—
Go, get you gone; and pray be careful all,
And leave you not a man of war unsearch'd;
This wicked emperor may have shipp'd her hence,
And, kinsmen, then we may go pipe for justice.

Mar. O, Publius, is not this a heavy case,
To see thy noble uncle thus distract?

Pub. Therefore, my lord, it highly us concerns,
By day and night to attend him carefully;
And feed his humour kindly as we may,
Till time beget some careful remedy.

Mar. Kinsmen, his sorrows are past remedy.
Join with the Goths; and with revengeful war
Take wreak on Rome for this ingratitude,
And vengeance on the traitor Saturnine.

Tit. Publius, how now? how now, my masters?
What,
Have you met with her?

Pub. No, my good lord: but Pluto sends you word
If you will have revenge from hell, you shall:
Marry, for Justice she is so employ'd,
He thinks, with Jove in heaven, or some where else,
So that perforce you must needs stay a time.

Tit. He doth me wrong, to feed me with delays.
I'll dive into the burning lake below,

And pull her out of Acheron by the heels.—
 Marcus, we are but shrubs, no cedars we;
 No big-bon'd men, fram'd of the Cyclop's size:
 But metal, Marcus, steel to the very back;
 Yet wrung with wrongs, more than our backs
 can bear:

And sith there is no justice in earth nor hell,
 We will solicit heaven; and move the gods,
 'To send down justice for to wreak¹ our wrongs:
 Come, to this gear². You are a good archer, Marcus.

[*He gives them the Arrows.*]

Ad Jovem, that's for you:—Here, *ad Apollinem*.—

Ad Martem, that's for myself;—

Here, boy, to Pallas:—Here, to Mercury:

To Saturn, Caius³, not to Saturnine,—

You were as good to shoot against the wind.—

To it, boy. Marcus, loose you when I bid:

O' my word, I have written to effect;

There's not a god left unsolicited.

Mar. Kinsmen, shoot all your shafts into the
 court⁴:

We will afflict the emperor in his pride.

Tit. Now, masters, draw. [*They shoot.*] O, well
 said, Lucius!

Good boy, in Virgo's lap; give it Pallas.

Mar. My lord, I aim a mile beyond the moon;
 Your letter is with Jupiter by this.

Tit. Ha! Publius, Publius, what hast thou done?
 See, see, thou hast shot off one of 'Taurus' horns.

¹ Revenge.

² Gear is here put for matter, business.

³ Caius appears to have been one of the kinsmen of Titus. Publius and Caius are again mentioned, Act v. Sc. 2. Steevens would read *Caius*, as there was a Roman deity of that name.

⁴ In the ancient ballad, *Titus Andronicus's Complaint*, is the following passage:—

'Then past releife I upp and downe did goe,
 And with my teares wrote in the dust my wee:
 I shot my arrowes towards heaven hie,
 And for revenge to hell did often cry.'

Supposing the ballad to have been written before the play, this may be only a metaphorical expression, taken from Psalm lxiv. 3:—
 'They shoot out their arrows, even bitter words.'

Mar. This was the sport, my lord: when Publius shot,
The bull being gall'd, gave Aries such a knock,
That down fell both the ram's horns in the court;
And who should find them but the empress' villain?
She laugh'd, and told the Moor, he should not choose
But give them to his master for a present.

Tit. Why, there it goes: God give your lordship joy.

Enter a Clown, with a Basket and two Pigeons.

News, news from heaven! Marcus, the post is come.
Sirrah, what tidings? have you any letters?
Shall I have justice? what says Jupiter?

Clo. Ho! the gibbet-maker? he says, that he hath taken them down again, for the man must not be hang'd till the next week.

Tit. But what says Jupiter, I ask thee?

Clo. Alas, sir, I know not Jupiter; I never drank with him in all my life.

Tit. Why, villain, art not thou the carrier?

Clo. Ay, of my pigeons, sir; nothing else.

Tit. Why, didst thou not come from heaven?

Clo. From heaven? alas, sir, I never came there: God forbid, I should be so bold to press to heaven in my young days. Why, I am going with my pigeons to the tribunal plebs⁵, to take up a matter of brawl betwixt my uncle and one of the emperial's men.

Mar. Why, sir, that is as fit as can be, to serve for your oration; and let him deliver the pigeons to the emperor from you.

Tit. Tell me, can you deliver an oration to the emperor with a grace?

Clo. Nay, truly, sir, I could never say grace in all my life.

⁵ The Clown means to say, *plebeian tribune*; i. e. tribune of the people. Hanmer supposes that he means *tribunus plebs*.

Tit. Sirrah, come hither: make no more ado,
But give your pigeons to the emperor:
By me thou shalt have justice at his hands.
Hold, hold;—mean while, here's money for thy
charges.

Give me a pen and ink.—

Sirrah, can you with a grace deliver a supplication?

Clo. Ay, sir.

Tit. Then here is a supplication for you. And
when you come to him, at the first approach, you
must kneel; then kiss his foot; then deliver up
your pigeons; and then look for your reward, I'll
be at hand, sir: see you do it bravely.

Clo. I warrant you, sir; let me alone.

Tit. Sirrah, hast thou a knife? Come, let me
see it.

Here Marcus, fold it in the oration;
For thou hast made it like an humble suppliant:—
And when thou hast given it to the emperor,
Knock at my door, and tell me what he says.

Clo. God be with you, sir; I will.

Tit. Come, Marcus, let's go:—Publius, follow me.
[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV. *The same. Before the Palace.*

*Enter SATURNINUS, TAMORA, CHIRON, DEMETRIUS, Lords,
and Others; SATURNINUS with the Arrows in his
Hand that TITUS shot.*

Sat. Why, lords, what wrongs are these? Was
ever seen

An emperor of Rome thus overborne,
Troubled, confronted thus: and, for the extent
Of equal¹ justice, us'd in such contempt?
My lords, you know, as do the mighty gods,
However these disturbers of our peace
Buz in the people's ears, there nought hath pass'd,

¹ Equal.

But even with law, against the wilful sons
Of old Andronicus. And what an if
His sorrows have so overwhelm'd his wits,
Shall we be thus afflicted in his wrecks,
His fits, his frenzy, and his bitterness?
And now he writes to heaven for his redress:
See, here's to Jove, and this to Mercury;
This to Apollo; this to the god of war:
Sweet scrolls to fly about the streets of Rome!
What's this, but libelling against the senate,
And blazoning our injustice every where?
A goodly humour, is it not, my lords?
As who would say, in Rome no justice were.
But, if I live, his feigned ecstasies
Shall be no shelter to these outrages:
But he and his shall know, that justice lives
In Saturninus' health; whom, if she sleep,
He'll so awake, as she in fury shall
Cut off the proud'st conspirator that lives.

Tam. My gracious lord, my lovely Saturnine,
Lord of my life, commander of my thoughts,
Calm thee, and bear the faults of Titus' age,
The effects of sorrow for his valiant sons,
Whose loss hath pierc'd him deep and scarr'd his
heart;

And rather comfort his distressed plight,
Than prosecute the meanest, or the best,
For these contempts. Why, thus it shall become
High-witted Tamora to gloze² with all: [*Aside.*]
But, Titus, I have touch'd thee to the quick,
Thy life-blood out: if Aaron now be wise,
Then is all safe, the anchor's in the port.—

Enter Clown.

How now, good fellow? would'st thou speak with us?

Clo. Yes, forsooth, an your mistership be imperial.

Tam. Empress I am, but yonder sits the emperor.

² Flatter.

Clo. 'Tis he.—God, and Saint Stephen, give you good den:—I have brought you a letter, and a couple of pigeons here. [*SAT. reads the Letter.*]

Sat. Go, take him away, and hang him presently.

Clo. How much money must I have?

Tam. Come, sirrah, you must be hang'd.

Clo. Hang'd! By'r lady, then I have brought up a neck to a fair end. [*Exit, guarded.*]

Sat. Despiteful and intolerable wrongs!

Shall I endure this monstrous villany?

I know from whence this same device proceeds;

May this be borne?—as if his traitorous sons,

That died by law for murder of our brother,

Have by my means been butcher'd wrongfully.—

Go, drag the villain hither by the hair;

Nor age, nor honour, shall shape privilege:

For this proud mock, I'll be thy slaughterman;

Sly frantic wretch, that holp'st to make me great,

In hope thyself should govern Rome and me.

Enter ÆMILIUS.

What news with thee Æmilius?

Æmil. Arm, arm, my lords; Rome never had more cause!

The Goths have gather'd head; and with a power

Of high-resolved men, bent to the spoil,

They hither march amain, under conduct

Of Lucius, son to old Andronicus;

Who threats, in course of this revenge, to do

As much as ever Coriolanus did.

Sat. Is warlike Lucius general of the Goths?

These tidings nip me; and I hang the head

As flowers with frost, or grass beat down with storms.

Ay, now begin our sorrows to approach:

'Tis he the common people love so much;

Myself hath often overheard them say

(When I have walked like a private man),

That Lucius' banishment was wrongfully,

And they have wish'd that Lucius were their emperor.

Tam. Why should you fear? is not your city strong?

Sat. Ay, but the citizens favour Lucius:
And will revolt from me, to succour him.

Tam. King, be thy thoughts imperious³, like thy name.

Is the sun dimm'd, that gnats do fly in it?
The eagle suffers little birds to sing,
And is not careful what they mean thereby;
Knowing that with the shadow of his wings,
He can at pleasure stint⁴ their melody:
Even so may'st thou the giddy men of Rome.
Then cheer thy spirit; for know, thou emperor,
I will enchant the old Andronicus,
With words more sweet, and yet more dangerous,
Than baits to fish, or honey-stalks⁵ to sheep;
When as the one is wounded with the bait,
The other rotted with delicious feed.

Sat. But he will not entreat his son for us.

Tam. If Tamora entreat him, then he will:
For I can smooth and fill his aged ear
With golden promises; that were his heart
Almost impregnable, his old ears deaf,
Yet should both ear and heart obey my tongue.—
Go thou before, be our ambassador; [To *ÆMIL.*
Say, that the emperor requests a parley
Of warlike Lucius, and appoint the meeting,
Even at his father's house, the old Andronicus.

Sat. *Æmilius*, do this message honourably:
And if he stand on hostage for his safety,
Bid him demand what pledge will please him best.

Æmil. Your bidding shall I do effectually.

[*Exit* *ÆMILIUS*.]

³ See note on *Troilus and Cressida*, Act iv. Sc. 5, p. 391; and *Cymbeline*, Act iv. Sc. 2, note 2, p. 89.

⁴ *i. e.* stop their melody. So in *Romeo and Juliet*:—

‘— it stinted, and cried—ay.’

⁵ If by *honey-stalks* clover flowers are meant, it is an error to suppose that they produce the rot in sheep. Cows and oxen will indeed overcharge themselves with clover and die.

Tam. Now will I to that old Andronicus;
And temper him with all the art I have,
To pluck proud Lucius from the warlike Goths.
And now, sweet emperor, be blithe again,
And bury all thy fear in my devices.

Sat. Then go successfully, and plead to him.

[*Exeunt.*]

ACT V.

SCENE I. *Plains near Rome.*

Enter Lucius, and Goths, with Drum and Colours.

Luc. Approved warriors, and my faithful friends,
I have received letters from great Rome,
Which signify, what hate they bear their emperor,
And how desirous of our sight they are.
Therefore, great lords, be, as your titles witness,
Imperious, and impatient of your wrongs;
And, wherein Rome hath done you any scath¹,
Let him make treble satisfaction.

1 *Goth.* Brave slip, sprung from the great Andronicus,
Whose name was once our terror, now our comfort;
Whose high exploits, and honourable deeds,
Ingrateful Rome requites with foul contempt,
Be bold in us: we'll follow where thou lead'st,—
Like stinging bees in hottest summer's day,
Led by their master to the flower'd fields,—
And be aveng'd on cursed Tamora.

Goths. And, as he saith, so say we all with him.

Luc. I humbly thank him, and I thank you all.
But who comes here, led by a lusty Goth?

¹ *Scath* is harm. See vol. iv. p. 321, note 8.

Enter a Goth, leading AARON, with his Child in his Arms.

2 Goth. Renowned Lucius, from our troops I stray'd,

To gaze upon a ruinous monastery²;
 And as I earnestly did fix mine eye
 Upon the wasted building, suddenly
 I heard a child cry underneath a wall:
 I made unto the noise; when soon I heard
 The crying babe controll'd with this discourse:
*Peace, tawny slave; half me, and half thy dam!
 Did not thy hue bewray whose brat thou art,
 Had nature lent thee but thy mother's look,
 Villain, thou might'st have been an emperor:
 But where the bull and cow are both milk-white,
 They never do beget a coal-black calf.
 Peace, villain, peace!—even thus he rates the babe,—
 For I must bear thee to a trusty Goth;
 Who, when he knows thou art the empress' babe,
 Will hold thee dearly for thy mother's sake.*
 With this, my weapon drawn, I rush'd upon him,
 Surpris'd him suddenly; and brought him hither,
 To use as you think needful of the man.

Luc. O worthy Goth! this is the incarnate devil,
 That robb'd Andronicus of his good hand:
 This is the pearl that pleas'd your empress' eye³;
 And here's the base fruit of his burning lust.—
 Say, wall-ey'd slave, whither would'st thou convey
 This growing image of thy fiend-like face?
 Why dost not speak? What! deaf? No; not a word?

² 'Shakespeare has so perpetually offended against chronology, that no very conclusive argument can be deduced from the particular absurdity of these anachronisms relative to the authenticity of Titus Andronicus. And yet the *ruined monastery*, the *popish tricks*, &c. that Aaron talks of, and especially the French salutation from the mouth of Titus, are altogether so very much out of place that I cannot persuade myself that even our hasty poet could have been guilty of their insertion, or would have permitted them to remain, had he corrected the performance of another.'—*Steevens*

³ Alluding to the proverb, 'A black man is a pearl in a fair woman's eye.'

A halter, soldiers; hang him on this tree,
And by his side his fruit of bastardy.

Aar. Touch not the boy, he is of royal blood.

Luc. Too like the sire for ever being good.—
First, hang the child, that he may see it sprawl;
A sight to vex the father's soul withal.
Get me a ladder.

[A Ladder is brought, which AARON is obliged to ascend.]

Aar. Lucius, save the child;
And bear it from me to the empress.
If thou do this, I'll show thee wondrous things,
That highly may advantage thee to hear:
If thou wilt not, befall what may befall,
I'll speak no more; But vengeance rot you all!

Luc. Say on; and, if it please me which thou
speak'st,

Thy child shall live, and I will see it nourish'd.

Aar. An if it please thee? why, assure thee,
Lucius,

'Twill vex thy soul to hear what I shall speak;
For I must talk of murders, rapes, and massacres,
Acts of black night, abominable deeds,
Complots of mischief, treason; villanies
Ruthful to hear, yet piteously perform'd⁴:
And this shall all be buried by my death,
Unless thou swear to me, my child shall live.

Luc. Tell on thy mind; I say, thy child shall live.

Aar. Swear, that he shall, and then I will begin.

Luc. Who should I swear by? thou believ'st no god;
That granted, how canst thou believe an oath?

Aar. What if I do not? as, indeed, I do not:
Yet, for I know thou art religious,
And hast a thing within thee, called conscience;
With twenty popish tricks and ceremonies,
Which I have seen thee careful to observe,—
Therefore I urge thy oath:—For that, I know,

⁴ i. e. performed in a manner exciting commiseration.

An idiot holds his bauble⁵ for a god,
 And keeps the oath, which by that god he swears;
 To that I'll urge him:—Therefore, thou shalt vow
 By that same god, what god soe'er it be,
 'That thou ador'st and hast in reverence,—
 To save my boy, to nourish, and bring him up;
 Or else I will discover nought to thee.

Luc. Even by my god, I swear to thee, I will.

Aar. First, know thou, I begot him on the
 empress.

Luc. O most insatiate, luxurious⁶ woman!

Aar. Tut, Lucius! this was but a deed of charity,
 To that which thou shalt hear of me anon:
 'Twas her two sons that murder'd Bassianus;
 They cut thy sister's tongue, and ravish'd her,
 And cut her hands; and trimm'd her as thou saw'st.

Luc. O, detestable villain! call'st thou that
 trimming?

Aar. Why, she was wash'd, and cut, and trimm'd;
 and 'twas

Trim sport for them that had the doing of it.

Luc. O, barbarous, beastly villains, like thyself!

Aar. Indeed, I was their tutor to instruct them!
 That coddling⁷ spirit had they from their mother,
 As sure a card as ever won the set:
 That bloody mind, I think, they learn'd of me,
 As true a dog as ever fought at head⁸.—
 Well, let my deeds be witness of my worth.
 I train'd thy brethren to that guileful hole,
 Where the dead corpse of Bassianus lay:

⁵ See vol. iii. p. 294, note 4. Steevens thinks that the allusion is to a custom mentioned in Genesis, xxiv. 9.

⁶ i. e. *lascivious*.

⁷ That love of *bed-sports*. A *cod* is a pillow, from the A. S. *codde*; as in the following sentence from the Saxon Chronicle, cited by Lye:—'*Creopan on his mycele codde*, i. e. to consult his pillow.' The word is yet used in the north for a pillow or cushion.

⁸ An allusion to bulldogs; whose generosity and courage are always shown by meeting the bull in front.

'—Amongst the dogs and beares he goes,
 Where, while he skipping cries—*To head,—to head.*'

Davies's Epigrams.

I wrote the letter that thy father found⁹,
 And hid the gold within the letter mention'd,
 Confederate with the queen, and her two sons;
 And what not done, that thou hast cause to rue,
 Wherein I had no stroke of mischief in it?
 I play'd the cheater for thy father's hand;
 And, when I had it, drew myself apart,
 And almost broke my heart with extreme laughter.
 I pry'd me through the crevice of a wall,
 When, for his hand, he had his two sons' heads;
 Beheld his tears, and laugh'd so heartily,
 That both mine eyes were rainy like to his;
 And when I told the empress of this sport,
 She swoounded¹⁰ almost at my pleasing tale,
 And, for my tidings, gave me twenty kisses.

Goth. What! canst thou say all this, and never blush?

Aar. Ay, like a black dog, as the saying is.

Luc. Art thou not sorry for these heinous deeds?

Aar. Ay, that I had not done a thousand more.
 Even now I curse the day (and yet, I think,
 Few come within the compass of my curse),
 Wherein I did not some notorious ill;
 As kill a man, or else devise his death;
 Ravish a maid, or plot the way to do it;
 Accuse some innocent, and forswear myself:
 Set deadly enmity between two friends;
 Make poor men's cattle break their necks;
 Set fire on barns and haystacks in the night,
 And bid the owners quench them with their tears.
 Oft have I digg'd up dead men from their graves,
 And set them upright at their dear friends' doors,
 Even when their sorrows almost were forgot;

⁹ Perhaps Young had this speech in his thoughts when he made his Moor say:—

'I urg'd Don Carlos to resign his mistress;
 I forg'd the letter; I dispos'd the picture;
 I hated, I despis'd, and I destroy.'

¹⁰ The verb to *swoon*, which we now write *swoon*, was anciently in common use.

And on their skins, as on the bark of trees,
Have with my knife carved, in Roman letters,
Let not your sorrow die, though I am dead.
Tut, I have done a thousand dreadful things,
As willingly as one would kill a fly;
And nothing grieves me heartily indeed,
But that I cannot do ten thousand more¹¹.

Luc. Bring down the devil; for he must not die¹²
So sweet a death, as hanging presently.

Aar. If there be devils, 'would, I were a devil,
To live and burn in everlasting fire;
So I might have your company in hell,
But to torment you with my bitter tongue!

Luc. Sirs, stop his mouth, and let him speak no more.

Enter a Goth.

Goth. My lord, there is a messenger from Rome,
Desires to be admitted to your presence.

Luc. Let him come near.—

Enter ÆMILIUS.

Welcome, Æmilius, what's the news from Rome?

Æmil. Lord Lucius, and you princes of the Goths,
The Roman emperor greets you all by me:
And, for he understands you are in arms,
He craves a parley at your father's house,
Willing you to demand your hostages,
And they shall be immediately deliver'd.

1 Goth. What says our general?

Luc. Æmilius, let the emperor give his pledges
Unto my father and my uncle Marcus,
And we will come.—March away¹³. *[Exeunt.]*

¹¹ Marlowe has been supposed to be the author of this play; and whoever will read the conversation between Barabas and Ithimore, in the Jew of Malta, Act ii. and compare it with these sentiments of Aaron, will perceive much reason for the opinion.

¹² It appears from these words that the audience were entertained with part of the apparatus of an execution, and that Aaron was mounted on a ladder, as ready to be turned off.

¹³ Perhaps this is a stage direction crept into the text.

SCENE II. Rome. *Before Titus's House.*

Enter TAMORA, CHIRON, and DEMETRIUS, disguised.

Tam. Thus, in this strange and sad habiliment,
I will encounter with Andronicus;
And say, I am Revenge, sent from below,
To join with him, and right his heinous wrongs.
Knock at his study, where, they say, he keeps,
To ruminate strange plots of dire revenge;
Tell him, Revenge is come to join with him,
And work confusion on his enemies. [*They knock.*]

Enter TITUS, above.

Tit. Who doth molest my contemplation?
Is it your trick, to make me ope the door;
That so my sad decrees may fly away,
And all my study be to no effect?
You are deceiv'd: for what I mean to do,
See here, in bloody lines I have set down;
And what is written shall be executed.

Tam. Titus, I come to talk with thee.

Tit. No; not a word: How can I grace my talk,
Wanting a hand to give it action?
Thou hast the odds of me, therefore no more.

Tam. If thou didst know me, thou would'st talk
with me.

Tit. I am not mad; I know thee well enough:
Witness this wretched stump, witness these crimson
lines;

Witness these trenches, made by grief and care;
Witness the tiring day, and heavy night;
Witness all sorrow, that I know thee well
For our proud empress, mighty Tamora:
Is not thy coming for my other hand?

Tam. Know thou, sad man, I am not Tamora;
She is thy enemy, and I thy friend:
I am Revenge; sent from the infernal kingdom,
To ease the gnawing vulture of thy mind,
By working wreakful vengeance on thy foes.

Come down, and welcome me to this world's light;
 Confer with me of murder and of death:
 There's not a hollow cave, or lurking-place,
 No vast obscurity, or misty vale,
 Where bloody murder, or detested rape,
 Can couch for fear, but I will find them out;
 And in their ears tell them my dreadful name,
 Revenge, which makes the foul offender quake.

Tit. Art thou Revenge? and art thou sent to me,
 To be a torment to mine enemies?

Tam. I am; therefore come down, and welcome me.

Tit. Do me some service, ere I come to thee.
 Lo, by thy side where Rape, and Murder, stands;
 Now give some 'surance that thou art Revenge,
 Stab them, or tear them on thy chariot wheels;
 And then I'll come, and be thy waggoner,
 And whirl along with thee about the globes.
 Provide thee proper palfreys, black as jet,
 To hale thy vengeful waggon swift away,
 And find out murderers in their guilty caves:
 And, when thy car is loaden with their heads,
 I will dismount, and by the waggon wheel
 Trot, like a servile footmann, all day long;
 Even from Hyperion's rising in the east,
 Until his very downfal in the sea.
 And day by day I'll do this heavy task,
 So thou destroy Rapine¹ and Murder there.

Tam. These are my ministers, and come with me.

Tit. Are them² thy ministers? what are they call'd?

¹ *Rape* and *rapine* appear to have been sometimes used anciently, as synonymous terms. Gower *De Confessione Amantis*, lib. v. ver. 116, uses *ravyne* in the same sense:—

‘For if thou be of suche covine
 To get of love by ravyne,
 Thy love,’ &c.

² Similar violations of syntax, according to modern notions, are not unfrequent in our elder writers. Thus Hobbes in his *History of the Civil Wars*:—‘If the king give us leave, you or I may as awfully preach as *them* that do.’

Tam. Rapine, and Murder; therefore call'd so,
'Cause they take vengeance of such kind of men.

Tit. Good lord, how like the empress' sons
they are!

And you the empress! But we worldly men
Have miserable, mad, mistaking eyes.

O sweet Revenge, now do I come to thee:
And, if one arm's embracement will content thee,
I will embrace thee in it by and by.

[*Exit Titus, from above.*]

Tam. This closing with him fits his lunacy:
Whate'er I forge, to feed his brain-sick fits,
Do you uphold and maintain in your speeches.
For now he firmly takes me for Revenge;
And, being credulous in this mad thought,
I'll make him send for Lucius, his son;
And, whilst I at a banquet hold him sure,
I'll find some cunning practice out of hand,
To scatter and disperse the giddy Goths,
Or, at the least, make them his enemies.
See, here he comes, and I must ply my theme.

Enter Titus.

Tit. Long have I been forlorn, and all for thee:
Welcome, dread fury, to my woful house;
Rapine, and Murder, you are welcome too:—
How like the empress and her sons you are!
Well are you fitted, had you but a Moor:—
Could not all hell afford you such a devil?—
For, well I wot, the empress never wags,
But in her company there is a Moor;
And, would you represent our queen aright,
It were convenient you had such a devil:
But welcome, as you are. What shall we do?

Tam. What would'st thou have us do, Andronicus?

Dem. Show me a murderer, I'll deal with him.

Chi. Show me a villain, that hath done a rape,
And I am sent to be reveng'd on him.

Tam. Show me a thousand, that hath done thee wrong,
And I will be revenged on them all.

Tit. Look round about the wicked streets of Rome;
And when thou find'st a man that's like thyself,
Good Murder, stab him; he's a murderer.—
Go thou with him; and when it is thy hap,
To find another that is like to thee,
Good Rapine, stab him; he is a ravisher.—
Go thou with them; and in the emperor's court
There is a queen, attended by a Moor:
Well may'st thou know her by thy own proportion,
For up and down she doth resemble thee;
I pray thee, do on them some violent death,
They have been violent to me and mine.

Tam. Well hast thou lesson'd us; this shall we do.
But would it please thee, good Andronicus,
'To send for Lucius, thy thrice valiant son,
Who leads towards Rome a band of warlike Goths,
And bid him come and banquet at thy house:
When he is here, even at thy solemn feast,
I will bring in the empress and her sons,
The emperor himself, and all thy foes;
And at thy mercy shall they stoop and kneel,
And on them shalt thou ease thy angry heart.
What says Andronicus to this device?

Tit. Marcus, my brother!—'tis sad Titus calls.

Enter MARCUS.

Go, gentle Marcus, to thy nephew Lucius;
Thou shalt inquire him out among the Goths:
Bid him repair to me, and bring with him
Some of the chiefest princes of the Goths;
Bid him encamp his soldiers where they are:
Tell him, the emperor and the empress too
Feast at my house: and he shall feast with them.
This do thou for my love; and so let him,
As he regards his aged father's life.

Mar. This will I do, and soon return again.

[*Exit.*

Tam. Now will I hence about thy business,
And take my ministers along with me.

Tit. Nay, nay, let Rape and Murder stay with me;

Or else I'll call my brother back again,
And cleave to no revenge but Lucius.

Tam. What say you, boys? will you abide with him,
Whiles I go tell my lord the emperor,
How I have govern'd our determin'd jest?
Yield to his humour, smooth and speak him fair,
[*Aside.*

And tarry with him, till I come again.

Tit. I know them all, though they suppose me mad;
And will o'er-reach them in their own devices,
A pair of cursed hell-hounds, and their dam.

[*Aside.*

Dem. Madam, depart at pleasure, leave us here.

Tam. Farewell, Andronicus: Revenge now goes
To lay a complot to betray thy foes.

[*Exit TAMORA.*

Tit. I know, thou dost; and, sweet Revenge
farewell.

Chi. Tell us, old man, how shall we be employ'd?

Tit. Tut, I have work enough for you to do.—
Publius, come hither, Caius, and Valentine!

Enter PUBLIUS, and Others.

Pub. What's your will?

Tit. Know you these two?

Pub. Th' empress' sons,
I take them, Chiron and Demetrius.

Tit. Fye, Publius, fye! thou art too much deceiv'd;
The one is Murder, Rape is the other's name:
And therefore bind them, gentle Publius;
Caius, and Valentine, lay hands on them:
Oft have you heard me wish for such an hour,
And now I find it; therefore bind them sure;
And stop their mouths, if they begin to cry.

[*Exit TITUS.—PUBLIUS, &c. lay hold on
CHIRON and DEMETRIUS.*

Chi. Villains, forbear: we are the empress' sons.

Pub. And therefore do we what we are com-
manded.—

Stop close their mouths, let them not speak a word:
Is he sure bound? look, that you bind them fast.

*Re-enter TITUS ANDRONICUS, with LAVINIA; she
bearing a Bason, and he a Knife.*

Tit. Come, come, Lavinia; look, thy foes are
bound;—

Sirs, stop their mouths, let them not speak to me;
But let them hear what fearful words I utter.—

O villains, Chiron and Demetrius!

Here stands the spring whom you have stain'd
with mud;

'This goodly summer with your winter mix'd.

You kill'd her husband; and, for that vile fault,

'Two of her brothers were condemn'd to death:

My hand cut off, and made a merry jest:

Both her sweet hands, her tongue, and that,
more dear

Than hands or tongue, her spotless chastity,

Inhuman traitors, you constrain'd and forc'd.

What would you say, if I should let you speak?

Villains, for shame you could not beg for grace.

Hark, wretches, how I mean to martyr you.

This one hand yet is left to cut your throats;

Whilst that Lavinia 'tween her stumps doth hold

The bason, that receives your guilty blood.

You know, your mother means to feast with me,

And calls herself Revenge, and thinks me mad,—

Hark, villains; I will grind your bones to dust,

And with your blood and it, I'll make a paste;

And of the paste a coffin³ I will rear,

And make two pasties of your shameful heads;

And bid that strumpet, your unhallow'd dam,

Like to the earth, swallow her own increase⁴.

³ A coffin is the term for the crust of a raised pie.

⁴ i. e. her own produce. 'The earth's increase' is the produce of the earth. 'Then shall the earth bring forth her increase.' Psalm lxxvii. 6. So in 'The Tempest, Act iv. Sc. 1:—

'Earth's increase and foison plenty.'

This is the feast that I have bid her to,
And this the banquet she shall surfeit on;
For worse than Philomel you us'd my daughter,
And worse than Progne I will be reveng'd:
And now prepare your throats. - Lavinia, come,

[*He cuts their Throats.*]

Receive the blood: and, when that they are dead,
Let me go grind their bones to powder small,
And with this hateful liquor temper it;
And in that paste let their vile heads be bak'd.
Come, come, be every one officious
To make this banquet; which I wish may prove
More stern and bloody than the Centaur's feast.
So, now bring them in, for I will play the cook,
And see them ready 'gainst their mother comes.

[*Exeunt, bearing the dead Bodies.*]

SCENE III.

The same. A Pavilion, with Tables, &c.

Enter LUCIUS, MARCUS, and Goths, with AARON,
Prisoner.

Luc. Uncle Marcus, since 'tis my father's mind,
That I repair to Rome, I am content.

1 Goth. And ours, with thine¹, befall what fortune will.

Luc. Good uncle, take you in this barbarous Moor,
This ravenous tiger, this accursed devil;
Let him receive no sustenance, fetter him,
Till he be brought unto the empress' face,
For testimony of her foul proceedings:
And see the ambush of our friends be strong:
I fear, the emperor means no good to us.

Aar. Some devil whisper curses in mine ear,

¹ 'And our content runs parallel with thine, be the consequence of our coming to Rome what it may.'

And prompt me, that my tongue may utter forth
The venomous malice of my swelling heart?

Luc. Away, inhuman dog! unhallow'd slave!—
Sirs, help our uncle to convey him in.—

{Exeunt Goths, with AARON. Flourish.
The trumpets show the emperor is at hand.

*Enter SATURNINUS and TAMORA, with Tribunes,
Senators, and Others.*

Sat. What, hath the firmament more suns than one?

Luc. What boots it thee, to call thyself a sun?

Mar. Rome's emperor, and nephew, break² the
parle;

These quarrels must be quietly debated.

The feast is ready, which the careful Titus

Hath ordain'd to an honourable end,

For peace, for love, for league, and good to Rome:
Please you, therefore, draw nigh, and take your places.

Sat. Marcus, we will.

*[Hautboys sound. The Company sit down
at Table.]*

*Enter TITUS, dressed like a Cook, LAVINIA, veiled,
Young LUCIUS, and Others. TITUS places the
Dishes on the Table.*

Tit. Welcome, my gracious lord: welcome, dread
queen;

Welcome, ye warlike Goths; welcome, Lucius;
And welcome, all: although the cheer be poor,
'Twill fill your stomachs; please you eat of it.

Sat. Why art thou thus attir'd, Andronicus?

Tit. Because I would be sure to have all well,
To entertain your highness and your empress.

Tam. We are beholden to you, good Andronicus.

Tit. An if your highness knew my heart, you were.
My lord the emperor resolve me this;

² i. e. begin the parley. We yet say, he breaks his mind.

Was it well done of rash Virginius,
To slay his daughter with his own right hand,
Because she was enforc'd, stain'd, and deflour'd³?

Sat. It was, Andronicus.

Tit. Your reason, mighty lord!

Sat. Because the girl should not survive her shame,
And by her presence still renew his sorrows.

Tit. A reason mighty, strong, and effectual;
A pattern, precedent, and lively warrant,
For me, most wretched to perform the like:—
Die, die, Lavinia, and thy shame with thee;

[*He kills LAVINIA.*]

And, with thy shame, thy father's sorrow die!

Sat. What hast thou done, unnatural, and unkind?

Tit. Kill'd her, for whom my tears have made
me blind.

I am as woful as Virginius was:

And have a thousand times more cause than he
To do this outrage;—and it is now done.

Sat. What, was she ravish'd? tell, who did the deed.

Tit. Will't please you eat? will't please your
highness feed?

Tam. Why hast thou slain thine only daughter thus?

Tit. Not I; 'twas Chiron, and Demetrius:
They ravish'd her, and cut away her tongue,
And they, 'twas they, that did her all this wrong.

Sat. Go, fetch them hither to us presently.

Tit. Why, there they are both, baked in that pie;
Whereof their mother daintily hath fed,
Eating the flesh that she herself hath bred⁴.

'Tis true, 'tis true; witness my knife's sharp point.

[*Killing TAMORA.*]

³ Rowe may have availed himself of this passage in *The Fair Penitent*, where Sciolto asks Calista:—

'Hast thou not heard what brave Virginius did?

With his own hand he slew his only daughter,' &c.

Titus Andronicus (as Steevens observes) is incorrect in his statement of this occurrence, for Virginia died unviolated. Mr. Boswell seems to think this qualified by his saying that he had *more cause* to slay his daughter than Virginius.

⁴ The additions made by Ravenscroft to this scene are much of a piece with it:—

Sat. Die, frantick wretch, for this accursed deed.
[Killing Titus.]

Luc. Can the son's eye behold his father bleed?
 There's meed for meed, death for a deadly deed.
[Kills SATURNINUS. A great Tumult. The People in confusion disperse. MARCUS, LUCIUS, and their Partisans ascend the Steps before Titus's House.]

Mar. You sad-fac'd men, people and sons of Rome,
 By uproar sever'd, like a flight of fowl
 Scatter'd by winds and high tempestuous gusts,
 O, let me teach you how to knit again
 This scatter'd corn into one mutual sheaf,
 These broken limbs again into one body.

Sen. Lest Rome herself be bane unto herself;
 And she, whom mighty kingdoms court'sy to,
 Like a forlorn and desperate castaway,
 Do shameful execution on herself.
 But if my frosty signs and chaps of age,
 Grave witnesses of true experience,
 Cannot induce you to attend my words,—
 Speak, Rome's dear friend; *[To Lucius.]* as erst our
 ancestor,

When with his solemn tongue he did discourse
 To lovesick Dido's sad attending ear,
 The story of that baleful burning night,
 When subtle Greeks surpris'd King Priam's Troy;
 Tell us, what Sinon hath bewitch'd our ears,
 Or who hath brought the fatal engine in,
 That gives our Troy, our Rome, the civil wound.—
 My heart is not compact of flint, nor steel;
 Nor can I utter all our bitter grief,
 But floods of tears will drown my oratory,
 And break my very utterance; even i'the time

'Thus cramm'd, thou'rt bravely fatten'd up for hell,
 And thus to Pluto I do serve thee up.' *[Stabs the Empress.]*
 And then 'A curtain drawn discovers the heads and hands of
 Demetrius and Chiron hanging up against the wall; their bodies
 in chairs in bloody linen.'

When it should move you to attend me most,
Lending your kind commiseration:
Here is a captain, let him tell the tale;
Your hearts will throb and weep to hear him speak.

Luc. Then, noble auditory, be it known to you,
That cursed Chiron and Demetrius
Were they that murdered our emperor's brother;
And they it were that ravished our sister:
For their fell faults our brothers were beheaded;
Our father's tears despis'd; and basely cozen'd^s
Of that true hand, that fought Rome's quarrel out,
And sent her enemies unto the grave.
Lastly, myself unkindly banished,
The gates shut on me, and turn'd weeping out,
To beg relief among Rome's enemies;
Who drown'd their enmity in my true tears,
And op'd their arms to embrace me as a friend:
And I am the turn'd-forth, be it known to you,
That have preserv'd her welfare in my blood:
And from her bosom took the enemy's point,
Sheathing the steel in my advent'rous body.
Alas! you know, I am no vaunter, I;
My scars can witness, dumb although they are,
That my report is just, and full of truth.
But, soft; methinks, I do digress too much,
Citing my worthless praise: O, pardon me;
For when no friends are by, men praise themselves.

Mar. Now is my turn to speak; Behold this child,
[*Pointing to the Child in the arms of an*
Attendant.

Of this was Tamora delivered;
The issue of an irreligious Moor,
Chief architect and plotter of these woes;
The villain is alive in Titus' house,
Damn'd as he is, to witness this is true.
Now judge, what cause had Titus to revenge
These wrongs, unspeakable, past patience,

^s i. e. 'and he basely cozen'd.'

Or more than any living man could bear.
Now you have heard the truth, what say you,
Romans?

Have we done aught amiss? Show us wherein,
And, from the place where you behold us now,
The poor remainder of Andronici
Will, hand in hand, all headlong cast us down⁶,
And on the ragged stones beat forth our brains,
And make a mutual closure of our house.
Speak, Romans, speak; and, if you say, we shall,
Lo, hand in hand, Lucius and I will fall.

Æmil. Come, come, thou reverend man of Rome,
And bring our emperor gently in thy hand,
Lucius our emperor; for, well I know,
The common voice do cry, it shall be so.

Rom. [*Several speak.*] Lucius, all hail; Rome's
royal emperor!

LUCIUS, &c. *descend.*

Mar. Go, go into old Titus' sorrowful house;
[*To an Attendant.*

And hither hale that misbelieving Moor,
To be adjudg'd some direful slaughtering death,
As punishment for his most wicked life.

Rom. [*Several speak.*] Lucius, all hail; Rome's
gracious governor!

Luc. Thanks, gentle Romans; May I govern so,
To heal Rome's harms, and wipe away her woe!
But, gentle people, give me aim awhile,—
For nature puts me to a heavy task;—
Stand all aloof,—but, uncle, draw you near,
To shed obsequious tears upon this trunk:—
O, take this warm kiss on thy pale cold lips,

[*Kisses Titus.*
These sorrowful drops upon thy blood-stain'd face,
The last true duties of thy noble son!

Mar. Tear for tear, and loving kiss for kiss,

⁶ i. e. we the poor remainder, &c. will cast us down.

Thy brother Marcus tenders on thy lips:
O, were the sum of these that I should pay
Countless and infinite, yet would I pay them!

Luc. Come hither, boy; come, come, and learn
of us

To melt in showers: Thy grandsire lov'd thee well:
Many a time he danc'd thee on his knee,
Sung thee asleep, his loving breast thy pillow;
Many a matter hath he told to thee,
Meet, and agreeing with thine infancy;
In that respect then, like a loving child,
Shed yet some small drops from thy tender spring,
Because kind nature doth require it so:
Friends should associate friends in grief and woe:
Bid him farewell; commit him to the grave;
Do him that kindness, and take leave of him.

Boy. O grandsire, grandsire! even with all my heart
Would I were dead, so you did live again!—
O lord, I cannot speak to him for weeping;
My tears will choke me, if I ope my mouth.

Enter Attendants, with AARON.

I Rom. You sad Andronici, have done with woes;
Give sentence on this execrable wretch,
That hath been breeder of these dire events.

Luc. Set him breast-deep in earth, and famish him;
There let him stand, and rave and cry for food:
If any one relieves or pities him,
For the offence he dies. This is our doom:
Some stay, to see him fasten'd in the earth⁷.


Aar. O, why should wrath be mute, and fury
dumb?

I am no baby, I, that, with base prayers,
I should repent the evil I have done;
Ten thousand, worse than ever yet I did,
Would I perform if I might have my will;

⁷ That *justice* and *cooking* may go hand in hand to the conclusion of the play, in Ravenscroft's alteration of it, Aaron is at once *racked* and *roasted* on the stage.

If one good deed in all my life I did,
I do repent it from my very soul.

Luc. Some loving friends convey the emperor hence,
And give him burial in his father's grave:
My father, and Lavinia, shall forthwith
Be closed in our household's monument.
As for that heinous tiger, Tamora,
No funeral rite, nor man in mournful weeds,
No mournful bell shall ring her burial;
But throw her forth to beasts, and birds of prey:
Her life was beast-like, and devoid of pity;
And, being so, shall have like want of pity.
See justice done to Aaron, that damn'd Moor,
By whom our heavy haps had their beginning:
Then, afterwards, to order well the state;
That like events may ne'er it ruin. *[Exeunt.]*



ALL the editors and critics agree in supposing this play spurious. I see no reason for differing from them; for the colour of the style is wholly different from that of the other plays, and there is an attempt at regular versification, and artificial closes, not always inelegant, yet seldom pleasing. The barbarity of the spectacles, and the general massacre which are here exhibited, can scarcely be conceived tolerable to any audience, yet we are told by Jonson that they were not only borne but praised. That Shakspeare wrote any part, though Theobald declares it *incontestable*, I see no reason for believing.

JOHNSON.

PERICLES,
PRINCE OF TYRE.

PERICLES, PRINCE OF TYRE.

PRELIMINARY REMARKS.

MR. DOUCE observes that 'the very great popularity of this play in former times may be supposed to have originated from the interest which the *story* must have excited. To trace the fable beyond the period in which the favourite romance of *Apollonius Tyrius* was composed, would be a vain attempt: that was the probable original; but of its author nothing decisive has been discovered. Some have maintained that it was originally written in Greek, and translated into Latin by a Christian about the time of the decline of the Roman empire; others have given it to Symposius, a writer whom they place in the eighth century, because the riddles which occur in the story are to be found in a work entitled *Symposii Enigmata*. It occurs in that storehouse of popular fiction the *Gesta Romanorum*, and its antiquity is sufficiently evinced by the existence of an Anglo Saxon version, mentioned in Wanley's list, and now in Bene't College, Cambridge. One Constantine is said to have translated it into modern Greek verse, about the year 1500, (this is probably the MS. mentioned by Dufresne in the index of authors appended to his Greek Glossary), and afterwards printed at Venice in 1563. It had been printed in Latin prose at Augsburg in 1471, which is probably as early as the first dateless impression of the *Gesta Romanorum*.'*)

A very curious fragment of an old metrical romance on the subject was in the collection of the late Dr. Farmer, and is now in my possession. This we have the authority of Mr. Tyrwhitt for placing at an earlier period than the time of Gower. The fragment consists of two leaves of parchment, which had been converted into the cover of a book, for which purpose its edges were cut off, some words entirely lost, and the whole has suffered so much by time as to be scarcely legible. Yet I have considered it so curious a relic of our early poetry and language that I have

*) 'Towards the latter end of the twelfth century Godfrey of Viterbo, in his *Pantheon*, or *Universal Chronicle*, inserted this romance as part of the history of the third Antiochus, about two hundred years before Christ. It begins thus [MS. Reg. 14, c. xi.] :—

Filia Seleuci stat clara decore

Matreque defunctâ pater arsit in ejus amore

Res habet effectum, pressa puella dolet.

The rest is in the same metre, with one pentameter only to two hexameters.'—*Tyrwhitt*.

bestowed some pains in deciphering what remains, and have given a specimen or two in the notes toward the close of the play. I will here exhibit a further portion, comprising the name of the writer, who appears to have been Thomas Vicary, of Wimborne Minster, in Dorsetshire. The portion I have given will continue the story of Appolonius (the Pericles of the play):—

Wit hys wyf in gret solas
* * * * *

He lyvede after this do was,
And had twey sones by iunge age
That wax wel farynge men:
—the kyndom of Antioche
Of Tیره and of Cirenē,
Came never werre on hys londe.
Ne hungr. ne no mesayse
Bot hit yede wel an hond,
He lyvede well at ayse.
He wrot twey bokys of hys lyf,
That in to hys owene bible he sette
—at byddyng of hys wyf,
He lasse at Ephese thr he her sette.
He rulde hys londe in goud manere,
Tho he drow to age,
Anategora he made king of Tیره,
That was his owene heritage.
—best sone of that empire
He made king of Aitnage
—that he louede dure,
Of Cirenē thr was—
Whan that he hadde al thys y dyght
Cam deth and axede hys fee,
—hys soule to God al myght
So wol God thr hit bee,
And sende ech housbonde grace
For to love so hys wyf
That cherysed hem wit oute trespase
As sche dyde hym al here lyf,
—me on alle lyues space
Heer to amende our mysdede,
In blisse of heuene to have a place;
Amen ye singe here y rede.
In trouthe thys was translatyd
Almost at Engelondes ende,
—to the makers stat
Tak sich a mynde,
—have ytake hys bedys on hond
And sayde hys patr nostr & crede,
Thomas vicary y understond
At Wymborne mynstre in that stede,
—y thoughte you have wryte
Hit is nought worth to be knowe,
Ze that woll the sothe y wyte
Go thider and men wol the schewe,
Now Fader & sone & holy gost
To wham y clemde at my bygynninge,
And God he hys of myghtes most
Brynge us alle to a goud endyng,
Lede us wide the payne of helle
O God lord & prones three
In to the blysse of heuene to dwelle,
Amen pr Charite.

Explicit APOLONI TYRUS REX nobilis & virtuosus, &c.

This story is also related by Gower in his *Confessio Amantis*, lib. vii. p. 175—185, edit. 1554. Most of the incidents of the play are found in his narration, and a few of his expressions are occasionally borrowed. Gower, by his own acknowledgment, took his story from the Pantheon of Godfrey of Viterbo; and the author of *Pericles* professes to have followed Gower.

Chaucer also refers to the story in *The Man of Lawe's Prologue*:—

'Or elles of Tyrius Appolonius,
How that the cursed King Antiochus,
Beraft his daughter of hire maidenhede;
That is so horrible a tale for to rede,' &c.

A French translation from the Latin prose, evidently of the fifteenth century, is among the Royal MSS. in the British Museum, 20. c. ii. There are several more recent French translations of the story: one under the title of '*La Chronique d'Appolin Roi de Thyrr*,' 4to. Geneva, blk. l. no date. Another by Gilles Corrozet, Paris, 1530, 8vo. It is also printed in the seventh vol. of the *Histoires Tragiques de Belleforest*, 12mo. 1604; and, modernized by M. Le Brun, was printed at Amsterdam in 1710 and Paris in 1711. 120. There is an abstract of the story in the *Mélanges tirées d'une grande Bibliothèque*, vol. lxiv. p. 265.

The first English prose version of the story, translated by Robert Copland, was printed by Wynkyn de Worde, 1510. It was again translated by T. Twine, and originally published by W. Howe, 1578. Of this there was a second impression in 1607, under the title of *The Patterne of painful Adventures*, containing the most excellent, pleasant, and variable Historie of the strange Accidents that befel unto Prince Appolonius, the Lady Lucina his Wife, and Tharsia his Daughter, &c. translated into English by T. Twine, Gent.' The poet seems to have made use of this prose narration as well as of Gower.

'That the greater part, if not the whole, of this drama, was the composition of Shakspeare, and that it is to be considered as his earliest dramatic effort, are positions, of which the first has been rendered highly probable by the elaborate disquisitions of Messrs. Steevens and Malone, and may possibly be placed in a clearer point of view by a more condensed and lucid arrangement of the testimony already produced, and by a further discussion of the merits and peculiarities of the play itself; while the second will, we trust, receive additional support by inferences legitimately deduced from a comprehensive survey of scattered and hitherto insulated premises.'

The evidence required for the establishment of a high degree of probability under the first of these positions, necessarily divides itself into two parts; the *external* and the *internal* evidence. The former commences with the original edition of *Pericles*, which was entered on the Stationer's books by Edward Blount, one of the printers of the first folio edition of Shakspeare's plays, on the 20th of May, 1608, but did not pass the press until the subsequent year, when it was published, not, as might have been expected, by Blount, but by one Henry Gosson, who placed Shakspeare's name at full length in the title page. It is worthy of remark, also, that this edition was entered at Stationers' hall, together with *Antony and Cleopatra*, and that it (and the three following editions, which were also in quarto) was styled in the title-page *the much admired play of Pericles*. As the entry, however, was by Blount, and the edition by Gosson, it is probable that the former had been anticipated by the latter, through the procuration of a playhouse copy. It may also be added, that *Pericles* was performed at Shakspeare's own theatre, *The Globe*. The next ascription of this play to our author is in a poem entitled *The Times Displayed, in Six Sestyns*,

by S. Sheppard, 4to. 1646, dedicated to Phillip Herbert, Earl of Pembroke, and containing in the ninth stanza of the sixth Sestiad a positive assertion of Shakspeare's property in this drama:—

'See him whose tragic scenes Euripides
Doth equal, and with Sophocles we may
Compare *great Shakspear*; Aristophanes
Never like him his fancy could display,
Witness the *Prince of Tyre* his Pericles.'

This high eulogium on Pericles received a direct contradiction very shortly afterwards from the pen of an obscure poet named Tatham, who bears, however, an equally strong testimony as to Shakspeare's being the author of the piece, which he thus presumes to censure:—

'But Shakspeare, the plebeian driller, was
Founder'd in his *Pericles*, and must not pass.'

From these testimonies in 1646 and 1652, full and unqualified, and made at no distant period from the death of the bard to whom they relate, we have to add the still more forcible and striking declaration of Dryden, who tells us in 1677, and in words as strong and decisive as he could select, that—

'Shakspeare's *own muse* his *Pericles* first bore.'

'The only drawback on this accumulation of external evidence is the omission of Pericles in the first edition of our author's works: a negative fact which can have little weight, when we recollect that both the memory and judgment of Heminge and Condell, the poet's editors, were so defective, that they had forgotten *Troilus* and *Cressida*, until the entire folio, and the table of contents, had been printed, and admitted Titus Andronicus and the *Historical Play of King Henry the Sixth*, probably for no other reasons than that the former had been, from its numerited popularity, brought forward by Shakspeare on his own theatre, though there is sufficient internal evidence to prove, without the addition of a single line; and because the latter, with a similar predilection of the lower orders in its favour, had obtained a similar, though not a more laboured attention from our poet, and was therefore deemed by his editors, though very unnecessarily, a requisite introduction to the two plays on the reign of that monarch, which Shakspeare had really new-modelled.'

'It cannot consequently be surprising, as they had forgotten *Troilus* and *Cressida* until the folio had been printed, they should have forgotten Pericles until the same folio had been in circulation, and when it was too late to correct the omission; an error which the second folio has, without doubt or examination, blindly copied.'

'If the external evidence in support of Shakspeare being the author of the greater part of this play be striking, the internal must be pronounced still more so, and, indeed, absolutely decisive of the question; for, whether we consider the style and phraseology, or the imagery, sentiment, and humour, the approximation to our author's uncontested dramas appears so close, frequent, and peculiar, as to stamp irresistible conviction on the mind.

'The result has accordingly been such as might have been predicted, under the assumption of the play being genuine; for the more it has been examined the more clearly has Shakspeare's large property in it been established. It is curious, indeed, to note the increased tone of confidence which each successive commentator has assumed, in proportion as he has weighed the testimony arising from the piece itself. *Rowe*, in his first edition, says, "it is owned that some part of Pericles certainly was written by him, particularly the last act:" *Dr. Farmer* observes that the hand of Shakspeare may be seen in the latter part of the play; *Dr. Percy* remarks that "more of the phraseology used in the genuine dramas

of Shakespeare prevails in *Pericles* than in any of the other six doubted plays." Steevens says "I admit without reserve that Shakespeare—

—— whose hopeful colours

Advance a half fac'd sun, striving to shine,' is visible in many scenes throughout the play;—the purpurei penni are Shakspeare's, and the rest the production of some inglorious and forgotten play-wright;"—adding, in a subsequent paragraph, that *Pericles* is valuable, "as the engravings of *Mark Antonio* are valuable not only on account of their beauty, but because they are supposed to have been executed under the eye of Raffaele;" Malone gives it as his corrected opinion, that "the congenial sentiments, the numerous expressions bearing a striking similitude to passages in Shakspeare's undisputed plays, some of the incidents, the situation of many of the persons, and in various places the colour of the style, all these combine to set his seal on the play before us, and furnish us with internal and irresistible proofs, that a considerable portion of this piece, as it now appears, was written by him." On this ground he thinks the greater part of the three last acts may be safely ascribed to him; and that his hand may be traced occasionally in the other two. "Many will be of opinion (says Mr. Douce) that it contains more that *Shakspeare might have written* than either *Love's Labour's Lost*, or *All's Well that Ends Well*."

'For satisfactory proof that the style, phraseology, and imagery of the greater part of this play are truly Shakspearian, the reader has only to attend to the numerous coincidences which, in these respects, occur between *Pericles* and the poet's subsequent productions; similitudes so striking, as to leave no doubt that they originated from one and the same source.

'If we attend, however, a little further to the dramatic construction of *Pericles*, to its humour, sentiment, and character, not only shall we find additional evidence in favour of its being, in a great degree, the product of our author, but fresh cause, it is expected, for awarding it a higher estimation than it has hitherto obtained.'

Dr. Drake enters much more at large into the argument for establishing this as a juvenile effort of our great poet, and for placing the date of its composition in the year 1590, but we must content ourselves with referring the reader to his work for these particulars. He continues:—

'Steevens thinks that this play was originally named *Pyrocles*, after the hero of Sidney's *Arcadia*, the character, as he justly observes, not bearing the smallest affinity to that of the Athenian statesman. "It is remarkable," says he, "that many of our ancient writers were ambitious to exhibit Sidney's worthies on the stage, and when his subordinate heroes were advanced to such honour, how happened it that *Pyrocles*, their leader, should be overlooked? Musidorus (his companion), Argalus and Parthenia, Phalantus and Eudora, Andromana, &c. furnished titles for different tragedies; and perhaps *Pyrocles*, in the present instance, was defrauded of a like distinction. The names invented or employed by Sidney had once such popularity that they were sometimes borrowed by poets who did not profess to follow the direct current of his fables, or attend to the strict preservation of his characters. I must add, that the Appolyn of the Story-book and Gower could only have been rejected to make room for a more favourite name; yet however conciliating the name of *Pyrocles* might have been, that of *Pericles* could challenge no advantage with regard to general predilection. All circumstances therefore considered, it is not improbable that Shakspeare designed his chief character to be called *Pyrocles*, not *Pericles*, however ignorance or accident might have shuffled the

latter (a name of almost similar sound) into the place of the former." "This conjecture will amount almost to certainty if we diligently compare *Pericles* with the *Pyrocles* of the *Arcadia*; the same romantic, versatile, and sensitive disposition is ascribed to both characters, and several of the incidents pertaining to the latter are found mingled with the adventures of the former personage, while, throughout the play, the obligations of its author to various other parts of the romance may be frequently and distinctly traced, not only in the assumption of an image or a sentiment, but in the adoption of the very words of his once popular predecessor, proving incontestably the poet's familiarity with and study of the *Arcadia* to have been very considerable.


"However wild and extravagant the fable of *Pericles* may appear, if we consider its numerous choruses, its pageantry, and dumb shows, its continual succession of incidents, and the great length of time which they occupy, yet it is, we may venture to assert, the most spirited and pleasing specimen of the nature and fabric of our earliest romantic drama which we possess, and the most valuable, as it is the only one with which Shakespeare has favoured us. We should therefore welcome this play as an admirable example of "the neglected favourites of our ancestors, with something of the same feeling that is experienced in the reception of an old and valued friend of our fathers or grandfathers. Nay, we should like it the better for its gothic appendages of pageants and choruses, to explain the intricacies of the fable; and we can see no objection to the dramatic representation even of a series of ages in a single night, that does not apply to every description of poem, which leads in perusal from the fireside at which we are sitting, to a succession of remote periods and distant countries. In these matters faith is allpowerful; and without her influence, the most chastely cold and critically correct of dramas is precisely as unreal as the *Midsummer Night's Dream*, or the *Winter's Tale*."

"A still more powerful attraction in *Pericles* is that the interest accumulates as the story proceeds; for, though many of the characters in the earlier part of the drama, such as *Antiochus* and his *Daughter*, *Simonides* and *Thaisa*, *Cleon* and *Dionysa* disappear and drop into oblivion, their places are supplied by more pleasing and efficient agents, who are not less fugacious, but better calculated for theatric effect. The inequalities of this production are, indeed, considerable, and only to be accounted for, with probability, on the supposition that Shakespeare either accepted a coadjutor, or improved on the rough sketch of a previous writer, the former, for many reasons, seems entitled to a preference, and will explain why, in compliment to his dramatic friend, he has suffered a few passages, and one entire scene, of a character totally dissimilar to his own style and mode of composition, to stand uncorrected; for who does not perceive that of the closing scene of the second act not a sentence or a word escaped from the pen of Shakespeare.

"No play, in fact, more openly discloses the hand of Shakespeare than *Pericles*, and fortunately his share in its composition appears to have been very considerable; he may be distinctly, though not frequently, traced in the first and second acts; after which, feeling the incompetency of his fellow-labourer, he seems to have assumed almost the entire management of the remainder, nearly the whole of the third, fourth, and fifth acts bearing indisputable testimony to the genius and execution of the great master."*)

*) Shakespeare and his Times, by Dr. Drake, vol. ii. p. 262 and seq.

'The most corrupt of Shakspeare's other dramas, compared with *Pericles*, is purity itself. The metre is seldom attended to; verse is frequently printed as prose, and the grossest errors abound in every page. I mention these circumstances only as an apology to the reader for having taken somewhat more licence with this drama than would have been justifiable if the old copies had been less disfigured by the negligence and ignorance of the printer or transcriber.—MALONE.



PERSONS REPRESENTED.

ANTIOCHUS, King of Antioch.

PERICLES, Prince of Tyre.

HELICANUS, } two Lords of Tyre.

ESCANES,

SIMONIDES, King of Pentapolis.*)

CLEON, Governor of Tharsus.

LYSIMACHUS, Governor of Mitylene.

CERIMON, a Lord of Ephesus.

THALIARD, a Lord of Antioch.

PHILEMON, Servant to Cerimon.

LEONINE, Servant to Dionyza. Marshal.

A Pandar, and his Wife. BOULT, their Servant.

GOWER, as Chorus.

The Daughter of Antiochus. DIONYZA, Wife to Cleon.

THAISA, Daughter to Simonides.

MARINA, Daughter to Pericles and Thaisa.

LYCHORIDA, Nurse to Marina. DIANA.

Lords, Ladies, Knights, Gentlemen, Sailors, Pirates
Fishermen, and Messengers, &c.

SCENE, *dispersedly in various Countries.**)*

*) We meet with *Pentapolitana regio*, a country in Africa, consisting of *five cities*. Pentapolis occurs in the thirty-seventh chapter of King Appulyn of Tyre, 1510; in Gower; the *Gesta Romanorum*; and Twine's translation from it. Its site is marked in an ancient map of the world, MS. in the Cotton Library, Brit. Mus. Tiberius, b. v. In the original Latin romance of Apollonius Tyrius it is most accurately called Pentapolis Cyrenorum, and was, as both Strabo and Ptolemy inform us, a district of Cyrenaica in Africa, comprising five cities, of which Cyrene was one.

**) That the reader may know through how many regions the scene of this drama is dispersed, it is necessary to observe that *Antioch* was the metropolis of Syria; *Tyre* a city of Phœnicia in Asia; *Tharsus*, the metropolis of Cilicia, a country of Asia Minor; *Mitylene*, the capital of Lesbos, an island in the *Ægean sea*; and *Ephesus*, the capital of Ionia, a country of the Lesser Asia.

PERICLES, PRINCE OF TYRE.

ACT I.

*Enter GOWER*¹.

Before the Palace of Antioch.

To sing a song that old² was sung,
From ashes ancient Gower is come³;
Assuming man's infirmities,
To glad your ear, and please your eyes.
It hath been sung at festivals,
On ember-eves, and holy ales⁴;
And lords and ladies in their lives
Have read it for restoratives:
The purchase⁵ is to make men glorious;
Et bonum quo antiquius, eo melius.

¹ Chorus, in the character of Gower, an ancient English poet, who has related the story of this play in his *Confessio Amantis*.

² i. e. that of old.

³ The defect of metre (*sung* and *come* being no rhymes) points out that we should read—

‘From ancient ashes Gower *sprung*;
alluding to the restoration of the Phoenix.

⁴ That is, says Dr. Farmer, by whom this emendation was made, *church-ales*. The old copy has ‘holy days.’ Gower’s speeches were certainly intended to rhyme throughout.

⁵ ‘The *purchase*’ is the reading of the old copy; which Steevens, among other capricious alterations, changed to *purpose*. That Steevens and Malone were ignorant of the true meaning of the word *purchase* I have shown in vol. v. p. 148, note 21. It was anciently used to signify *gain, profit*; any *good or advantage* obtained; as in the following instances:—James the First, when he made the extravagant gift of 30,000*l.* to Rich., said, ‘You think now that you have a great *purchase*; but I am far happier in giving you that sum than you can be in receiving it.’

If you, born in these latter times,
 When wit's more ripe, accept my rhymes,
 And that to hear an old man sing,
 May to your wishes pleasure bring,
 I life would wish, and that I might
 Waste it for you, like taper-light.—
 This Antioch then, Antiochus the Great
 Built up this city for his chiefest seat;
 The fairest in all Syria;
 (I tell you what mine authors say):
 This king unto him took a pheere⁶,
 Who died and left a female heir,
 So buxom, blithe, and full of face⁷,
 As heaven had lent her all his grace;
 With whom the father liking took,
 And her to incest did provoke:
 Bad child, worse father! to entice his own
 To evil, should be done by none.
 By custom, what they did begin,
 Was, with long use, account⁸ no sin.
 The beauty of this sinful dame
 Made many princes thither frame⁹,
 To seek her as a bed-fellow,
 In marriage-pleasures playfellow:
 Which to prevent, he made a law
 (To keep her still, and men in awe¹⁰),
 That whoso ask'd her for his wife,

'No purchase passes a good wife, no losse
 Is, than a bad wife, a more cursed crosse.'

Chapman's Georgics of Hestod, b. ii. 44, p. 32.

'Long would it be ere thou hast purchase bought,
 Or welthier wexen by such idle thought'

Hall, satire ii. b. 2.

'Some fall in love with accesse to princes, others with popular
 fame and applause, supposinge they are things of greates purchase,
 when in many cases they are but matters of envy, perill, and im-
 pediment.'—*Bacon Adv. of Learning*.

⁶ *Wife*: the word signifies a mate or companion.

⁷ i. e. completely exuberantly beautiful. A full fortune, in Othello,
 means a complete one.

⁸ Account for accounted.

⁹ i. e. shape or direct their course thither.

¹⁰ 'To keep her still to himself, and do deter others from demand-
 ing her in marriage.'

His riddle told not, lost his life:
 So for her many a wight did die,
 As yon grim looks do testify¹¹.
 What now ensues, to the judgment of your eye
 I give, my cause who best can justify¹². [*Exit.*]

SCENE I.

Antioch. *A Room in the Palace.*

Enter ANTIOCHUS, PERICLES, and Attendants.

Ant. Young prince of Tyre¹, you have at large
 receiv'd

The danger of the task you undertake.

Per. I have, Antiochus, and with a soul
 Embolden'd with the glory of her praise,
 Think death no hazard, in this enterprise. [*Music.*]

Ant. Bring in our daughter, clothed like a bride²,
 For the embracements even of Jove himself;
 At whose conception (till Lucina reign'd,
 Nature this dowry gave, to glad her presence³),

¹¹ Gower must be supposed to point to the scene of the palace gate at Antioch, on which the heads of those unfortunate wights were fixed.

¹² Which (the judgment of your eye) best can justify, i. e. prove its resemblance to the ordinary course of nature. Thus afterward:—

‘When thou shalt kneel and justify in knowledge.’

¹ It does not appear in the present drama that the father of Pericles is living. By *prince*, therefore, throughout this play, we are to understand prince *regnant*. In the *Gesta Romanorum* Appolonius is *king* of Tyre; and Appolyn in Copland’s translation from the French. In Twine’s translation he is repeatedly called *prince of Tyrus*, as he is in Gower.

² In the old copy this line stands:—

‘*Music*, bring in our daughter, clothed like a bride.’

Malone thinks it a marginal direction, inserted in the text by mistake. Mr. Boswell thinks it only an Alexandrine, and adds, ‘It does not seem probable that music would commence at the close of Pericles’ speech, without an order from the king.’

³ The words *whose* and *her* refer to the daughter of Antiochus. The construction is, ‘at whose conception the senate-house of planets all did sit,’ &c.; and the words, ‘till Lucina reign’d, Nature,’ &c. are parenthetical. The leading thought may have been taken from Sidney’s *Arcadia*, book ii.:—‘The senate-house of the planets was

The senate-house of planets all did sit,
To knit in her their best perfections.

Enter the Daughter of ANTIOCHUS.

Per. See, where she comes, apparell'd like the
spring,

Graces her subjects, and her thoughts the king
Of every virtue gives renown to men⁴!

Her face, the book of praises⁵, where is read
Nothing but curious pleasures, as from thence
Sorrow were ever ras'd, and testy wrath
Could never be her mild companion⁶.

Ye gods that made me man, and sway in love,
That have inflam'd desire in my breast,
To taste the fruit of yon celestial tree,
Or die in the adventure, be my helps,
As I am son and servant to your will,
To compass such a boundless happiness!

Ant. Prince Pericles,—

Per. That would be son to great Antiochus.

Ant. Before thee stands this fair Hesperides⁷,
With golden fruit, but dangerous to be touch'd;
For death-like dragons here affright thee hard:
Her face, like heaven, enticeth thee to view
Her countless glory, which desert must gain:

at no time to set for the decreeing of perfection in a man,' &c.
Thus also Milton, *Paradise Lost*, viii. 511:

‘————— all heaven,
And happy constellations, on that hour
Shed their selectest influence.’

⁴ ‘The Graces are her subjects, and her thoughts the sovereign
of every virtue that gives renown to men.’ The ellipsis in the
second line is what obscured this passage, which Steevens would
have altered, because he did not comprehend it.

⁵ ‘Her face is a book where may be read all that is praise-
worthy, every thing that is the cause of admiration and praise.’
Shakspeare has often this image.

⁶ By ‘her mild companion’ ‘the companion of her mildness’
is meant.

⁷ *Hesperides* is here taken for the name of the garden in which
the golden apples were kept; as we find it in *Love’s Labour’s
Lost*, Act iv. See vol. ii. p. 346, note 26.

And which, without desert, because thine eye
Presumes to reach, all thy whole heap must die.
Yon sometime famous princes, like thyself,
Drawn by report, advent'rous by desire,
Tell thee with speechless tongues, and semblance pale,
That without covering, save yon field of stars⁸,
They here stand martyrs, slain in Cupid's wars;
And with dead cheeks advise thee to desist,
For going⁹ on death's net, whom none resist.

Per. Antiochus, I thank thee, who hath taught
My frail mortality to know itself,
And by those fearful objects to prepare
This body, like to them, to what I must¹⁰:
For death remember'd, should be like a mirror,
Who tells us, life's. but breath; to trust it, error.
I'll make my will then; and as sick men do,
Who know the world, see heaven, but feeling
woe¹¹,

Gripe not at earthly joys, as erst they did;
So I bequeath a happy peace to you,
And all good men, as every prince should do;
My riches to the earth from whence they came;
But my unspotted fire of love to you.

[*To the Daughter of ANTIOCHUS.*

Thus ready for the way of life or death,
I wait the sharpest blow, Antiochus.

Ant. Scorning advice.—Read the conclusion then;
Which read and not expounded, 'tis decreed,
As these before thee thou thyself shalt bleed.

⁸ Thus Lucan, lib. vii:—

'—cœle tegitur qui non habet urnam.'

⁹ i. e. 'for fear of going,' or 'lest they should go.' See vol. i. p. 104, note 12; and vol. iii. p. 266, note 4. Dr. Percy proposed to read, 'in death's net;' but *on* and *in* were anciently used the one for the other.

¹⁰ That is, 'to prepare this body for that state to which I must come.'

¹¹ 'I will act as sick men do; who having had experience of the pleasures of the world, and only a visionary and distant prospect of heaven, have neglected the latter for the former; but at length, feeling themselves decaying, grasp no longer at temporal pleasures, but prepare calmly for futurity.'

Daugh. In all, save that, may'st thou prove prosperous!

In all, save that, I wish thee happiness¹²!

Per. Like a bold champion, I assume the lists,
Nor ask advice of any other thought
But faithfulness, and courage¹³.

[He reads the Riddle.]

*I am no viper, yet I feed
On mother's flesh, which did me breed:
I sought a husband, in which labour,
I found that kindness in a father.
He's father, son, and husband mild,
I mother, wife, and yet his child.
How they may be, and yet in two,
As you will live, resolve it you.*

Sharp physic is the last¹⁴: but O you powers!
That give heaven countless eyes¹⁵ to view men's acts,
Why clould they not their sights perpetually¹⁶,
If this be true, which makes me pale to read it?
Fair glass of light, I lov'd you, and could still,

[Takes hold of the Hand of the Princess.]

Were not this glorious casket stor'd with ill:
But I must tell you,—now, my thoughts revolt;
For he's no man on whom perfections wait¹⁷,
That knowing sin within, will touch the gate.
You're a fair viol, and your sense the strings:

¹² The old copy reads:—

'Of all said yet, may'st thou prove prosperous;
Of all said yet, I wish thee happiness!'

The emendation is Mr. Mason's.

¹³ This is from the third book of Sidney's *Arcadia*:—'Whereupon asking advice of no other thought but faithfulness and courage, he presently lighted from his own horse,' &c.

¹⁴ i. e. the intimation in the last line of the riddle, that his life depends on resolving it; which he properly enough calls *sharp physic*; or a bitter potion.

¹⁵ Thus in *A Midsummer Night's Dream*:—

'—— who more engilde the night
Than all yon fiery oes and eyes of light.

¹⁶ —— stars, hide your fires,

Let not light see,' &c.

Macbeth.

¹⁷ i. e. he is no perfect or honest man, that knowing, &c.

Who, finger'd to make man his lawful music,
Would draw heaven down, and all the gods to
hearken;

But, being play'd upon before your time,
Hell only danceth at so harsh a chime:
Good sooth, I care not for you

Ant. Prince Pericles, touch not¹⁸, upon thy life,
For that's an article within our law,
As dangerous as the rest. Your time's expir'd;
Either expound now, or receive your sentence.

Per. Great king,
Few love to hear the sins they love to act;
'Twould 'braid yourself too near for me to tell it.
Who has a book of all that monarchs do,
He's more secure to keep it shut, than shown;
For vice repeated, is like the wand'ring wind,
Blows dust in others' eyes, to spread itself¹⁹;
And yet the end of all is bought thus dear,
The breath is gone, and the sore eyes see clear
To stop the air would hurt them. The blind mole casts
Copp'd²⁰ hills towards heaven, to tell, the earth
is throug'd

¹⁸ This is a stroke of nature. The incestuous king cannot bear to see a rival touch the hand of the woman he loves. His jealousy resembles that of Antony:—

‘———— to let him be familiar with
My play-fellow, your hand'; this kingly seal
And plighter of high hearts.’

Malefort, in Massinger's *Unnatural Combat*, expresses the like impatient jealousy, when Beaufort touches his daughter Theocrine, to whom he was betrothed.

¹⁹ ‘The man who knows the ill practices of princes is unwise if he reveals what he knows; for the publisher of vicious actions resembles the wind, which, while it passes along, blows dust into men's eyes. When the blast is over, the eyes that have been affected by the dust, though sore, see clear enough to stop for the future the air that would annoy them.’ Pericles means by this similitude to show the danger of revealing the crimes of princes; for as they feel hurt by the publication of their shame, they will of course prevent a repetition of it, by destroying the person who divulged. He pursues the same idea in the instance of the mole.

²⁰ ‘Copp'd hills’ are hills rising in a conical form, something of the shape of a sugarloaf. Thus in Horman's *Vulgaria*, 1519: ‘Sometime men wear copped caps like a sugar loaf.’ So Baret: ‘To make copped, or sharpe at top; cacumino.’ In A. S. *cop* is a head. See vol. iii. p. 405, note 3; and vol. vii. p. 324, note 6.

By man's oppression²¹; and the poor worm²² doth die for't.

Kings are earth's gods: in vice their law's their will;
And if Jove stray, who dares say, Jove doth ill?

It is enough you know; and it is fit,

What being more known grows worse, to smother it.

All love the womb that their first beings bred,

Then give my tongue like leave to love my head.

Ant. Heaven, that I had thy head! he has found the meaning;—

But I will gloze²³ with him. [*Aside.*] Young prince of Tyre,

Though by the tenour of our strict edict,

Your exposition misinterpreting,

We might proceed to cancel of your days²⁴;

Yet hope, succeeding from so fair a tree

As your fair self, doth tune us otherwise:

Forty days longer we do respite you;

If by which time our secret be undone,

This mercy shows, we'll joy in such a son:

And until then, your entertain shall be,

As doth besit our honour, and your worth.

[*Exeunt ANT. his Daughter, and Attend.*]

Per. How courtesy would seem to cover sin!

When what is done is like a hypocrite,

The which is good in nothing but in sight.

If it be true that I interpret false,

Then were it certain, you were not so bad,

As with foul incest to abuse your soul;

Where²⁵ now you're both a father and a son,

²¹ The earth is oppressed by the injuries which crowd upon her. Steevens altered *throng'd* to *wrong'd*; but apparently without necessity.

²² The mole is called *poor worm* as a term of commiseration. In *The Tempest*, Prospero, speaking to Miranda, says, '*Poor worm, thou art infected.*' The mole remains secure till it has thrown up those hillocks which betray his course to the molecatcher.

²³ Flatter, insinuate.

²⁴ To the destruction of your life.

²⁵ *Where* has here the power of *whereas*; as in other passages of these plays. See vol. i p 131; ii 308; iii. 69, &c. It occurs again with the same meaning in Act ii. Sc. 3, of this play.

By your untimely claspings with your child,
(Which pleasure fits a husband, not a father);
And she an eater of her mother's flesh,
By the defiling of her parent's bed;
And both like serpents are, who though they feed
On sweetest flowers, yet they poison breed.
Antioch, farewell! for wisdom sees, those men
Blush not in actions blacker than the night,
Will shun²⁶ no course to keep them from the light.
One sin, I know, another doth provoke;
Murder's as near to lust, as flame to smoke.
Poison and treason are the hands of sin,
Ay, and the targets, to put off the shame:
Then, lest my life be cropp'd to keep you clear²⁷,
By flight I'll shun the danger which I fear. [*Exit.*]

Re-enter ANTIOCHUS.

Ant. He hath found the meaning, for the which
we mean
To have his head.
He must not live to trumpet forth my infamy,
Nor tell the world, Antiochus doth sin
In such a loathed manner:
And therefore instantly this prince must die;
For by his fall my honour must keep high.
Who attends on us there?

Enter THALIARD.

Thal. Doth your highness call?

Ant. Thaliard, you're of our chamber, and our mind

²⁶ The old copy erroneously reads *shew*. The emendation is Malone's. The expression here is elliptical:—'For wisdom sees that those men *who* do not blush to commit actions blacker than the night, will not shun any course in order to preserve them from being made public.'

²⁷ 'To prevent any suspicion from falling on you.' So in Macbeth:—

'—always thought, that I
Require a clearness.'

Partakes²⁸ her private actions to your secrecy;
 And for your faithfulness we will advance you.
 Thaliard, behold, here's poison, and here's gold;
 We hate the prince of Tyre, and thou must kill him;
 It fits thee not to ask the reason why,
 Because we bid it. Say, is it done?

Thal. My lord,
 'Tis done.

Enter a Messenger.

Ant. Enough.

Let your breath cool yourself, telling your haste²⁹.

Mess. My lord, Prince Pericles is fled.

[*Exit Messenger.*

Ant.

As thou

Wilt live, fly after: and, as an arrow, shot
 From a well experienc'd archer, hits the mark
 His eye doth level at, so ne'er return,
 Unless thou say, Prince Pericles is dead.

Thal. My lord, if I

Can get him once within my pistol's length,
 I'll make him sure; so farewell to your highness.

[*Exit.*

Ant. Thaliard, adieu! till Pericles be dead,
 My heart can lend no succour to my head. [*Exit.*

SCENE II.

Tyre. A Room in the Palace.

Enter PERICLES, HELICANUS, and other Lords.

Per. Let none disturb us: Why should this
 change of thought¹?

²⁸ In 'The Winter's Tale' the word *partake* is used in an active sense for *participate*:—

'—— your exultation
Partake to every one.'

²⁹ These words are addressed to the Messenger, who enters in haste.

¹ '——Why should this change of thought?' This is the reading of the old copies; which Steevens changed to, 'Why this change of

The sad companion, dull-ey'd melancholy,
 By me so us'd a guest is, not an hour,
 In the day's glorious walk, or peaceful night
 (The tomb where grief should sleep), can breed
 me quiet!

Here pleasures court mine eyes, and mine eyes
 shun them,

And danger, which I feared, is at Antioch,
 Whose arm seems far too short to hit me here:
 Yet neither pleasure's art can joy my spirits,
 Nor yet the other's distance comfort me.
 Then it is thus: the passions of the mind,
 That have their first conception by misdeed,
 Have after-nourishment and life by care;
 And what was first but fear what might be done,
 Grows elder now, and cares it be not done.
 And so with me;—the great Antiochus
 ('Gainst whom I am too little to contend,
 Since he's so great, can make his will his act),
 Will think me speaking, though I swear to silence;
 Nor boots it me to say, I honour him²,
 If he suspect I may dishonour him:
 And what may make him blush in being known,
 He'll stop the course by which it might be known;
 With hostile forces he'll o'erspread the land,
 And with the ostent of war³ will look so huge,
 Amazement shall drive courage from the state;
 Our men be vanquish'd, ere they do resist,
 And subjects punish'd, that ne'er thought offence:

thoughts?' I think without necessity. Pericles, addressing the Lords, says, 'Let none disturb us.' Then apostrophising himself, says, 'Why should this change in our thoughts disturb us?'

² *Htm* was supplied by Rowe for the sake of the metre.

³ Old copies:—

'And with the *stent* of war will look so huge.'

The emendation, suggested by Mr. Tyrwhitt, is confirmed by the following passage in Decker's *Entertainment to King James I.* 1604:—

'And why you bear alone *th' ostent of warre*.'

Again in Chapman's translation of Homer's *Batrachomyomachia*:—

'Both heralds bearing *the ostents of war*.'

See vol. iii. p. 31 and 42.

Which care of them, not pity of myself,
(Who am⁴ no more but as the tops of trees,
Which fence the roots they grow by, and defend
them),

Makes both my body pine, and soul to languish,
And punish that before, that he would punish.

1 *Lord.* Joy and all comfort in your sacred breast!

2 *Lord.* And keep your mind, till you return to us,
Peaceful and comfortable!

Hel. Peace, peace, my lords, and give experience
tongue.

They do abuse the king, that flatter him:

For flattery is the bellows blows up sin;

The thing the which is flatter'd, but a spark,

To which that breath⁵ gives heat and stronger
glowing;

Whereas reproof, obedient, and in order,

Fits kings, as they are men, for they may err.

When Signior Sooth⁶ here does proclaim a peace,
He flatters you, makes war upon your life:

Prince, pardon me, or strike me, if you please;

I cannot be much lower than my knees.

Per. All leave us else; but let your cares
o'erlook

What shipping, and what lading's in our haven,
And then return to us. [*Exeunt Lords.*] Helicanus, thou
Hast moved us: what seest thou in our looks?

Hel. An angry brow, dread lord.

Per. If there be such a dart in princes' frowns,
How durst thy tongue move anger to our face?

Hel. How dare the plants look up to heaven,
from whence
They have their nourishment?

⁴ The old copy reads, 'Who once no more,' &c. The emendation is by Steevens. Malone reads, 'Who wants no more,' &c.

⁵ i. e. the breath of flattery. The word *spark* was here accidentally repeated by the compositor in the old copy.

⁶ A near kinsman of this gentleman is mentioned in *The Winter's Tale*:—'And his pond fished by his next neighbour, by *Sir Smile*.'

Per. Thou know'st I have power
To take thy life.

Hel. [*Kneeling.*] I have ground the axe myself;
Do you but strike the blow.

Per. Rise, pr'ythee rise;
Sit down, sit down; thou art no flatterer:
I thank thee for it; and high heaven forbid,
That kings should let their ears hear their faults
hid!

Fit counsellor, and servant for a prince,
Who by thy wisdom mak'st a prince thy servant,
What would'st thou have me do?

Hel. With patience bear
Such griefs as you do lay upon yourself.

Per. Thou speak'st like a physician, Helicanus;
Who minister'st a potion unto me,
That thou would'st tremble to receive thyself.
Attend me then: I went to Antioch,
Where, as thou know'st, against the face of death,
I sought the purchase of a glorious beauty,
From whence an issue I might propagate,
Are arms to princees, and bring to subjects joys¹.
Her face was to mine eye beyond all wonder;
The rest (hark in thine ear), as black as incest;
Which by my knowledge found, the sinful father
Seem'd not to strike, but smooth²: but thou know'st
this,

'Tis time to fear, when tyrants seem to kiss.
Which fear so grew in me, I hither fled,

¹ 'Forbid it, heaven, that kings should suffer their ears to hear their failings palliated!'

² 'From whence I might propagate an issue that are arms,' &c. Steevens reads:—

'Bring arms to princees, and to subjects joys.'

³ To smooth is to sooth, coax, or flatter. Thus in King Richard III.:—

'Smile in men's faces, smooth, deceive, and cog.'
So in Titus Andronicus:—

'Yield to his humour, smooth, and speak him fair.'

The verb to smooth is frequently used in this sense by our elder writers; for instance by Stubbes in his *Anatomic of Abuses*, 1583:—'If you will learn to deride, scoffe, mock, and flowt, to flatter and smooth,' &c.

Under the covering of a careful night,
 Who seem'd my good protector; and being here,
 Bethought me what was past, what might succeed.
 I knew him tyrannous; and tyrants' fears
 Decrease not, but grow faster than their years:
 And should he doubt it¹⁰ (as no doubt he doth),
 That I should open to the listening air,
 How many worthy princes' bloods were shed,
 To keep his bed of blackness unlaidd ope,—
 To lop that doubt, he'll fill this land with arms,
 And make pretence of wrong that I have done him;
 When all, for mine, if I may call't offence,
 Must feel war's blow, who spares not innocence:
 Which love to all (of which thyself art one,
 Who now reprov'st me for it)—

Hel.

Alas, sir!

Per. Drew sleep out of mine eyes, blood from
 my cheeks,

Musings into my mind, a thousand doubts
 How I might stop this tempest, ere it came;
 And finding little comfort to relieve them,
 I thought it princely charity to grieve them¹¹.

Hel. Well, my lord, since you have given me
 leave to speak,

Freely I'll speak. Antiochus you fear,
 And justly too, I think, you fear the tyrant,
 Who, either by public war, or private treason,
 Will take away your life.

Therefore, my lord, go travel for a while,
 Till that his rage and anger be forgot,
 Or Destinies do cut his thread of life.
 Your rule direct to any; if to me,
 Day serves not light more faithful than I'll be.

¹⁰ The quarto of 1609 reads, 'And should he *door*,' &c.; from which the reading of the text has been formed. 'Should he *be in doubt* that I shall keep his secret (as there is no doubt but he is), why, to 'lop that doubt,' i. e. to get rid of that painful uncertainty, he will strive to make me appear the aggressor, by attacking me first as the author of some supposed injury to himself.'

¹¹ That is, to lament their fate. The first quarto reads, 'to grieve for them.'

Per. I do not doubt thy faith;
But should he wrong my liberties in absence—

Hel. We'll mingle bloods together in the earth,
From whence we had our being and our birth.

Per. Tyre, I now look from thee then, and to
Tharsus

Intend my travel, where I'll hear from thee;
And by whose letters I'll dispose myself.
The care I had and have of subjects' good,
On thee I lay, whose wisdom's strength can bear it¹².
I'll take thy word for faith, not ask thine oath;
Who shuns not to break one, will sure crack both:
But in our orbs¹³ we'll live so round and safe,
That time of both this truth shall ne'er convince¹⁴,
Thou show'dst a subject's shine, I a true prince¹⁵.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

Tyre. *An Ante-Chamber in the Palace.*

Enter THALIARD.

Thal. So, this is Tyre, and this is the court.
Here must I kill king Pericles; and if I do not, I
am sure to be hang'd at home: 'tis dangerous.—
Well, I perceive he was a wise fellow, and had
good discretion, that being bid to ask what he
would of the king, desired he might know none of
his secrets¹. Now do I see he had some reason

¹² This transfer of authority naturally brings the first scene of Measure for Measure to our mind

¹³ i. e. in our different spheres.

'— in seipso totius teres atque rotundus.'

¹⁴ Overcome.

¹⁵ This sentiment is not much unlike that of Falstaff:—'I shall think the better of myself and thee during my life; I for a valiant lion, and thou for a true prince' The same idea is more clearly expressed in King Henry VIII. Act iii. Sc. 2:—

'A loyal subject is
Therein illustrated.'

¹ Who this wise fellow was may be known from the following passage in Barnaby Riche's Souldier's Wishe to Briton's Welfare,

for it: for if a king bid a man be a villain, he is bound by the indenture of his oath to be one.—
Hush, here come the lords of Tyre.

Enter HELICANUS, ESCANES, and other Lords.

Hel. You shall not need, my fellow peers of Tyre,
Further to question of your king's departure.
His seal'd commission, left in trust with me,
Doth speak sufficiently, he's gone to travel.

Thal. How! the king gone! *[Aside.*

Hel. If further yet you will be satisfied,
Why, as it were unlicens'd of your loves,
He would depart, I'll give some light unto you.
Being at Antioch——

Thal. What from Antioch? *[Aside.*

Hel. Royal Antiochus (on what cause I know not),
Took some displeasure at him; at least he judg'd so:
And doubting lest that he had err'd or sinn'd,
To show his sorrow, would correct himself;
So puts himself² unto the shipman's toil,
With whom each minute threatens life or death.

Thal. Well, I perceive *[Aside.*
I shall not be hang'd now, although I would;
But since he's gone, the king it sure must please,
He scap'd the land, to perish on the seas³.—
But I'll present me. Peace to the lords of Tyre!

Hel. Lord Thaliard from Antiochus is welcome.

Thal. From him I come
With message unto princely Pericles;
But, since my landing, as I have understood

or Captaine Skill and Captaine Pill, 1604, p. 27:—'I will therefore commend the poet Philipides, who being demanded by King Lisimachus, what favour he might doe unto him for that he loved him, made this answere to the king.—That your majesty would never impart unto me any of your secrets.'

² Steevens has thought this phrase wanted illustration; but it is of very common occurrence. 'To put himselfe in daunger of his life; in periculum caput se inferre.'—*Baret.*

³ The old copy reads:

'But since he's gone the king's seas must please:
He scap'd the land, to perish at the sea.'

The emendation is by Dr. Percy.

Your lord has took himself to unknown travels,
My message must return from whence it came.

Hel. We have no reason to desire it, since⁴
Commended to our master, not to us:
Yet, ere you shall depart, this we desire,—
As friends to Antioch, we may feast in Tyre.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV.

Tharsus. A Room in the Governor's House.

Enter CLEON, DIONYZA, and Attendants.

Cleo. My Dionyza, shall we rest us here,
And by relating tales of others' griefs,
See if 'twill teach us to forget our own?

Dio. That were to blow at fire, in hope to
quench it;
For who digs hills because they do aspire,
Throws down one mountain, to cast up a higher.
O my distressed lord, even such our griefs;
Here they're but felt, and seen with mistful eyes¹,
But like to groves, being topp'd, they higher rise.

Cle. O Dionyza,
Who wanteth food, and will not say he wants it,
Or can conceal his hunger, till he famish?
Our tongues and sorrows do sound deep our woes
Into the air; our eyes do weep, till lungs

⁴ The adverb *since*, which is wanting in the old copy, was supplied by Steevens for the sake of sense and metre.

¹ The old copy reads:—

‘——and seen with mischief's eye.’

The alteration was made by Steevens, who thus explains the passage:—‘Withdrawn as we now are from the scene we describe, our sorrows are simply felt, and appear indistinct, as through a mist.’ Malone reads:—

‘——unseen with mischief's eyes.’

i. e. ‘unseen by those who would feel a malignant pleasure in our misfortunes, and add to them by their triumph over us.’

Must have inventions to delight the taste,
 Would now be glad of bread and beg for it;
 Those mothers who, to nouse⁶ up their babes,—
 Thought nought too curious, are ready now,
 To eat those little darlings whom they lov'd.
 So sharp are hunger's teeth, that man and wife
 Draw lots, who first shall die to lengthen life:
 Here stands a lord, and there a lady weeping;
 Here many sink, yet those which see them fall,
 Have scarce strength left to give them burial.
 Is not this true?

Dio. Our cheeks and hollow eyes do witness it.

Cle. O, let those cities, that of Plenty's cup
 And her prosperities so largely taste,
 With their superfluous riots, hear these tears!
 The misery of Tharsus may be theirs.

Enter a Lord.

Lord. Where's the lord governor?

Cle. Here.

Speak out thy sorrows which thou bring'st, in haste,
 For comfort is too far for us to expect.

Lord. We have descried, upon our neighbouring
 shore,
 A portly sail of ships make hitherward.

Cle. I thought as much.

One sorrow never comes, but brings an heir,
 That may succeed as his inheritor;

⁶ Steevens thought that this word should be *nursle*; but the examples are numerous enough in our old writers to show that the text is right. Thus in *New Custom*; *Dodsley's Old Plays* vol. i. p. 284:—

'Borne to all wickedness, and *nused* in all evil.'

So Spenser, *Faerie Queene*, i. vi. 23:—

'Whom, till to ryper years he gan aspyre,
 He *noused* up in life and maners wilde.'

'It were a more vantage and profit by a great dele that yonge children's wyttes were otherwyse sette a warke, than *nosseel* them in suche error.'—*Horman's Vulgaria*, 1519, fo. 86.

'*Nousleed* in virtuous disposition, and framed to an honest trade of living.'—*Udal's Apopthegmes*, fo. 75.

So in *The Death of King Arthur*, 1601, cited by Malone:—

'Being *nuzzled* in effeminate delights.'

And so in ours: some neighbouring nation,
 Taking advantage of our misery,
 Hath stuff'd these hollow vessels with their power⁷,
 To beat us down, the which are down already;
 And make a conquest of unhappy me⁸,
 Whereas⁹ no glory's got to overcome.

Lord. That's the least fear: for, by the semblance
 Of their white flags display'd, they bring us peace,
 And come to us as favourers, not as foes.

Cle. Thou speak'st like him¹⁰ untutor'd to repeat,
 Who makes the fairest show means most deceit.
 But bring they what they will, what need we fear?
 The ground's the low'st, and we are half way there¹¹.
 Go tell their general, we attend him here,
 To know for what he comes, and whence he comes,
 And what he craves.

Lord. I go, my lord.

[*Exit.*]

Cle. Welcome is peace, if he on peace consist¹²;
 If wars, we are unable to resist.

Enter PERICLES, with Attendants.

Per. Lord governor, for so we hear you are,
 Let not our ships, and number of our men,
 Be, like a beacon fir'd, to amaze your eyes.
 We have heard your miseries as far as Tyre,
 And see the desolation of your streets!

⁷ *Hollow*, applied to ships, is a Homeric epithet. See *Iliad*, v. 26. By *power* is meant *forces*.

⁸ A letter has been probably dropped at press: we may read, 'of unhappy men.'

⁹ It has been already observed that *whereas* was sometimes used for *where*; as well as the converse, *where* for *whereas*.

¹⁰ The quarto of 1609 reads:—

'Thou speak'st like *himnes* untutor'd to repeat.'
 'Like him untutor'd,' for 'like him *who is* untutored.' 'Deluded by the pacific appearance of this navy, you talk like one who has never learned the common adage,—that the fairest outsiders are most to be suspected.'

¹¹ The quarto of 1619 reads:—

'But bring they what they will, and what they can,
 What need we fear?

The ground's the low'st, and we are halfway there.'

¹² i. e. if he *rest* or *stand* on peace. See vol. v, p. 319, note 23.

Nor come we to add sorrow to your tears,
 But to relieve them of their heavy load;
 And these our ships you happily may think
 Are, like the Trojan horse, war-stuff'd within,
 With bloody views, expecting overthrow¹³,
 Are stor'd with corn, to make your needy bread,
 And give them life, who are hunger-starv'd, half dead.

All. The gods of Greece protect you!
 And we'll pray for you.

Per. Rise, I pray you, rise;
 We do not look for reverence, but for love.
 And harbourage for ourself, our ships, and men.

Cle. The which when any shall not gratify,
 Or pay you with unthankfulness in thought,
 Be it our wives, our children, or ourselves,
 The curse of heaven and men succeed their evils!
 Till when (the which, I hope, shall ne'er be seen),
 Your grace is welcome to our town and us.

Per. Which welcome we'll accept; feast here
 a while,
 Until our stars that frown, lend us a smile. [*Exeunt.*

¹³ The old copy reads:—

'And these our ships you happily may think
 Are like the Trojan horse, *was* stuff'd within
 With bloody *vetues*, &c.

The emendation is Steevens'. Mr. Boswell says that the old reading
 may mean, elliptically, '*which* was stuffed.'

ACT II.

Enter GOWER.

Gow. Here have you seen a mighty king
 His child, I wis, to incest bring;
 A better prince, and benign lord,
 Prove awful both in deed and word¹.
 Be quiet then, as men should be,
 Till he hath pass'd necessity.
 I'll show you those in trouble's reign,
 Losing a mite, a mountain gain.
 The good in conversation
 ('To whom I give my benizon'),
 Is still at Tharsus, where each man²
 Thinks all is writ he spoken can³:
 And, to remember what he does,
 Gild his statue to make it glorious⁴:

¹ i. e. 'you have seen a better prince, &c. that will prove awful,'
 i. e. reverent. The verb in the first line is carried on to the third.

² 'The good in conversation
 ('To whom I give my benizon'),
 Is still at Tharsus, where'—

Gower means to say, 'The good prince (on whom I bestow my best wishes) is still engaged at Tharsus, where every man,' &c. *Conversation* is conduct, behaviour. See the Second Epistle of St. Peter, iii. 11.

³ 'Pays as much respect to whatever Pericles says, as if it were Holy Writ.'

⁴ This circumstance, as well as the foregoing, is found in the *Confessio Amantis*:—

'That thei for ever in remembrance
 Made a figure in resemblance
 Of hym, and in a common place
 Thei set it up; so that his face
 Might every maner man beholde,
 It was of laton over gylte,' &c.

In King Appolyn of Thyre, 1510:—'In remembrance they made an ymage or statue of *clene golde*.' In the fragment of the Old Metrical Romance the statue is of brass:—

'Tho made they an ymage of bras,
 A schef of whete he held an honde,
 That to my lieknes maad was,
 Uppon a buschel they dyde hym stonde,
 And wryte aboute the storye.
 To Appolyn this hys ydo
 To have hym ever in memorye.'

But tidings to the contrary
Are brought your eyes; what need speak I?

Dumb Show.

Enter at one door PERICLES, talking with CLEON; all the Train with them. Enter at another door, a Gentleman with a Letter to PERICLES; PERICLES shows the Letter to CLEON; then gives the Messenger a reward, and knights him. Exeunt PERICLES, CLEON, &c. severally.

Gow. Good Helicane, that staid at home^b
(Not to eat honey, like a drone,
From others' labours; for though he strive
To killen bad, keep good alive;
And, to fulfil his prince' desire),
Sends word of all that haps in Tyre^c;
How Thaliard came full bent with sin,
And hid intent, to murder him;
And that in Tharsus was not best
Longer for him to make his rest:
He knowing so, put forth to seas,
Where when men been, there's seldom ease;
For now the wind begins to blow;
Thunder above, and deeps below,
Make such unquiet, that the ship
Should house him safe, is wreck'd and split;
And he, good prince, having all lost,
By waves from coast to coast is tost:
All perishen of man, of pelf,
Ne aught escapen but himself;
Till fortune, tir'd with doing bad,
Threw him ashore, to give him glad:
And here he comes: what shall be next, —
Pardon old Gower; this 'longs the text'. [Exit.

^b Thus the old copy. Steevens reads:—

'Good Helicane hath staid at home.'

^c Old copy:—'Sav'd one of all,' &c. The emendation is Steevens's.

^d 'Pardon old Gower from telling what ensues, it belongs to

SCENE I.

Pentapolis. *An open Place by the Sea Side.*

Enter PERICLES, wet.

Per. Yet cease your ire, ye angry stars of heaven!
Wind, rain, and thunder, remember, earthly man
Is but a substance that must yield to you;
And I, as fits my nature, do obey you;
Alas, the sea hath cast me on the rocks,
Wash'd me from shore to shore, and left me breath
Nothing to think on, but ensuing death:
Let it suffice the greatness of your powers,
To have bereft a prince of all his fortunes;
And having thrown him from your watery grave,
Here to have death in peace, is all he'll crave.

Enter Three Fishermen

1 *Fish.* What, ho, Pilche¹!

2 *Fish.* Ho! come, and bring away the nets.

1 *Fish.* What, Patch-breech, I say!

3 *Fish.* What say you, master?

1 *Fish.* Look how thou stirrest now! come away,
or I'll fetch thee with a wannion².

3 *Fish.* 'Faith, master, I am thinking of the poor
men that were cast away before us, even now.

1 *Fish.* Alas, poor souls, it griev'd my heart to
hear what pitiful cries they made to us, to help
them, when, well-a-day, we could scarce help
ourselves.

the text, not to his province as chorus." Steevens justly remarks, that 'the language of our fictitious Gower, like that of the Pseudo-Rowley, is so often irreconcilable to the practice of any age, that criticism on such bungling imitations is almost thrown away.'

¹ The old copy reads:—

'What to pelche.'

The emendation was suggested by Mr. Tyrwhitt, who remarks, that *Pilche* is a leathern coat.

² This expression, which is equivalent to *with a mischief*, or *with a vengeance*, is of very frequent occurrence in old writers. It is perhaps from the A. S. *wanung*, *detriment*, *mischief*.

3 Fish. Nay, master, said not I as much, when I saw the porpus, how he bounced and tumbled³? they say, they are half fish, half flesh: a plague on them, they ne'er come, but I look to be wash'd. Master, I marvel how the fishes live in the sea.

1 Fish. Why as men do a-land; the great ones eat up the little ones: I can compare our rich misers to nothing so fitly as to a whale; 'a plays and tumbles, driving the poor fry before him⁴, and at last devours them all at a mouthful. Such whales have I heard on a'the land, who never leave gaping, till they've swallow'd the whole parish, church, steeple, bells and all.

Per. A pretty moral.

3 Fish. But, master, if I had been the sexton, I would have been that day in the belfry.

2 Fish. Why, man?

3 Fish. Because he should have swallow'd me too: and when I had been in his belly, I would have kept such a jangling of the bells, that he should never have left, till he cast bells, steeple, church, and parish, up again. But if the good king Simonides were of my mind——

Per. Simonides?

3 Fish. We would purge the land of these drones, that rob the bee of her honey.

Per. How from the finny subject of the sea
These fishers tell the infirmities of men;
And from their watery empire recollect
All that may men approve, or men detect!
Peace be at your labour, honest fishermen.

2 Fish. Honest! good fellow, what's that? if it be a day fits you, scratch it out of the calendar, and no body will look after it⁵.

³ Sailors have observed, that the playing of porpoises round a ship is a certain prognostic of a violent gale of wind.

⁴ So in *Coriolanus*:—

‘———like scaled sculls
Before the belching whale.’

⁵ The old copy reads, ‘If it be a day fits you search out of the calendar, and nobody look after it.’ The preceding speech of *Pe-*

Per. Nay, see, the sea hath cast upon your coast—

2 Fish. What a drunken knave was the sea; to cast thee in our way!

Per. A man whom both the waters and the wind, In that vast tennis-court, hath made the ball For them to play upon⁶, entreats you pity him; He asks of you, that never us'd to beg.

1 Fish. No, friend, cannot you beg? here's them in our country of Greece, gets more with begging, than we can do with working.

2 Fish. Canst thou catch any fishes then?

Per. I never practis'd it.

2 Fish. Nay, then thou wilt starve sure: for here's nothing to be got now-a-days, unless thou canst fish for't.

Per. What I have been, I have forgot to know; But what I am, want teaches me to think on; A man shrunk up with cold: my veins are chill, And have no more of life, than may suffice To give my tongue that heat, to ask your help; Which if you shall refuse, when I am dead, For that I am a man, pray see me buried.

1 Fish. Die quoth-a? Now gods forbid! I have a gown here; come, put it on; keep thee warm. Now, afore men, a handsome fellow! Come, thou shalt go home, and we'll have flesh for holidays,

ricles affords no apt introduction to the reply of the fisherman. Some remark upon the *day* appears to have been omitted. Steevens supplied it thus:—

'Per. Peace be at your labour, honest fishermen;

The day is rough, and thwarts your occupation.'

The following speech of Pericles is equally abrupt and inconsistent:—

'Y' may see the sea hath cast me upon your coast.'

The emendation is by Steevens.

Dr. Farmer thinks that there may be an allusion to the *dies honestissimus* of Cicero. The lucky and unlucky days are put down in the old calendars.

⁶ Thus in Sidney's *Arcadia*, book v.:—'In such a shadow, &c. mankind lives, that neither they know how to foresee, nor what to feare, and are, like tennis balls, tossed by the racket of the higher powers.'

fish for fasting-days, and moreo'er puddings and flap-jacks¹, and thou shalt be welcome.

Per. I thank you, sir.

2 Fish. Hark you, my friend, you said you could not beg.

Per. I did but crave.

2 Fish. But crave? Then I'll turn craver too, and so I shall 'scape whipping.

Per. Why, are all your beggars whipped then?

2 Fish. O, not all, my friend, not all; for if all your beggars were whipp'd, I would wish no better office, than to be beadle. But, master, I'll go draw up the net. [*Exeunt two of the Fishermen.*]

Per. How well this honest mirth becomes their labour!

1 Fish. Hark you, sir! do you know where you are?

Per. Not well.

1 Fish. Why, I'll tell you: this is called Pentapolis, and our king, the good Simonides.

Per. The good king Simonides, do you call him?

1 Fish. Ay, sir; and he deserves to be so call'd, for his peaceable reign, and good government.

Per. He is a happy king, since he gains from his subjects the name of good, by his government. How far is his court distant from this shore?

1 Fish. Marry, sir, half a day's journey; and I'll tell you, he hath a fair daughter, and to-morrow is her birth-day; and there are princes and knights come from all parts of the world, to just and tourney for her love.

Per. Were my fortunes equal to my desires, I could wish to make one there.

1 Fish. O, sir, things must be as they may; and what a man cannot get, he may lawfully deal for—his wife's soul².

¹ *Flap-jacks* are *pancakes*. Thus in Taylor's *Jack a Lent*:—
'Until at last, by the skill of the cooke, it is transformed into the form of a *flap-jack*, which, in our translation, is call'd a *pancake*.'

² 'Things must be (says the speaker), as they are appointed to be; and what a man is not sure to compass, he has yet a just rig^t

Re-enter the Two Fishermen, drawing up a net.

2 Fish. Help, master, help; here's a fish hangs in the net, like a poor man's right in the law; 'twill hardly come out. Ha! bots on't⁹, 'tis come at last, and 'tis turn'd to a rusty armour.

Per. An armour, friends! I pray you, let me see it.

Thanks, fortune, yet, that after all my crosses,
'Thou giv'st me somewhat to repair myself;
And, though it was mine own¹⁰, part of mine
heritage,

Which my dead father did bequeath to me,
With this strict charge (even as he left his life),
Keep it, my Pericles, it hath been a shield
'Twixt me and death (and pointed to this brace¹¹):
For that it sav'd me, keep it: in like necessity,
The which the gods protect thee from! it may de-
fend thee.

It kept where I kept, I so dearly lov'd it;
Till the rough seas, that spare not any man,
Took it in rage, though calm'd, have given it again.
I thank thee for't: my shipwreck's now no ill,
Since I have here my father's gift in his will.

1 Fish. What mean you, sir?

Per. To beg of you, kind friends, this coat of worth,
For it was sometime target to a king;
I know it by this mark. He lov'd me dearly,
And for his sake, I wish the having of it;
And that you'd guide me to your sovereign's court,
Where with't I may appear a gentleman;

to attempt.' The Fisherman may then be supposed to begin a new sentence—'His wife's soul;' but here he is interrupted by his comrades; and it would be vain to conjecture the conclusion of his speech.

⁹ This comic execration was formerly used in the room of one less decent. The *bots* is a disease in horses produced by worms.

¹⁰ i. e. and I thank you, though it was mine own.

¹¹ The *brace* is the armour for the arm. So in *Troilus and Cressida*:—

'I'll hide my silver beard in a gold beaver,
And in my vant brace put this wither'd brawn.'

And if that ever my low fortunes better,
I'll pay your bounties; till then, rest your debtor.

1 *Fish*. Why, wilt thou tourney for the lady?

Per. I'll show the virtue I have borne in arms.

1 *Fish*. Why, do ye take it, and the gods give thee good on't!

2 *Fish*. Ay, but hark you, my friend; 'twas we that made up this garment through the rough seams of the waters: there are certain condolences, certain vails. I hope, sir, if you thrive, you'll remember from whence you had it.

Per. Believe't, I will.

Now, by your furtherance, I am cloth'd in steel;
And spite of all the rupture¹² of the sea,
This jewel holds his biding¹³ on my arm;
Unto thy value will I mount myself
Upon a courser, whose delightful steps
Shall make the gazer joy to see him tread.—
Only, my friend, I yet am unprovided
Of a pair of bases¹⁴.

2 *Fish*. We'll sure provide: thou shalt have my best gown to make thee a pair; and I'll bring thee to the court myself.

Per. Then honour be but a goal to my will;
This day I'll rise, or else add ill to ill. [*Exeunt*.]

¹² The *rupture* of the sea may mean the breaking of the sea, as Malone suggests; but I would rather read *rapture*, which is often used in old writers for *violent seizure*, or the act of carrying away forcibly. As in the examples cited by Malone.

¹³ The old copy reads, 'his *building*;' but *biding* was probably the poet's word. A similar expression occurs in *Othello*:

'—look, I have a weapon,
A better never did sustain itself
Upon a soldier's thigh.'

Any ornament of enchased gold was anciently styled a *jewel*. See vol. i. p. 338.

¹⁴ *Bases* were a sort of petticoat that hung down to the knees, and were suggested by the Roman military dress, in which they seem to have been separate parallel slips of cloth or leather. In Rider's Latin Dictionary, *bases* are rendered *palliolum curtum*. The Highlanders wear a kind of bases at this day. In Massinger's *Picture*, Sophia, speaking of Hilario's disguise, says to Corisca:—

— You, minion,
Had a hand in it too, as it appears
Your petticoat serves for *bases* to this warrior.'

SCENE II.

The same. A public Way, or Platform, leading to the Lists. A Pavilion by the side of it, for the reception of the King, Princess, Lords, &c.

Enter SIMONIDES, THAISA, Lords, and Attendants.

Sim. Are the knights ready to begin the triumph?

1 Lord. They are, my liege;

And stay your coming to present themselves.

Sim. Return them¹, we are ready; and our daughter,

In honour of whose birth these triumphs are,
Sits here, like beauty's child, whom nature gat
For men to see, and seeing wonder at.

[Exit a Lord.]

Thai. It pleaseth you, my royal father, to express
My commendations great, whose merit's less.

Sim. 'Tis fit it should be so; for princes are
A model, which heaven makes like to itself:
As jewels lose their glory, if neglected,
So princes their renown, if not respected.
'Tis now your honour², daughter, to explain
The labour of each knight, in his device.

Thai. Which, to preserve mine honour, I'll perform.

Enter a Knight: he passes over the Stage, and his Squire presents his Shield to the Princess.

Sim. Who is the first that doth prefer himself?

Thai. A knight of Sparta, my renowned father;
And the device he bears upon his shield

¹ i. e. return them notice that we are ready, &c.

² The sense would be clearer were we to substitute both in this and the following instance *office* for *honour*. *Honour* may however mean her situation as queen of the feast, as she is afterwards called. The idea of this scene may have been derived from the third book of the Iliad, where Helen describes the Grecian leaders to her father-in-law Priam.

Is a black Æthiop, reaching at the sun;

The word³, *Lux tua vita mihi*.

Sim. He loves you well, that holds his life of you.

[*The second Knight passes.*]

Who is the second, that presents himself?

Thai. A prince of Macedon, my royal father;

And the device he bears upon his shield

Is an arm'd knight, that's conquer'd by a lady:

The motto thus, in Spanish, *Piu per dulçura que per fuerça*⁴.

[*The third Knight passes.*]

Sim. And what's the third?

Thai. The third, of Antioch;

And his device, a wreath of chivalry:

The word, *Me pompæ proferit apex*⁵.

[*The fourth Knight passes.*]

Sim. What is the fourth?

Thai. A burning torch, that's turn'd upside down;

The word, *Quod me alit, me extinguit*.

Sim. Which shows that beauty hath his power
and will,

Which can as well inflame, as it can kill.

[*The fifth Knight passes.*]

Thai. The fifth, an hand environed with clouds;

Holding out gold, that's by the touchstone tried:

The motto thus, *Sic spectanda fides*.

[*The sixth Knight passes.*]

Sim. And what's the sixth and last, which the
knight himself

With such a graceful courtesy deliver'd?

Thai. He seems to be a stranger; but his pre-
sent is

³ i. e. the *mot* or *motto*. See Hamlet, Act i. Sc. 5:—'Now to my word.'

⁴ i. e. more by sweetness than by force. It should be '*Mas per dulçura*,' &c. *Piu* is Italian, not Spanish.

⁵ The work which appears to have furnished the author of the play with this and the two subsequent devices of the knights has the following title:—'The heroical Devices of M. Claudius Paradin, Canon of Beaugen; whereunto are added the Lord Gabriel Symeon's, and others. Translated out of Latin into English, by P. S.' 1591, 24mo. Mr. Douce has given copies of some of them in his Illustrations, vol. ii. p. 126.

A wither'd branch, that's only green at top;
The motto, *In hac spe vivo*⁶.

Sim. A pretty moral;
From the dejected state wherein he is,
He hopes by you his fortunes yet may flourish.

1 *Lord.* He had need mean better than his outward show

Can any way speak in his just commend:
For, by his rusty outside, he appears
To have practis'd more the whipstock⁷, than the lance.

2 *Lord.* He well may be a stranger, for he comes
To an honour'd triumph, strangely furnished.

3 *Lord.* And on set purpose let his armour rust
Until this day, to scour it in the dust⁸.

Sim. Opinion's but a fool, that makes us scan
The outward habit by the inward man.⁹
But stay, the knights are coming; we'll withdraw
Into the gallery. [*Exeunt.*

[*Great shouts, and all cry, The mean knight.*

SCENE III.

The same. A Hall of State.—A Banquet prepared.

Enter SIMONIDES, THAISA, Lords, Knights, and Attendants.

Sim. Knights,
To say you are welcome, were superfluous.
To place upon the volume of your deeds,

⁶ This device and motto may have been taken from Daniel's translation of Paulus Jovius, 1585; in which it will be found at sig. H 7. b.

⁷ i. e. the carter's whip. It was sometimes used as a term of contempt; as in Albumazar, 1615:—

'——— out, Carter,
Hence, dirty whipstock.'

⁸ The idea of this ill appointed knight appears to have been taken from the first book of Sidney's *Arcadia*:—'His armour of as old a fashion, beside the rustic poornesse, &c. so that all that looked on measured his length on the earth already,' &c.

⁹ i. e. 'that makes us scan the inward man by the outward habit.' Such inversions are not uncommon in old writers.

As in a title-page, your worth in arms,
 Were more than you expect, or more than's fit,
 Since every worth in show commends itself.
 Prepare for mirth, for mirth becomes a feast:
 You are princes, and my guests.

Thai. But you, my knight and guest;
 To whom this wreath of victory I give,
 And crown you king of this day's happiness.

Per. 'Tis more by fortune, lady, than my merit.

Sim. Call it by what you will, the day is yours;
 And here, I hope, is none that envies it.
 In framing artists, art hath thus decreed,
 To make some good, but others to exceed;
 And you're her labour'd scholar. Come, queen
 o'the feast

(For, daughter, so you are), here take your place:
 Marshal the rest, as they deserve their grace.

Knights. We are honour'd much by good Simonides.

Sim. Your presence glads our days; honour
 we love,

For who hates honour, hates the gods above.

Marsh. Sir, yond's your place.

Per. Some other is more fit.

1 Knight. Contend not, sir; for we are gentlemen,
 That neither in our hearts, nor outward eyes,
 Envy the great, nor do the low despise.

Per. You are right courteous knights.

Sim. Sit, sit, sir; sit.

Per. By Jove, I wonder, that is king of thoughts,
 These cates resist me¹, be not thought upon.

Thai. By Juno, that is queen
 Of marriage, all the viands that I eat
 Do seem unsavoury, wishing him my meat;
 Sure he's a gallant gentleman.

¹ i. e. 'these delicacies go against my stomach.' The old copy gives this speech to Simonides, and reads, '*he* not thought upon.' Gower describes Apollinaus, the Pericles of this play, under the same circumstances:—

'That he sat ever stille and thought
 As he which of no meat rought.'

Sim.

He's but

A country gentleman;
He has done no more than other knights have done;
Broken a staff, or so; so let it pass.

Thai. To me he seems like diamond to glass.

Per. Yon king's to me, like to my father's picture,
Which tells me, in that glory once he was;
Had princes sit, like stars, about his throne,
And he the sun, for them to reverence.
None that beheld him, but like lesser lights,
Did vail² their crowns to his supremacy;
Where³ now his son's a glowworm in the night,
The which hath fire in darkness, none in light;
Whereby I see that time's the king of men,
For he's their parent, and he is their grave⁴,
And gives them what he will, not what they crave.

Sim. What, are you merry, knights?*1 Knight.* Who can be other, in this royal presence?

Sim. Here, with a cup that's stor'd unto the brim
(As you do love, fill to your mistress' lips),
We drink this health to you.

Knights.

We thank your grace.

Sim. Yet pause a while;

Yon knight, methinks, doth sit too melancholy,
As if the entertainment in our court
Had not a show might countervail his worth.
Note it not you, Thaisa?

Thai.

What is it

To me, my father?

Sim.

O, attend, my daughter;

Princes, in this, should live like gods above,

² Lower.³ *Where* is here again used for *whereas*. The peculiar property of the glowworm, upon which the poet has here employed a line, is happily described in Hamlet in a single word:—

'The glowworm shows the matin to be near,
And 'gins to pale his *unefectual* fire.'

⁴ So in *Romeo and Juliet*:—

'The earth, that's nature's mother, is her tomb;
What is her burying grave, that is her womb.'

Milton has the same thought:—

'The womb of nature, and perhaps her grave.'

Who freely give to every one that comes
To honour them: and princes, not doing so,
Are like to gnats, which make a sound, but kill'd
Are wonder'd at⁵.

Therefore to make his entrance⁶ more sweet
Here say, we drink this standing-bowl of wine
to him.

Thai. Alas, my father, it befits not me
Unto a stranger knight to be so bold;
He may my proffer take for an offence,
Since men take women's gifts for impudence.

Sim. How!

Do as I bid you, or you'll move me else.

Thai. Now, by the gods, he could not please me
better. *[Aside.]*

Sim. And further tell him, we desire to know,
Of whence he is, his name, and parentage.

Thai. The king, my father, sir, has drunk to you.

Per. I thank him.

Thai. Wishing it so much blood unto your life.

Per. I thank both him and you, and pledge him
freely.

Thai. And further he desires to know of you,
Of whence you are, your name and parentage.

Per. A gentleman of Tyre—(my name, Pericles;
My education being in arts and arms);—
Who looking for adventures in the world,
Was by the rough seas reft of ships and men,
And, after shipwreck, driven upon this shore.

Thai. He thanks your grace; names himself
Pericles,

⁵ 'When kings, like insects, lie dead before us, our admiration is excited by contemplating how in both instances the powers of creating bustle were superior to those which either object should seem to have promised. The worthless monarch, and the idle gnat, have only lived to make an empty bluster; and when both alike are dead, we wonder how it happened that they made so much, or that we permitted them to make it: a natural reflection on the death of an unserviceable prince, who having dispensed no blessings, can hope for no better character.'—*Steevens.*

⁶ By his *entrance* appears to be meant his present *trance*, the reverse in which he is sitting.

A gentleman of Tyre, who only by
Misfortune of the seas has been bereft
Of ships and men, and cast upon this shore.

Sim. Now by the gods, I pity his misfortune,
And will awake him from his melancholy.
Come, gentlemen, we sit too long on trifles,
And waste the time, which looks for other revels.
Even in your armours, as you are address'd¹,
Will very well become a soldier's dance.
I will not have excuse, with saying, this
Loud music is too harsh for ladies' heads;
Since they love men in arms, as well as beds.

[*The Knights dance.*]

So, this was well ask'd, 'twas so well perform'd.

Come, sir;

Here is a lady that wants breathing too:
And I have often heard, you knights of Tyre
Are excellent in making ladies trip;
And that their measures are as excellent.

Per. In those that practise them, they are, my lord.

Sim. O, that's as much, as you would be denied

[*The Knights and Ladies dance.*]

Of your fair courtesy.—Unclasp, unclasp;
Thanks, gentlemen, to all; all have done well;
But you the best. [*To PERICLES*]. Pages and lights,
conduct

These knights unto their several lodgings: Yours, sir,
We have given order to be next our own.

Per. I am at your grace's pleasure.

Sim. Princes, it is too late to talk of love,
For that's the mark I know you level at;
Therefore each one betake him to his rest;
To-morrow, all for speeding do their best. [*Exeunt.*]

¹ 'As you are accoutred, prepared for combat.' So in King
Henry V :—

'To morrow for the march are we address'd.'

SCENE IV.

Tyre. *A Room in the Governor's House.*

Enter HELICANUS and ESCANES.

Hel. No, no, my Escanes; know this of me,—
Antiochus from incest liv'd not free;
For which, the most high gods not minding longer,
To withhold the vengeance that they had in store,
Due to this heinous capital offence,
Even in the height and pride of all his glory,
When he was seated, and his daughter with him,
In a chariot of inestimable value,
A fire from heaven came, and shrivel'd up
Their bodies, even to loathing; for they so stunk,
That all those eyes ador'd them¹ ere their fall,
Scorn now their hand should give them burial.

Esca. 'Twas very strange.

Hel. And yet but just; for though
This king were great, his greatness was no guard
To bar heaven's shaft; but sin had his reward.

Esca. 'Tis very true.

Enter Three Lords.

1 Lord. See, not a man in private conference,
Or council, has respect with him but he².

2 Lord. It shall no longer grieve without reproof.

3 Lord. And curst be he that will not second it.

2 Lord. Follow me then: Lord Helicane, a word.

Hel. With me? and welcome: Happy day, my lords.

1 Lord. Know that our griefs are risen to the top,
And now at length they overflow their banks.

Hel. Your griefs, for what? wrong not the prince
you love.

¹ i. e. which ador'd them.

² 'To what this charge of partiality was designed to conduct we do not learn; for it appears to have no influence over the rest of the dialogue.'—*Steevens*.

1 *Lord*. Wrong not yourself then, noble Helicane;
 But if the prince do live, let us salute him,
 Or know what ground's made happy by his breath.
 If in the world he live, we'll seek him out;
 If in his grave he rest, we'll find him there;
 And be resolv'd³, he lives to govern us,
 Or dead, gives cause to mourn his funeral,
 And leaves us to our free election.

2 *Lord*. Whose death's indeed, the strongest in
 our censure⁴:
 And knowing this kingdom, if without a head
 (Like goodly buildings left without a roof),
 Will soon to ruin fall, your noble self,
 That best know'st how to rule, and how to reign,
 We thus submit unto,—our sovereign.

All. Live, noble Helicane!

Hel. Try honour's cause, forbear your suffrages:
 If that you love prince Pericles, forbear.
 Take I your wish, I leap into the seat⁵,
 Where's hourly trouble for a minute's ease.
 A twelvemonth longer, let me then entreat you
 To forbear choice i'the absence of your king⁶;
 If in which time expir'd, he not return,
 I shall with aged patience bear your yoke.
 But if I cannot win you to this love,
 Go search like noblemen, like noble subjects,
 And in your search spend your adventurous worth;
 Whom if you find, and win unto return,
 You shall like diamonds sit about his crown.

1 *Lord*. To wisdom he's a fool that will not yield;

³ Satisfied.

⁴ i. e. 'the most probable in our opinion.' *Censure* is frequently used for *judgment*, *opinion*, by Shakespeare.

⁵ The old copy reads:—

'Take I your wish, I leap into the seas,' &c.
 Steevens contends for the old reading; that it is merely figurative, and means, 'I embark too hastily on an expedition in which ease is disproportioned to labour.'

⁶ Some word being omitted in this line in the old copy, Steevens thus supplied it:—

'To forbear choice i' the absence of your king.'

And, since Lord Helicane enjoineth us,
We with our travels will endeavour it.

Hel. Then you love us, we you, and we'll clasp
hands;
When peers thus knit, a kingdom ever stands.
[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE V.

Pentapolis. *A Room in the Palace.*

*Enter SIMONIDES, reading a Letter; the Knights
meet him.*

1 Knight. Good morrow to the good Simonides.

Sim. Knights, from my daughter this I let you
know,

That for this twelvemonth, she'll not undertake
A married life.

Her reason to herself is only known,
Which from herself by no means can I get.

2 Knight. May we not get access to her, my lord?

Sim. Faith, by no means; she hath so strictly
tied her

To her chamber, that it is impossible.

One twelve moons more she'll wear Diana's livery;
This by the eye of Cynthia hath she vow'd¹,
And on her virgin honour will not break it.

3 Knight. Though loath to bid farewell, we take
our leaves. [*Exeunt.*]

Sim. So

They're well despatch'd; now to my daughter's
letter:

She tells me here, she'll wed the stranger knight,
Or never more to view nor day nor light.

¹ 'It were to be wished (says Steevens), that Simonides, who is represented as a blameless character, had hit on some more ingenious expedient for the dismission of these wooers. Here he tells them, as a solemn truth, what he knows to be a fiction of his own.'

Mistress, 'tis well, your choice agrees with mine;
I like that well:—nay, how absolute she's in't,
Not minding whether I dislike or no!
Well, I commend her choice;
And will no longer have it be delay'd.
Soft, here he comes:—I must dissemble it.

Enter PERICLES.

Per. All fortune to the good Simonides!

Sim. To you as much, sir! I am beholden to you,
For your sweet music this last night: my ears,
I do protest, were never better fed
With such delightful pleasing harmony.

Per. It is your grace's pleasure to commend;
Not my desert.

Sim. Sir, you are music's master.

Per. The worst of all her scholars, my good lord.

Sim. Let me ask one thing. What do you think,
sir, of

My daughter?

Per. As of a most virtuous princess.

Sim. And she is fair too, is she not?

Per. As a fair day in summer; wondrous fair.

Sim. My daughter, sir, thinks very well of you;
Ay, so well, sir, that you must be her master,
And she'll your scholar be; therefore look to it.

Per. Unworthy I to be her schoolmaster.

Sim. She thinks not so; peruse this writing else.

Per. What's here!

A letter, that she loves the knight of Tyre?
'Tis the king's subtilty, to have my life. [*Aside.*

O, seek not to entrap, my gracious lord,
A stranger, and distressed gentleman,
That never aim'd so high, to love your daughter,
But bent all offices to honour her.

Sim. Thou hast bewitch'd my daughter, and
thou art
A villain.

Per. By the gods, I have not, sir.
Never did thought of mine levy offence;

Nor never did my actions yet commence
A deed might gain her love, or your displeasure.

Sim. Traitor, thou liest.

Per. Traitor!

Sim. Ay, traitor, sir.

Per. Even in his throat (unless it be the king),
That calls me traitor, I return the lie.

Sim. Now, by the gods, I do applaud his courage.
[*Aside.*

Per. My actions are as noble as my thoughts,
That never relish'd² of a base descent.
I came unto your court, for honour's cause,
And not to be a rebel to her state;
And he that otherwise accounts of me,
This sword shall prove he's honour's enemy.

Sim. No!—

Here comes my daughter, she can witness it.

Enter THAISA.

Per. Then, as you are as virtuous as fair,
Resolve your angry father, if my tongue
Did e'er solicit, or my hand subscribe
To any syllable that made love to you?

Thai. Why, sir, say if you had,
Who takes offence at that would make me glad?

Sim. Yea, mistress, are you so peremptory?—
I am glad of it with all my heart. [*Aside.*] I'll
tame you;

I'll bring you in subjection.—

Will you, not having my consent, bestow
Your love and your affections on a stranger?
(Who, for aught I know to the contrary,
Or think, may be as great in blood as I). [*Aside.*
Hear therefore, mistress; frame your will to mine.—

² So in Hamlet:—

'That has no *relish* of salvation in it.'

And in Macbeth:—

'So well thy words become thee as thy wounds,
They *smack* of honour both.'

And you, sir, hear you.—Either be rul'd by me,
 Or I will make you—man and wife.—
 Nay, come; your hands and lips must seal it too.—
 And being join'd, I'll thus your hopes destroy;—
 And for a further grief,—God give you joy!
 What, are you both pleas'd?

Thai. Yes, if you love me, sir.

Per. Even as my life, my blood that fosters it².

Sim. What, are you both agreed?

Both. Yes, please your majesty.

Sim. It pleaseth me so well, I'll see you wed;
 Then, with what haste you can, get you to bed.

[*Exeunt.*]

ACT III.

Enter GOWER.

Gow. Now sleep yslaked hath the rout;
 No din but snores, the house about,
 Made louder by the o'er-fed breast¹
 Of this most pompous marriage-feast.
 The cat, with eyne of burning coal,
 Now couches 'fore the mouse's hole;
 And crickets sing at th' oven's mouth,
 As the blither for their drouth.
 Hymen hath brought the bride to bed,
 Where, by the loss of maidenhead,

² The quarto of 1619 reads:—

'Even as my life or blood that fosters it.'

We have the same thought most exquisitely expressed in Julius Cæsar:—

'As dear to me, as are the ruddy drops
 That visit my sad heart.'

¹ So Virgil, speaking of Rhamnes, who was killed in the midnight expedition of Nisus and Euryalus:

'Rhamneten aggreditur, qui forte tapetibus altis
 Extractus, toto proflabat pectore somnum.'

A babe is moulded;—Be attent,
And time that is so briefly spent,
With your fine fancies quaintly eche²;
What's dumb in show, I'll plain with speech.

Dumb Show.

Enter PERICLES and SIMONIDES at one door, with Attendants: a Messenger meets them, kneels, and gives PERICLES a Letter. PERICLES shows it to SIMONIDES; the Lords kneel to the former³. Then enter THAISA with child, and Lychorida. SIMONIDES shows his Daughter the Letter; she rejoices: she and PERICLES take leave of her Father, and depart. Then SIMONIDES, &c. retire.

Gow. By many a dearn and painful perch⁴
Of Pericles the careful search
By the four opposing coignes,
Which the world together joins,
Is made, with all due diligence,
That horse, and sail, and high expense,
Can stead the quest⁵. At last from Tyre
(Fame answering the most strong inquire),
To the court of King Simonides
Are letters brought; the tenour these:
Antiochus and his daughter's dead:
The men of Tyrus, on the head

² Eke out.

³ The Lords kneel to Pericles, because they are now, for the first time, informed by this letter, that he is king of Tyre. 'No man,' says Gower, in his *Confessio Amantis*:—

'——— knew the soth cas,

But he hym selfe; what man he was.'

By the death of Antiochus and his daughter, Pericles has also succeeded to the throne of Antioch, in consequence of having rightly interpreted the riddle proposed to him.

⁴ *Dearn* signifies *lonely, solitary*. A *perch* is a measure of five yards and a half. 'The careful search of Pericles is made by many a dearn and painful perch,—by the four opposing coignes which join the world together; with all due diligence.'

⁵ i. e. *help, befriend, or assist the search*. So in *Measure for Measure*:—

'——— can you so *stead* me
To bring me to the sight of Isabella?'

Of Helicannus would set on
 The crown of Tyre, but he will none:
 The mutiny there he hastes t' oppress⁶;
 Says to them, if King Pericles
 Come not home, in twice six moons,
 He, obedient to their dooms,
 Will take the crown. The sum of this,
 Brought hither to Pentapolis,
 Y-ravished the regions round,
 And every one with claps 'gan sound,
Our heir apparent is a king:
Who dream'd, who thought of such a thing?
 Brief, he must hence depart to Tyre:
 His queen, with child, makes her desire
 (Which who shall cross?) along to go;
 (Omit we all their dole and woe);
 Lychorida, her nurse, she takes,
 And so to sea. Their vessel shakes
 On Neptune's billow; half the flood
 Hath their keel cut; but fortune's mood
 Varies again; the grizzled north
 Disgorges such a tempest forth,
 That, as a duck for life that dives,
 So up and down the poor ship drives.
 The lady shrieks, and, well-a-near⁷!
 Doth fall in travail with her fear:
 And what ensues in this fell storm,
 Shall, for itself, itself perform.
 I will relate; action may
 Conveniently the rest convey:
 Which might not what by me is told⁸.
 In your imagination hold
 This stage, the ship⁹, upon whose deck
 The sea-tost Pericles appears to speak.

[*Exit.*

⁶ i. e. to *suppress*: oppressure.

⁷ An exclamation equivalent to *well-a-day*.

⁸ 'The further consequences of this storm I shall not describe; what ensues may be conveniently exhibited in action; but action could not well have displayed all the events that I have now related.'

⁹ It is clear from these lines that when the play was originally performed, no attempt was made to exhibit either a sea or a ship.

SCENE I.

Enter PERICLES, on a Ship at Sea.

Per. Thou God of this great vast¹, rebuke these
surges,
Which wash both heaven and hell; and thou, that
hast
Upon the winds command, bind them in brass,
Having call'd them from the deep! O still thy
deaf'ning,
Thy dreadful thunders; gently quench thy nimble
Sulphureous flashes!—O how, Lychorida,
How does my queen!—Thou storm, thou! venom-
ously²

The ensuing scene and some others must have suffered considerably in the representation, from the poverty of the stage apparatus in the time of the author.

¹ It should be remembered that Pericles is supposed to speak from the deck. Lychorida, on whom he calls, is supposed to be in the cabin beneath. 'Tis great *vast*' is 'this *wide expanse*.' See vol. i. p. 26, note 32. This speech is exhibited in so strange a form in the old editions, that it is here given to enable the reader to judge in what a corrupt state it has come down to us, and be induced to treat the attempts to restore it to integrity with indulgence:—

'The God of this great vast, rebuke these surges,
Which wash both heaven and hell; and thou that hast
Upon the windes commaund, bind them in brasse;
Having call'd them from the deepe, o still
Thy deafning dreadful thunders, gently quench
Thy nimble sulphurous flashes, o How Lychorida!
How does my queene? thou storm venomously,
Wilt thou speat all thyself? the sea-mans whistle
Is as a whisper in the eares of death,
Unheard Lychorida? Lucina oh!
Divinest patroness and my wife gentle
To those that cry by night, convey thy deitie
Aboard our dauncing boat, make swift the pangues
Of my queenes travayles? now Lychorida?'

Pericles, having called to Lychorida, without the power to make her hear on account of the tempest, at last with frantic peevishness addresses himself to it:—

'——Thou storm thou! venomously

Wilt thou spit all thyself?'

Having indulged himself in this question, he grows cooler, and observes that the very boatswain's whistle has no more effect on the sailors than the voices of those who speak to the dead. He then repeats his inquiries of Lychorida, but receiving no answer, concludes with a prayer for his queen.

² Maliciously.

Wilt thou spit all thyself?—The seaman's whistle
Is as a whisper in the ears of death,
Unheard.—Lychorida!—Lucina, O
Divinest patroness, and midwife, gentle
To those that cry by night, convey thy deity
Aboard our dancing boat; make swift the pangs
Of my queen's travails!—Now, Lychorida—

Enter LYCHORIDA, with an Infant.

Lyc. Here is a thing
Too young for such a place, who if it had
Conceit³ would die as I am like to do.
Take in your arms this piece of your dead queen.

Per. How! how, Lychorida!

Lyc. Patience, good sir; do not assist the storm.
Here's all that is left living of your queen,—
A little daughter; for the sake of it,
Be manly, and take comfort.

Per. O you gods!
Why do you make us love your goodly gifts,
And snatch them straight away? We, here below,
Recall not what we give, and therein may
Vie⁴ honour with you.

Lyc. Patience, good sir,
Even for this charge.

Per. Now, mild may be thy life!
For a more blust'rous birth had never babe:
Quiet and gentle thy conditions⁵!
For thou art the rudeliest welcom'd to this world,
That e'er was prince's child. Happy what follows!
Thou hast as chiding⁶ a nativity,
As fire, air, water, earth, and heaven can make,
To herald thee from the womb: even at the first,

³ i. e. 'who if it had thought.'

⁴ That is, 'contend with you in honour.' The old copy reads, 'Use honour with you.' See vol. iii. page 361, note 19.

⁵ Conditions are qualities, dispositions of mind. See vol. i. p. 137, note 14.

⁶ i. e. as noisy a one. See vol. ii. p. 262, note 10.

Thy loss is more than ean thy portage quit⁷,
 With all thou canst find here.—Now the good gods
 Throw their best eyes upon it!

Enter Two Sailors.

1 *Sail.* What courage, sir? God save you.

Per. Courage enough: I do not fear the flaw⁸;
 It hath done to me the worst. Yet, for the love
 Of this poor infant, this fresh-new sea-farer,
 I would, it would be quiet.

1 *Sail.* Slack the bolins⁹ there; thou wilt not,
 wilt thou? Blow and split thyself.

2 *Sail.* But sea-room, an the brine and cloudy
 billow kiss the moon, I care not.

1 *Sail.* Sir, your queen must overboard; the sea
 works high, the wind is loud, and will not lie till
 the ship be cleared of the dead.

Per. That's your superstition.

1 *Sail.* Pardon us, sir; with us at sea it still
 hath been observed; and we are strong in custom¹⁰.
 Therefore briefly yield her; for she must overboard
 straight.

Per. Be it as you think meet.—Most wretched
 queen!

Lyc. Here she lies, sir.

Per. A terrible child-bed hast thou had, my dear,
 No light, no fire; the unfriendly elements
 Forgot thee utterly; nor have I time
 To give thee hallow'd to thy grave, but straight

⁷ i. e. thou hast already lost more (by the death of thy mother) than thy safe arrival at the port of life can counterbalance, with all to boot that we can give thee. *Portage* is here used for conveyance into life.

⁸ A *flaw* is a stormy gust of wind. See *Coriolanus*, Act v. Sc. 3, note 8.

⁹ *Bolins* or *bowltnes* are ropes by which the sails of a ship are governed when the wind is unfavourable: they are slackened when it is high. Thus in *The Two Noble Kinsmen*:—

‘—— the wind is fair;

Top the *bowling*.’

¹⁰ The old copy reads, ‘strong in *easterne*.’ The emendation is Mr. Boswell’s.

Must cast thee, scarcely coffin'd, in the ooze¹¹;
 Where, for a monument upon thy bones,
 And aye-remaining¹² lamps, the belching whale,
 And humming water must o'erwhelm thy corpse,
 Lying with simple shells. Lychorida,
 Bid Nestor bring me spices, ink, and paper,
 My casket and my jewels; and bid Nicander
 Bring me the satin coffer¹³: lay the babe
 Upon the pillow: hie thee, whiles I say
 A priestly farewell to her: suddenly, woman.

[*Exit* Lychorida.]

2 *Sail.* Sir, we have a chest beneath the hatches,
 caulk'd and bitumed ready.

Per. I thank thee. Mariner, say what coast is this?

2 *Sail.* We are near Tharsus.

Per. Thither, gentle mariner,
 Alter thy course for Tyre⁹. When canst thou
 reach it?

2 *Sail.* By break of day, if the wind cease.

Per. O make for Tharsus.

There will I visit Cleon, for the babe
 Cannot hold out to Tyrus; there I'll leave it
 At careful nursing. Go thy ways, good mariner;
 I'll bring the body presently [*Exeunt.*]

¹¹ Old copy, 'in oare.'

¹² The old copies erroneously read:—

'The air-remaining lamps.'

The emendation is Malone's. The propriety of it will be evident if we recur to the author's leading thought, which is founded on the customs observed in the pomp of ancient sepulture. Within old monuments and receptacles for the dead perpetual (i. e. *aye-remaining*) lamps were supposed to be lighted up. Thus Pope, in his *Eloisa*:—

'Ah hopeless *lasting* flames, like those that burn

'To light the dead, and warm th' unfruitful urn!'

'Instead of a monument erected over thy bones, and perpetual lamps to burn near them, the spouting whale shall oppress thee with his weight, and the mass of waters shall roll with low heavy murmur over thy head.'

¹³ The old copies have *coffin*. Pericles does not mean to bury his queen in this coffer (which was probably one lined with satin), but to take from thence the *cloth of state*, in which she was afterwards, shrouded.

¹⁴ Change thy course, which is now for Tyre, and go to Tharsus.

SCENE II.

Ephesus. *A Room in Cerimon's House.*

Enter CERIMON, a Servant, and some Persons who have been shipwrecked.

Cer. Philemon, ho!

Enter PHILEMON.

Phil. Doth my lord call?

Cer. Get fire and meat for these poor men;
It has been a turbulent and stormy night.

Serv. I have been in many; but such a night
as this,
Till now I ne'er endur'd.

Cer. Your master will be dead ere you return;
There's nothing can be minister'd to nature,
That can recover him. Give this to the 'pothecary,
And tell him how it works¹. [*To PHILEMON.*

[*Exeunt PHILEMON, Servant, and those who had been shipwrecked.*

Enter Two Gentlemen.

1 Gent. Good morrow, sir.

2 Gent. Good morrow to your lordship.

Cer. Gentlemen,

Why do you stir so early?

1 Gent. Sir,
Our lodgings, standing bleak upon the sea,
Shook, as the earth did quake;
The very principals² did seem to rend,

¹ The precedent words show that the physic cannot be designed for the master of the servant here introduced. Perhaps the circumstance was introduced for no other reason than to mark more strongly the extensive benevolence of Cerimon. It could not be meant for the poor men who have just left the stage, to whom he has ordered kitchen physic.

² The principals are the strongest rafters in the roof of a building.

And all to topple³; pure surprise and fear
Made me to quit the house.

2 *Gent.* That is the cause we trouble you so early;
'Tis not our husbandry⁴.

Cer. O, you say well.

1 *Gent.* But I much marvel that your lordship,
having
Rich tire⁵ about you, should at these early hours
Shake off the golden slumber of repose.
It is most strange,
Nature should be so conversant with pain,
Being thereto not compell'd.

Cer. I held it ever,
Virtue and cunning⁶ were endowments greater
Than nobleness and riches; careless heirs
May the two latter darken and expend;
But immortality attends the former,
Making a man a god. 'Tis known, I ever
Have studied physic, through which secret art,
By turning o'er authorities, I have
(Together with my practice), made familiar
To me and to my aid, the blest infusions
That dwell in vegetives, in metals, stones;
And I can speak of the disturbances
That nature works, and of her cures; which give me
A more content in course of true delight

³ *Al-to* is a common augmentative in old language. The word *topple*, which means *tumble*, is used again in *Macheth*:—

'Though castles *topple* on their warders' heads.'

⁴ *Husbandry* here signifies economical prudence. So in *Hamlet*, Act i. Sc. 3:—

'— borrowing dulls the edge of *husbandry*.'

And in *King Henry V.*:—

'For our bad neighbours make us *early stirrers*,
Which is both healthful and good *husbandry*.'

⁵ The gentlemen rose early because they were in lodgings, which stood exposed near the sea. They wonder to find Lord Cerimon stirring, because he had *rich tire* about him, meaning perhaps a bed more richly and comfortably furnished, where he could have slept warm and secure in defiance of the tempest. Steevens thinks that the reasoning of these gentlemen should have led them rather to say, '*such towers* about you,' i. e. a house or castle that could safely resist the assaults of the weather.

⁶ i. e. knowledge.

Than to be thirsty after tottering honour,
Or tie my treasure up in silken bags,
To please the fool and death[†].

2 *Gent.* Your honour has through Ephesus
pour'd forth
Your charity, and hundreds call themselves
Your creatures, who by you have been restor'd:
And not your knowledge, personal pain, but even
Your purse, still open, hath built Lord Cerimon
Such strong renown as time shall never——

Enter Two Servants with a Chest.

Serv. So; lift there.

Cer. What is that?

Serv. Sir, even now
Did the sea toss upon our shore this chest;
'Tis of some wreck.

Cer. Set 't down, let's look on it.

2 *Gent.* 'Tis like a coffin, sir.

Cer. Whate'er it be,
'Tis wondrous heavy. Wrench it open straight;
If the sea's stomach be o'ercharg'd with gold,
It is a good constraint of fortune, that
It belches upon us.

[†] Mr. Steevens has seen an old Flemish print in which *Death* was exhibited in the act of plundering a miser of his bags, and the *Fool* (discriminated by his bauble, &c.) was standing behind and grinning at the process. The Dance of Death appears to have been anciently a popular exhibition. A venerable and aged clergyman informed Mr. Steevens that he had once been a spectator of it. The dance consisted of *Death's* contrivances to surprise the *Merry Andrew*, and of the *Merry Andrew's* efforts to elude the stratagems of *Death*, by whom at last he was overpowered; his finale being attended with such circumstances as mark the exit of the Dragon of Wantley. It should seem that the general idea of this serio-comic *pas-de-deux* had been borrowed from the ancient Dance of Machabre, commonly called the Dance of Death, which appears to have been anciently acted in churches like the Moralities. The subject was a frequent ornament of cloisters both here and abroad. The reader will remember the beautiful series of wood cuts of the Dance of Death, attributed (though erroneously) to Holbein. Mr. Douce is in possession of an exquisite set of initial letters, representing the same subject; in one of which the Fool is engaged in a very stout combat with his adversary, and is actually buffeting him with a bladder filled with peas or pebbles, an instrument used by modern merry Andrews.

2 Gent. 'Tis so, my lord.

Cer. How close 'tis caulk'd and bitum'd!—
Did the sea cast it up?

Serv. I never saw so huge a billow, sir,
As toss'd it upon shore.

Cer. Come, wrench it open;
Soft, soft!—it smells most sweetly in my sense.

2 Gent. A delicate odour.

Cer. As ever hit my nostril; so,—up with it.
O you most potent god! what's here? a corse!

1 Gent. Most strange!

Cer. Shrouded in cloth of state; balm'd and en-
treasur'd

With bags of spices full! A passport too!

Apollo, perfect me i'the characters!

[Unfolds a Scroll.

Here I give to understand [Reads.

(If e'er this coffin drive a-land⁸),

I, king Pericles, have lost

This queen, worth all our mundane cost.

Who finds her, give her burying,

She was the daughter of a king:

Besides this treasure for a fee,

The gods requite his charity!

If thou liv'st, Pericles, thou hast a heart
That even cracks for woe!—This chanc'd to-night.

2 Gent. Most likely, sir.

Cer. Nay, certainly to-night;
For look, how fresh she looks!—They were too
rough,

That threw her in the sea. Make fire within;

Fetch hither all the boxes in my closet.

Death may usurp on nature many hours,

And yet the fire of life kindle again

⁸ In Twine's translation of the story of Apollonius of Tyre this uncommon phrase, *a-land*, is repeatedly used. In that version it is to Cerimon's pupil, Machaon, and not to Cerimon himself, that the lady is indebted for her recovery.

The overpressed spirits. I have heard
Of an Egyptian, had nine hours lien dead,
By good appliance was recover'd.

Enter a Servant, with Boxes, Napkins, and Fire.

Well said, well said; the fire and the cloths.—
The rough and woful music that we have,
Cause it to sound, 'beseech you.
The vial once more;—How thou stirr'st, thou
block?—

The music there.—I pray you, give her air:—
Gentlemen,

This queen will live: nature awakes; a warmth
Breathes out of her; she hath not been entranc'd
Above five hours. See, how she 'gins to blow
Into life's flower again!

1 *Gent.* The heavens, sir,
Through you, increase our wonder, and set up
Your fame for ever.

Cer. She is alive; behold,
Her eyelids, cases to those heavenly jewels
Which Pericles hath lost,
Begin to part their fringes of bright gold⁹;
The diamonds of a most praised water
Appear, to make the world twice rich. O live,
And make us weep to hear your fate, fair creature,
Rare as you seem to be! [*She moves.*

Thai. O dear Diana,
Where am I? Where's my lord? What world is
this¹⁰?

2 *Gent.* Is not this strange?

⁹ So in the Tempest:

'The fringed curtains of thine eye advance,
And say what thou seest yond?'

¹⁰ This is from the *Confessio Amantis*:—

'And first hir eyen up she caste,
And when she more of strength caught,
Her armes both forth she straughte;
Held up hir honde and piteouslie
She spake, and said, *Where am I?*
Where is my lorde? What worlde is this?'

1 *Gent.*

Most rare.

Cer.

Hush, gentle neighbours;

Lend me your hands: to the next chamber bear her.

Get linen; now this matter must be look'd to.

For her relapse is mortal. Come, come, come;

And Æsculapius guide us!

[*Exeunt carrying THAISA away.*]

SCENE III.

Tharsus. *A Room in Cleon's House.*

Enter PERICLES, CLEON, DIONYZA, Lychorida, and MARINA.

Per. Most honour'd Cleon, I must needs be gone;
My twelve months are expir'd, and Tyrus stands
In a litigious peace. You, and your lady,
Take from my heart all thankfulness! The gods
Make up the rest upon you!

Cle. Your shafts of fortune, though they hurt
you mortally¹,
Yet glance full wand'ringly on us.

Dion. O your sweet queen!
That the strict fates had pleas'd you had brought
her hither,
To have bless'd mine eyes!

Per. We cannot but obey

¹ The old copy reads:—

'Your *shakes* of fortune, though they *haunt* you mortally,
Yet glance full *wond'ringly*,' &c.

The folios have 'though they *hate* you.' The emendation is by Steevens, who cites the following illustrations:—'Omnibus *tellis fortunæ proposita sit vita nostra.*—*Cicero Epist. Fam.*

'The shot of accident or *dart* of chance.'

Othello.

'The *slings* and *arrows* of outrageous fortune.'

Hamlet.

'I am glad, though you have taken a special stand to strike at me, that your *arrow* hath *glanced*.'—*Merry Wives of Windsor.* The sense of the passage seems to be, all the malice of fortune is not confined to yourself, though her arrows strike deeply at you, yet wandering from their mark, they sometimes glance on us; as at present, when the uncertain state of Tyre deprives us of your company at Tharsus.

The powers above us. Could I rage and roar
 As doth the sea she lies in, yet the end
 Must be as 'tis. My babe Marina (whom
 For she was born at sea, I have nam'd so) here
 I charge your charity withal, and leave her
 The infant of your care; beseeching you
 To give her princely training, that she may be
 Manner'd as she is born.

Cle. Fear not, my lord, but think²
 Your grace, that fed my country with your corn
 (For which the people's prayers still fall upon you),
 Must in your child be thought on. If neglect
 Should therein make me vile, the common body,
 By you reliev'd, would force me to my duty:
 But if to that my nature need a spur,
 The gods revenge it upon me and mine,
 To the end of generation!

Per. I believe you;
 Your honour and your goodness teach me credit³,
 Without your vows. Till she be married, madam,
 By bright Diana, whom we honour all,
 Unscissar'd shall this hair of mine remain,
 Though I show will⁴ in't. So I take my leave.
 Good madam, make me blessed in your care
 In bringing up my child.

Dion. I have one myself,
 Who shall not be more dear to my respect,
 Than yours, my lord.

Per. Madam, my thanks and prayers.

Cle. We'll bring your grace even to the edge
 o'the shore;

² i. e. be satisfied that we cannot forget the benefits you have bestowed on us.

³ The old copy reads, 'teach me to it:' the alteration was made by Stevens.

⁴ i. e. appear wilful, perverse by such conduct. The old copy reads in the preceding line:—

'Unscissar'd shall this *hair* of mine,' &c.

The corruption is obvious, as appears from a subsequent passage:—

'This ornament that makes me look so dismal
 Will I, my lov'd Marina, *clip to form*,' &c.

Then give you up to the mask'd Neptune⁵; and
The gentlest winds of heaven.

Per. I will embrace
Your offer. Come, dear'st madam.—O, no tears,
Lychorida, no tears:
Look to your little mistress, on whose grace
You may depend hereafter.—Come, my lord.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV.

Ephesus. *A Room in Cerimon's House.*

Enter CERIMON and THAISA.

Cer. Madam, this letter, and some certain jewels,
Lay with you in your coffer: which are now
At your command. Know you the character?

Thai. It is my lord's.
That I was shipp'd at sea, I well remember,
Even on my eaning¹ time; but whether there
Delivered or no, by the holy gods,
I cannot rightly say: But since King Pericles,
My wedded lord, I ne'er shall see again,
A vestal livery will I take me to,
And never more have joy.

Cer. Madam, if this you purpose as you speak,
Diana's temple is not distant far,
Where you may 'bide until your date expire².

⁵ i. e. Insidious waves that wear a treacherous smile.
'Subdola quem ridet placidi pellacia ponti.'

Lucret. ii. v. 599.

¹ The quarto, 1619, and the folio, 1664, which was probably printed from it, both read *eaning*. The first quarto reads *learning*. Steevens asserts that *eaning* is a term only applicable to sheep when they produce their young, and substituted '*yearning*,' which he interprets '*her groaning time*.' But it should be observed that to *ean* or *yeen*, in our elder language, as in the Anglo Saxon, signified to bring forth young, without any particular reference to sheep. I have therefore preferred the reading in the text to Steeven's conjecture.

² i. e. until you die. So in *Romeo and Juliet* :—
'The date is out of such prolixity.'

Moreover, if you please, a niece of mine
Shall there attend you.

Thai. My recompense is thanks, that's all:
Yet my good will is great, though the gift small.
[*Exeunt.*

ACT IV.

*Enter GOWER*¹.

Gow. Imagine Pericles arriv'd at Tyre,
Welcom'd and settled to his own desire.
His woful queen leave at Ephesus,
Unto Diana there a votaress.
Now to Marina bend your mind,
Whom our fast growing scene must find²
At Tharsus, and by Cleon train'd
In music, letters; who hath gain'd
Of education all the grace,
Which makes her both the heart and place³
Of general wonder. But alack!
That monster envy, oft the wrack

Again, in the same play:—

'— and *expire* the term
Of a despised life.'

And in the Rape of Lucrece:—

'An *expir'd date*, cancell'd ere well begun.'

¹ This chorus, and the two following scenes, in the old editions are printed as part of the third act.

² The same expression occurs in the chorus to The Winter's Tale:—

'—— your patience this allowing,
I turn my glass, and give my *scene* such *growing*
As you had slept between.'

³ The old copies read:

'Which makes *high* both the *art* and *place*.'

The emendation is by Steevens. We still use the *heart* of oak for the central part of it, and the *heart* of the land in much such another sense. *Place* here signifies *residence*. So in A Lover's Complaint:—

'Love lack'd a dwelling, and made him her *place*.'

Of earned praise, Marina's life
 Seeks to take off by treason's knife.
 And in this kind hath our Cleon
 One daughter, and a wench full grown,
 Even ripe for marriage fight; this maid
 Hight Philoten: and it is said
 For certain in our story, she
 Would ever with Marina be:
 Be't when she weav'd the sleided⁴ silk
 With fingers long, small, white as milk;
 Or when she would with sharp needl⁵ wound
 The cambric, which she made more sound
 By hurting it; or when to the lute
 She sung, and made the night-bird mute,
 That still records⁶ with moan; or when
 She would with rich and constant pen
 Vail⁷ to her mistress Dian; still
 This Philoten contends in skill
 With absolute⁸ Marina: so
 With the dove of Paphos might the crow
 Vie feathers white⁹. Marina gets
 All praises, which are paid as debts,
 And not as given. This so darks
 In Philoten all graceful marks,
 That Cleon's wife, with envy rare,
 A present murderer does prepare
 For good Marina, that her daughter

⁴ 'Sleided silk' is unwrought silk, prepared for weaving by passing it through the weaver's sley or reed-comb.

⁵ The old copies read *needle*, but the metre shows that we should read *needl*. The word is thus abbreviated in a subsequent passage in the first quarto. See King John, Act v. Sc. 2, p. 393.

⁶ To *record* anciently signified to *sing*. Thus in Sir Philip Sydney's *Ourania*, by [Nicholas Breton] 1606:—

'Recording songs unto the Deitie.'

The word is still used by bird fanciers. See vol. i. p. 162, note 1.

⁷ *Vail* is probably a misprint. Steevens suggests that we should read '*Hail*.' Malome proposes to substitute '*wait*.'

⁸ i. e. highly accomplished, perfect. So in Antony and Cleopatra:—

_____ at sea

He is an *absolute* master.'

And in Green's *Tu Quoque*:—'From an *absolute* and most complete gentleman, to a most absurd, ridiculous, and fond lover.'

⁹ See vol. iii. p. 361, note 19.

Might stand peerless by this slaughter.
 The sooner her vile thoughts to stead,
 Lychorida, our nurse, is dead;
 And cursed Dionyza hath
 The pregnant¹⁰ instrument of wrath
 Prest for this blow. The unborn event
 I do commend to your content¹¹:
 Only I carry winged time
 Post on the lame feet of my rhyme;
 Which never could I so convey,
 Unless your thoughts went on my way.—
 Dionyza does appear,
 With Leonine, a murderer. [Exit.

SCENE I.

Tharsus. *An open Place near the Seashore.*

Enter DIONYZA and LEONINE.

Dion. Thy oath remember; thou hast sworn
 to do it;
 'Tis but a blow, which never shall be known.
 Thou canst not do a thing i'the world so soon,
 To yield thee so much profit. Let not conscience,
 Which is but cold, inflaming love, thy bosom
 Inflame too nicely¹; nor let pity, which

¹⁰ *Pregnant* in this instance means *apt, quick*. *Prest* is *ready*.

¹¹ 'I do commend to your content.'
 Stevens conjectures that the poet wrote *consent* instead of *content*:
 but observes that perhaps the passage as it stands may mean 'I
 wish you to find content in that portion of our play which has not
 yet been exhibited.'

¹ The first quarto reads:—

'————— Let not conscience,
 Which is but cold, *in flaming thy love bosome*,
 Enflame too nicelie, nor let pitie,' &c.

Malone reads:—

'————— Let not conscience,
 Which is but cold, *inflame love in thy bosom*,
 Inflame too nicely, nor let pity,' &c.

Stevens proposed to omit the words 'Inflame too nicely,' and 'which
 even,' adding the pronoun *that*, in the following manner:—

Even women have cast off, melt thee, but be
A soldier to thy purpose.

Leon. I'll do't; but yet she is a goodly creature.

Dion. The fitter then the gods should have her.

Here

Weeping she comes for her old nurse's death².

'Thou art resolv'd?

Leon.

I am resolv'd.

Enter MARINA, with a Basket of Flowers.

Mar. No, no, I will rob Tellus of her weed,
To strew thy green³ with flowers: the yellows, blues,
The purple violets, and marigolds,
Shall, as a chaplet, hang upon thy grave, (*Grave*)
While summer days do last⁴. Ah me! poor maid,
Born in a tempest, when my mother died,
This world to me is like a lasting storm,
Whirring⁵ me from my friends.

¹ ———— Let not conscience,
Which is but cold, inflame love in thy bosom;
Nor let that pity women have cast off
Melt thee, but be a soldier to thy purpose.'

The reading I have given is sufficiently intelligible, and deviates less from the old copy. *Nicely* here means *tenderly, fondly*.

² The old copy reads:—

'Here she comes weeping for her *only mistress* death.'
As Marina had been trained in music, letters, &c. and had gained all the graces of education, Lychorida could not have been her *only mistress*. The suggestion and emendation are Dr. Percy's.

³ This is the reading of the quarto copy: the folio reads *grave*. *Weed*, in old language, meant *garment*.

⁴ So in *Cymbeline*:—

'——— with *fairest flowers*
While summer lasts, and I live here, Fidele,
I'll sweeten thy sad grave.'

The old copy reads, 'Shall as a *carpet* hang,' &c. the emendation is by Stevens.

⁵ Thus the earliest copy. The second quarto, and all subsequent impressions, read:—

'*Hurrying* me from my friends.'

Whirring or *whirring* had formerly the same meaning, a bird that flies with a quick motion is still said to *whirr* away. The verb to *whirry* is used in the ballad of Robin Goodfellow, *Reliques of Ancient English Poetry*, vol. ii. p. 203:—

'More swift than winds away I go,
O'er hedge and lands,
Thro' pools and ponds,
I *whirry*, laughing ho, ho, ho.'

Dion. How now, Marina! why do you keep alone⁶! How chance my daughter is not with you? Do not Consume your blood with sorrowing⁷: you have A nurse of me. Lord! how your favour's⁸ chang'd With this unprofitable woe! Come, come; Give me your wreath of flowers. Ere the sea mar it, Walk forth with Leonine⁹; the air is quick there, Piercing, and sharpens well the stomach. Come;— Leonine, take her by the arm, walk with her.

Mar. No, I pray you;
I'll not bereave you of your servant.

Dion. Come, come;
I love the king your father, and yourself,
With more than foreign heart¹⁰. We every day
Expect him here: when he shall come, and find
Our paragon to all reports¹¹, thus blasted,
He will repent the breadth of his great voyage;
Blame both my lord and me, that we have ta'en
No care to your best courses. Go, I pray you,
Walk, and be cheerful once again; reserve¹²

Whirring is often used by Chapman in his version of the *Iliad*: so in book xvii:—

‘—through the Greeks and Ilions they rapt
The *whirring* chariot.’

The two last lines uttered by Marina, very strongly resemble a passage in Homer's *Iliad*, b. xx. l. 377:—

‘———— τοὺς δ' οὐκ ἐθέλοντας ἄλλαι
Πόντον ἐπ' ἰχθυοέοντα ΦΙΛΩΝ ΑΠΑΝΕΡΘΕ ΦΕΡΟΥΕΙΝ.'

⁶ So in *Macbeth*:

‘How now, my lord! why do you keep alone?’
And in *King Henry IV.* Part II.:—

‘How chance thou art not with the prince thy brother?’
Milton employs a similar form of words in *Comus*, v. 508:—

‘How chance she is not in your company?’

⁷ In *King Henry VI.* Part II. we have ‘blood-consuming sighs.’
See also *Hamlet*, Act. iv. Sc. 7, note.

⁸ Countenance, look.

⁹ i. e. ere the sea by the coming in of the tide mar your walk.

¹⁰ That is, with the same warmth of affection as if I was his countryman.

¹¹ Our fair charge, whose beauty was once equal to all that fame said of it. So in *Othello*:—

‘——— He hath achiev'd a maid

That *paragons* description and wild fame.’

¹² *Reserve* has here the force of *preserve*. So in Shakspeare's thirty-second sonnet:—

‘*Reserve* them for my love, not for their rhymes.’

That excellent complexion, which did steal
The eyes of young and old. Care not for me;
I can go home alone.

Mar. Well, I will go;
But yet I have no desire to it.

Dion. Come, come, I know 'tis good for you,
Walk half an hour, Leonine, at the least;
Remember what I have said.

Leon. I warrant you, madam.

Dion. I'll leave you, my sweet lady, for a while;
Pray you walk softly, do not heat your blood:
What! I must have a care of you.

Mar. Thanks, sweet madam.—
[*Exit DIONYZA.*]

Is this wind westerly that blows?

Leon. South-west.

Mar. When I was born, the wind was north.

Leon. Was't so?

Mar. My father, as nurse said, did never fear,
But cry'd, *Good seamen!* to the sailors, galling
His kingly hands with hauling of the ropes;
And, clasping to the mast, endur'd a sea
That almost burst the deck.

Leon. When was this?

Mar. When I was born:
Never was waves nor wind more violent;
And from the ladder-tackle washes off
A canvass-climber¹³. *Ha!* says one, *wilt out?*
And with a dropping industry they skip
From stem to stern: the boatswain whistles, and
The master calls, and trebles their confusion¹⁴.

¹³ i. e. a sailor, one who climbs the mast to furl or unfurl the canvass or sails.

¹⁴ Mr. Steevens thus regulates and reads this passage:—
'That almost burst the deck, and from the ladder-tackle
Wash'd off a canvas-climber. *Ha!* says one,
Wilt out? and, with a dropping industry
They skip from stem to stern: the boatswain whistles,
The master calls, and trebles their confusion.

Leon. And when was this?

Mar. It was when I was born:
Never was waves nor wind more violent.

Leon. Come, say your prayers *speedily*.'

Leon. Come, say your prayers.

Mar. What mean you?

Leon. If you require a little space for prayer,
I grant it: Pray! but be not tedious,
For the gods are quick of ear, and I am sworn
To do my work with haste.

Mar. Why, will you kill me?

Leon. To satisfy my lady.

Mar. Why should she have me kill'd?
Now, as I can remember, by my troth,
I never did her hurt in all my life;
I never spake bad word, nor did ill turn
To any living creature: believe me, la,
I never kill'd a mouse, nor hurt a fly:
I trod upon a worm against my will,
But I wept for it. How have I offended,
Wherein my death might yield her profit, or
My life imply her danger?

Leon. My commission
Is not to reason of the deed, but do it.

Mar. You will not do't for all the world, I hope.
You are well favour'd, and your looks foreshow
You have a gentle heart. I saw you lately,
When you caught hurt in parting two that fought:
Good sooth, it show'd well in you: do so now:
Your lady seeks my life: come you between,
And save poor me, the weaker.

Leon. I am sworn,
And will despatch.

Enter Pirates, whilst MARINA is struggling.

1 *Pirate.* Hold, villain! [*LEONINE runs away.*]

2 *Pirate.* A prize! a prize!

3 *Pirate.* Half-part, mates, half-part. Come, let's
have her aboard suddenly.

[*Exeunt Pirates with MARINA.*]

SCENE II. *The same.**Re-enter LEONINE.*

Leon. These roving¹ thieves serve the great pirate Valdes²;
And they have seiz'd Marina. Let her go:
There's no hope she'll return. I'll swear she's dead,
And thrown into the sea.—But I'll see further;
Perhaps they will but please themselves upon her,
Not carry her aboard. If she remain,
Whom they have ravish'd, must by me be slain.
[*Exit.*

SCENE III. Mitylene. *A Room in a Brothel.**Enter PANDER, Bawd, and BOULT.**Pand.* Boul't.*Boul't.* Sir.

Pand. Search the market narrowly; Mitylene is full of gallants. We lost too much money this mart, by being too wenchless.

Bawd. We were never so much out of creatures. We have but poor three, and they can do no more than they can do; and with continual action are even as good as rotten.

Pand. Therefore let's have fresh ones, whate'er we pay for them. If there be not a conscience to be us'd in every trade, we shall never prosper.

¹ Old copy reads '*roguing thieves.*'

² The Spanish armada perhaps furnished this name. Don Pedro de Valdes was an admiral in that fleet, and had the command of the great galleon of Andalusia. His ship being disabled, he was taken by Sir Francis Drake on the 22d of July, 1588, and sent to Dartmouth. This play was not written, we may conclude, till after that period. The making one of this Spaniard's ancestors a pirate was probably relished by the audience in those days. There is a particular account of this Valdes in Robert Greene's Spanish Masquerado, 1589. He was then prisoner in England.

Bawd. Thou say'st true: 'tis not the bringing up of poor bastards, as I think I have brought up some eleven——

Boult. Ay, to eleven, and brought them down again¹. But shall I search the market?

Bawd. What else, man? The stuff we have, a strong wind will blow it to pieces, they are so pitifully sodden.

Pand. Thou say'st true; they are too unwholesome o'conscience. The poor Transylvanian is dead, that lay with the little baggage.

Boult. Ay, she quickly pooped him; she made him roast meat for worms: but I'll go search the market. [Exit BOULT.]

Pand. Three or four thousand chequins were as pretty a proportion to live quietly, and so give over.

Bawd. Why, to give over, I pray you? is it a shame to get when we are old?

Pand. O, our credit comes not in like the commodity; nor the commodity wages not with the danger²; therefore, if in our youths we could pick up some pretty estate, 'twere not amiss to keep our door hatch'd³. Besides, the sore terms we stand

¹ I have *brought up* (i. e. educated), says the baw'd, some eleven. Yea, answers Boult, to eleven (i. e. as far as eleven years of age), and then brought them down again. The latter clause of the sentence requires no explanation. In the play of *The Wether*, by John Heywood, 4to. blk. l. Merry Report says:—

'Oft tyme is sene both in court and towne,

Longe be women a bryngynge up, and some *brought down*.

² i. e. is not equal to it. So in *Othello*:—

'To wake and *wage* a danger profitless.'

And in *Antony and Cleopatra*, vol. viii.:—

'—— his taunts and honours

Wag'd equal with him.'

³ A *hatch* is a half door, sometimes placed within a street door, preventing access farther than the entry of a house. When the top of a *hatch* was guarded by a row of spikes no person could reach over and undo its fastening, which was always within side, and near its bottom. This domestic portcullis perhaps was necessary to our ancient brothels. Secured within such a barrier, Mrs. Overdone could parley with her customers, refuse admittance to the shabby visitor, bargain with the rich gallant, defy the beadle, or keep the constable at bay. From having been her usual defence, the *hatch* became the unequivocal denotement of her trade; for though the *hatch with a flat top* was a constant attendant on but-

upon with the gods, will be strong with us for giving over.

Bawd. Come, other sorts offend as well as we.

Pand. As well as we! ay, and better too; we offend worse. Neither is our profession any trade; it's no calling:—but here comes Boulton.

Enter the Pirates, and BOULT, dragging in MARINA.

Boulton. Come your ways. [*To MARINA.*—My masters, you say she's a virgin?

1 Pirate. O, sir, we doubt it not.

Boulton. Master, I have gone thorough⁴ for this piece, you see: if you like her, so; if not, I have lost my earnest.

Bawd. Boulton, has she any qualities?

Boulton. She has a good face, speaks well, and has excellent good clothes; there's no further necessity of qualities can make her be refused.

Bawd. What's her price, Boulton?

Boulton. I cannot be bated one doit of a thousand pieces.

Pand. Well, follow me, my masters; you shall have your money presently. Wife, take her in; instruct her what she has to do, that she may not be raw⁵ in her entertainment.

[*Exeunt Pander and Pirates.*]

Bawd. Boulton, take you the marks of her; the colour of her hair, complexion, height, age, with warrant of her virginity; and cry, *He that will give*

teries in great families, colleges, &c. the hatch with spikes on it was peculiar to early houses of amorous entertainment, and Mr. Steevens was informed that the bagnios of Dublin were not long since so defended. Malone exhibited a copy of a wood cut, prefixed to an old pamphlet entitled *Holland's Leaguer*, 4to. 1632, in which is a representation of a celebrated brothel, on the Bank-side, near the Globe play-house, in which he imagined the *hatch* was delineated. Steevens has pleasantly bantered him upon it. The reader may see the cut and the raillery in the *variorum Shakespeare*.

⁴ i. e. bid a high price for her.

⁵ i. e. unripe, unskilful. So in *Hamlet*:—‘And yet but raw neither in respect of his full sail.’

most, shall have her first. Such a maidenhead were no cheap thing, if men were as they have been. Get this done as I command you.

Boult. Performance shall follow. [*Exit BOULT.*]

Mar. Alack, that Leonine was so slack, so slow! (He should have struck, not spoke;) or that these pirates

(Not enough barbarous) had not overboard

Thrown me, to seek my mother!

Bawd. Why lament you, pretty one?

Mar. That I am pretty.

Bawd. Come, the gods have done their part in you.

Mar. I accuse them not.

Bawd. You are lit into my hands, where you are like to live.

Mar. The more my fault,
To 'scape his hands, where I was like to die.

Bawd. Ay, and you shall live in pleasure.

Mar. No.

Bawd. Yes, indeed, shall you, and taste gentlemen of all fashions. You shall fare well; you shall have the difference of all complexions. What! do you stop your ears?

Mar. Are you a woman?

Bawd. What would you have me be, an I be not a woman?

Mar. An honest woman, or not a woman.

Bawd. Marry, whip thee, gosling: I think I shall have something to do with you. Come, you are a young foolish sapling, and must be bowed as I would have you.

Mar. The gods defend me!

Bawd. If it please the gods to defend you by men, then men must comfort you, men must feed you, men must stir you up.—*Boult's* returned.

Enter BOULT.

Now, sir, hast thou cried her through the market?

Boult. I have cried her almost to the number of her hairs; I have drawn her picture with my voice.

Bawd. And I pr'ythee tell me, how dost thou find the inclination of the people, especially of the younger sort?

Boult. 'Faith, they listened to me, as they would have hearkened to their father's testament. There was a Spaniard's mouth so watered, that he went to bed to her very description.

Bawd. We shall have him here to-morrow with his best ruff on.

Boult. To-night, to-night. But, mistress, do you know the French knight that cowers⁶ i'the hams?

Bawd. Who? Monsieur Veroles?

Boult. Ay; he offered to cut a caper at the proclamation; but he made a groan at it, and swore he would see her to-morrow.

Bawd. Well, well; as for him, he brought his disease hither: here he does but repair it⁷. I know, he will come in our shadow, to scatter his crowns in the sun⁸.

Boult. Well, if we had of every nation a traveller, we should lodge them with this sign⁹.

Bawd. Pray you, come hither awhile. You have fortunes coming upon you. Mark me; you must seem to do that fearfully, which you commit willingly; to despise profit, where you have most gain.

⁶ To cower is to sink or crouch down. Thus in King Henry VI.:—

'The splitting rocks cower'd in the sinking sands.'

Again in Gammer Gurton's Needle:—

'They cower so o'er the coles, their eyes be blear'd with smoke.'

⁷ i. e. renovate it. So in Cymbeline, Act i. Sc. 2, p. 12—13:—

'O disloyal thing!

Thou should'st repair my youth.'

⁸ The allusion is to the French coin *écus de soleil*, crowns of the sun. The meaning of the passage is merely this, 'That the French knight will seek the shade of their house to scatter his money there.'

⁹ 'If a traveller from every part of the globe were to assemble in Mitylene, they would all resort to this house, while we had such a sign to it as this virgin.' A similar eulogy is pronounced on Imogen in Cymbeline:—'She's a good sign; but I have seen small reflection of her wit.'

To weep that you live as you do, makes pity in your lovers: Seldom, but that pity begets you a good opinion, and that opinion a mere¹⁰ profit.

Mar. I understand you not.

Boult. O, take her home, mistress, take her home: these blushes of hers must be quenched with some present practice.

Bawd. Thou say'st true, i'faith, so they must: for your bride goes to that with shame, which is her way to go with warrant.

Boult. 'Faith some do, and some do not. But, mistress, if I have bargained for the joint,—

Bawd. Thou may'st cut a morsel off the spit.

Boult. I may so.

Bawd. Who should deny it? Come, young one, I like the manner of your garments well.

Boult. Ay, by my faith, they shall not be changed yet.

Bawd. Boult, spend thou that in the town: report what a sojourner we have: you'll lose nothing by custom. When nature framed this piece, she meant thee a good turn; therefore say what a paragon she is, and thou hast the harvest out of thine own report.

Boult. I warrant you, mistress, thunder shall not so awake the beds of eels¹¹, as my giving out her beauty stir up the lewdly-inclined. I'll bring home some to-night.

Bawd. Come your ways; follow me.

Mar. If fires be hot, knives sharp, or waters deep, Untied I still my virgin knot will keep.

Diana, aid my purpose!

Bawd. What have we to do with Diana? Pray you, will you go with us? [*Exeunt.*]

¹⁰ i. e. an absolute, a certain profit.

¹¹ Thunder is supposed to have the effect of rousing eels from the mud, and so render them more easy to take in stormy weather. Marston alludes to this in his Satires:—

'They are nought but eeles, that never will appeare
Till that tempestuous winds, or thunder, teare
Their slimy beds.'

SCENE IV.

Tharsus. *A Room in Cleon's House.*

Enter CLEON and DIONYZA.

Dion. Why, are you foolish? Can it be undone?

Cle. O Dionyza, such a piece of slaughter
The sun and moon ne'er look'd upon!

Dion. I think

You'll turn a child again.

Cle. Were I chief lord of all the spacious world,
I'd give it to undo the deed¹. O lady,
Much less in blood than virtue, yet a princess
To equal any single crown o'the earth,
I'the justice of compare! O villain Leonine,
Whom thou hast poison'd too!
If thou had'st drunk to him, it had been a kindness
Becoming well thy feat²: what canst thou say,
When noble Pericles shall demand his child?

Dion. That she is dead. Nurses are not the fates,
To foster it, nor ever to preserve.
She died at night; I'll say so. Who can cross it?
Unless you play the impious innocent³,
And for an honest attribute, cry out,
She died by foul play.

Cle. O, go to. Well, well,
Of all the faults beneath the heavens, the gods
Do like this worst.

Dion. Be one of those, that think
The pretty wrens of Tharsus will fly hence,

¹ So in Macbeth:—'Wake Duncan with this knocking:—Ay, 'would, thou couldst!' In Pericles, as in Macbeth, the wife is more criminal than the husband, whose repentance follows immediately on the murder.

² The old copy reads *face*. The emendation is Mason's. *Feat* is *deed*, or *exploit*.

³ An *innocent* was formerly a common appellation for an *idiot*. She calls him an impious simpleton, because such a discovery would touch the life of one of his own family, his wife. This is the ingenious interpretation of Malone; but I incline to think with Mason that we should read, '—the *pious* innocent.'

And open this to Pericles. I do shame
To think of what a noble strain you are,
And of how coward a spirit.

Cle. To such proceeding
Who ever but his approbation added,
Though not his pre-consent, he did not flow
From honourable courses.

Dion. Be it so then:
Yet none does know, but you, how she came dead,
Nor none can know, Leonine being gone.
She did distain⁴ my child, and stood between
Her and her fortunes: None would look on her,
But cast their gazes on Marina's face;
Whilst ours was blurted⁵ at, and held a malkin⁶,
Not worth the time of day. It pierc'd me thorough;
And though you call my course unnatural,
You not your child well loving, yet I find,
It greets me⁷ as an enterprise of kindness,
Perform'd to your sole daughter.

Cle. Heavens forgive it!

Dion. And as for Pericles,

⁴ The old copy reads, 'She did *disdain* my child.' But Marina was not of a *disdainful* temper. Her excellence indeed *eclipsed* the meaner qualities of her companion, i. e. in the language of the poet, *distained* them. In Tarquin and Lucrece we meet with the same verb again:—

'Were Tarquin night (as he is but night's child),
The silver-shining queen he would *distain*.'

The verb is several times used by Shakspeare in the sense of to *eclipse*, to throw into the shade; and not in that of to *disgrace*, as Steevens asserts. See vol. viii. p. 422, note 3.

The same cause for Dionyza's hatred to Marina is also alleged in Twine's translation:—'The people beholding the beantie and comlinesse of Tharsia, said—Happy is the father that hath Tharsia to his daughter; but her companion that goeth with her is foule and ill-favoured. When Dionisiades heard Tharsia commended, and her owne daughter, Philomacia, so dispraised, she returned home wonderful wrath,' &c.

⁵ This contemptuous expression frequently occurs in our ancient dramas. So in King Edward III. 1596:—

'This day hath set derision on the French,
And all the world will *blurt* and scorn at us.'

⁶ A coarse wench, not worth a good morrow.

⁷ 'It greets me' appears to mean it *salutes* me, or is grateful to me. So in King Henry VIII.:—

'Would, I had no being,
If this *salute* my blood a jot.'

What should he say? We wept after her hearse,
 And even yet we mourn; her monument
 Is almost finish'd, and her epitaphs
 In glittering golden characters express
 A general praise to her, and care in us
 At whose expense 'tis done.

Cle. Thou art like the harpy,
 Which, to betray, doth with thine angel's face,
 Seize with thine eagle's talons⁸.

Dion. You are like one, that superstitiously
 Doth swear to the gods, that winter kills the flies⁹;
 But yet I know you'll do as I advise. [*Exeunt.*]

*Enter GOWER, before the Monument of MARINA
 at Tharsus.*

Gow. Thus time we waste, and longest leagues
 make short;
 Sail seas in cockles¹⁰, have, and wish but for't;
 Making¹¹ (to take your imagination),
 From bourn to bourn, region to region.
 By you being pardon'd, we commit no crime
 To use one language, in each several clime,
 Where our scenes seem to live. I do beseech you,
 To learn of me, who stand i'the gap to teach you
 The stages of our story. Pericles
 Is now again thwarting the wayward seas¹²

⁸ 'With thine angel's face,' &c. means 'You having an angel's face, a look of innocence, have at the same time an eagle's talons.'

⁹ This passage appears to mean, 'You are so affectingly humane, that you would appeal to heaven against the cruelty of winter in killing the flies. Superstitious is explained by Johnson, *scrupulous beyond need.*—*Boswell.*

¹⁰ See vol. iv. p. 205, note 3.

¹¹ So in a former passage:—'O make for Tharsus.' *Making*, &c. is travelling (with the hope of engaging your attention) from one division or boundary of the world to another; i. e. we hope to interest you by the variety of our scene, and the different countries through which we pursue our story.—We still use a phrase exactly corresponding with *take your imagination*; i. e. 'to take one's fancy.'

¹² So in King Henry V.:—

'——— and there being seen,
 Heave him away upon your winged thoughts
 Athwart the seas.'

(Attended on by many a lord and knight),
 To see his daughter, all his life's delight.
 Old Escanes, whom Helicanus late¹³
 Advanc'd in time to great and high estate,
 Is left to govern. Bear you it in mind,
 Old Helicanus goes along behind.
 Well sailing ships, and bounteous winds, have
 brought
 This king to Tharsus (think this pilot-thought¹⁴;
 So with his steerage shall your thoughts grow on),
 To fetch his daughter home, who first is gone¹⁵.
 Like motes and shadows see them move awhile;
 Your ears unto your eyes I'll reconcile.

Dumb Show.

*Enter at one door, PERICLES, with his Train; CLEON
 and DIONYZA at the other. CLEON shows PERI-
 CLES the Tomb of MARINA; whereat PERICLES
 makes lamentation, puts on Sackcloth, and in a
 mighty passion departs. Then CLEON and
 DIONYZA retire.*

Gow. See how belief may suffer by foul show!
 This borrow'd passion stands for true old woe¹⁶;
 And Pericles, in sorrow all devour'd,
 With sighs shot through, and biggest tears o'er-
 show'r'd,
 Leaves Tharsus, and again embarks. He swears
 Never to wash his face, nor cut his hairs;
 He puts on sackcloth, and to sea. He bears

¹³ These lines are strangely misplaced in the old copy. The transposition and corrections are by Steevens.

¹⁴ This is the reading of the old copy, which Malone altered to 'his pilot thought.' I do not see the necessity of the change. The passage as it is will bear the interpretation given to the correction:—'Let your imagination steer with him, be his pilot, and, by accompanying him in his voyage, think this pilot-thought.'

¹⁵ Who has left Tharsus before her father's arrival there.

¹⁶ i. e. for such tears as were shed when the world being ought infancy, dissimulation was unknown. Perhaps, however, we in its to read, 'true told woe.'

A tempest, which his mortal vessel¹⁷ tears,
 And yet he rides it out. Now please you wit¹⁸
 The epitaph is for Marina writ
 By wicked Dionyza.

[*Reads the Inscription on MARINA'S Monument.*
*The fairest, sweet'st*¹⁹, *and best, lies here,*
Who wither'd in her spring of year.
She was of Tyrus, the king's daughter,
On whom foul death hath made this slaughter;
Marina was she call'd; and at her birth,
*Thetis*²⁰, *being proud, swallow'd some part o'the earth:*
Therefore the earth, fearing to be o'erflow'd,
Hath Thetis birth-child on the heavens bestow'd:
*Wherefore she does (and swears she'll never stint*²¹),
Make raging battery upon shores of flint.
 No visor does become black villany,
 So well as soft and tender flattery.
 Let Pericles believe his daughter's dead,
 And bear his courses to be ordered
 By lady fortune; while our scenes display
 His daughter's woe and heavy well-a-day,
 In her unholy service. Patience then,
 And think you now are all in Mitylen. [*Exit.*

¹⁷ So in King Richard III. :—

'O, then began the tempest of my soul.'

What is here called his *mortal vessel* (i. e. his body) is styled by Cleopatra her *mortal house*.

¹⁸ 'Now be pleased to know.' So in Gower :—

'In which the lorde hath to him writte,

That he would understande and witte.'

¹⁹ *Sweet'st* must be read here as a monosyllable, as *highest* in *The Tempest* :—'Highest queen of state,' &c. Steevens observes that we might more elegantly read, omitting the conjunction *and*—

'The fairest, sweetest, best, lies here.'

²⁰ The inscription alludes to the violent storm which accompanied the birth of Marina; at which time the sea, proudly over-swelling its bounds, swallowed, as is usual in such hurricanes, some part of the earth. The poet ascribed the swelling of the sea to the pride which Thetis felt at the birth of Marina in her element; and supposes that the earth, being afraid to be overflowed, bestowed this birth-child of Thetis on the heavens; and that Thetis, in revenge, makes raging battery against the shores.—*Mason*.

²¹ i. e. never cease.

SCENE V.

Mitylene. *A Street before the Brothel.*

Enter, from the Brothel, Two Gentlemen.

1 *Gent.* Did you ever hear the like?

2 *Gent.* No, nor never shall do in such a place as this, she being once gone.

1 *Gent.* But to have divinity preached there! did you ever dream of such a thing?

2 *Gent.* No, no. Come, I am for no more bawdy-houses: shall we go hear the vestals sing?

1 *Gent.* I'll do any thing now that is virtuous; but I am out of the road of rutting, for ever.

[Exeunt.]

SCENE VI.

The same. A Room in the Brothel.

Enter PANDER, Bawd, and BOULT.

Pand. Well, I had rather than twice the worth of her, she had ne'er come here.

Bawd. Fye, fye upon her: she is able to freeze the god Priapus, and undo a whole generation. We must either get her ravished, or be rid of her. When she should do for clients her fitment, and do me the kindness of our profession, she has me her quirks, her reasons, her master-reasons, her prayers, her knees; that she would make a puritan of the devil, if he should cheapen a kiss of her.

Boult. 'Faith, I must ravish her, or she'll dis-furnish us of all our cavaliers, and make all our swearers priests.

Pand. Now, the pox upon her green-sickness for me!

Bawd. 'Faith, there's no way to be rid on't, but by the way to the pox. Here comes the Lord Lysimachus, disguised.

Boult. We should have both lord and lown, if the peevish baggage would but give way to customers.

Enter LYSIMACHUS.

Lys. How now? How¹ a dozen of virginities?

Bawd. Now, the gods to-bless² your honour!

Boult. I am glad to see your honour in good health.

Lys. You may so; 'tis the better for you that your resorters stand upon sound legs. How now, wholesome iniquity? Have you that a man may deal withal, and defy the surgeon?

Bawd. We have here one, sir, if she would—— but there never came her like in Mitylene.

Lys. If she'd do the deeds of darkness, thou would'st say.

Bawd. Your honour knows what 'tis to say well enough.

Lys. Well; call forth, call forth.

Boult. For flesh and blood, sir, white and red, you shall see a rose; and she were a rose indeed, if she had but——

Lys. What, pr'ythee?

Boult. O, sir, I can be modest.

Lys. That dignifies the renown of a bawd, no less than it gives a good report to an anchor³ to be chaste.

¹ This is Justice Shallow's mode of asking the price of a different kind of commodity:—

'How a score of ewes now?'

² The use of *to* in composition with verbs is very common in Gower and Chaucer. See also vol. i. p. 251, note 7.

³ The old copy, which both Steevens and Malone considered corrupt in this place, reads, 'That dignifies the renown of a bawd, no less than it gives good report to a number to be chaste.' I have ventured to substitute *an anchor*, i. e. A HERMIT or *anchoret*. The word being formerly written *ancher*, *anchor*, and even *anker*, it is evident that in old MSS. it might readily be mistaken for a number. The word is used by the Player Queen in *Hamlet*, Act iii. Sc. 2:—

'An anchor's cheer in prison be my scope.'

It is evident that some character contrasted to *bawd* is required by the context.

Enter MARINA.

Bawd. Here comes that which grows to the stalk;—never plucked yet, I can assure you. Is she not a fair creature?

Lys. 'Faith, she would serve after a long voyage at sea. Well, there's for you;—leave us.

Bawd. I beseech your honour, give me leave: a word, and I'll have done presently.

Lys. I beseech you, do.

Bawd. First, I would have you note, this is an honourable man. [*To MAR. whom she takes aside.*

Mar. I desire to find him so, that I may worthily note him.

Bawd. Next, he's the governor of this country, and a man whom I am bound to.

Mar. If he govern the country, you are bound to him indeed; but how honourable he is in that, I know not.

Bawd. 'Pray you, without any more virginal⁴ fencing, will you use him kindly? He will line your apron with gold.

Mar. What he will do graciously, I will thankfully receive.

Lys. Have you done?

Bawd. My lord, she's not paced⁵ yet; you must take some pains to work her to your manage. Come, we will leave his honour and her together.

[*Exeunt Bawd, PANDER, and BOULT.*

Lys. Go thy ways.—Now, pretty one, how long have you been at this trade?

Mar. What trade, sir?

Lys. What I cannot name but I shall offend.

Mar. I cannot be offended with my trade. Please you to name it.

⁴ This uncommon adjective is again used in *Coriolanus*:—

'—the *virginal* palms of your daughters.'

⁵ A term from the equestrian art; but still in familiar language applied to persons chiefly in a bad sense with its compound *thorough-paced*.

Lys. How long have you been of this profession?

Mar. Ever since I can remember.

Lys. Did you go to it so young? Were you a gamester⁶ at five, or at seven?

Mar. Earlier too, sir, if now I be one.

Lys. Why, the house you dwell in, proclaims you to be a creature of sale.

Mar. Do you know this house to be a place of such resort, and will come into it? I hear say, you are of honourable parts, and are the governor of this place.

Lys. Why, hath your principal made known unto you who I am?

Mar. Who is my principal?

Lys. Why, your herb-woman; she that sets seeds and roots of shame and iniquity. O, you have heard something of my power, and so stand aloof for more serious wooing. But I protest to thee, pretty one, my authority shall not see thee, or else, look friendly upon thee. Come, bring me to some private place. Come, come.

Mar. If you were born to honour, show it now; If put upon you, make the judgment good That thought you worthy of it.

Lys. How's this? how's this?—Some more;—be sage⁷.

Mar. For me,
That am a maid, though most ungentle fortune
Hath plac'd me here within this loathsome stie,
Where, since I came, diseases have been sold
Dearer than physic,—O that the good gods
Would set me free from this unhallow'd place,
Though they did change me to the meanest bird
That flies i'the purer air!

Lys.

I did not think

⁶ i. e. a wanton. See vol. iii. p. 308, note 21.

⁷ Lysimachus must be supposed to say this sneeringly—'Proceed with your fine moral discourse.'

Thou could'st have spoke so well; ne'er dream'd
thou could'st.

Had I brought hither a corrupted mind,
Thy speech had alter'd it. Hold, here's gold for thee:
Perséver still in that clear⁸ way thou goest,
And the gods strengthen thee!

Mar. The gods preserve you!

Lys. For me, be you thoughten
That I come with no ill intent; for to me
The very doors and windows savour vilely.
Farewell. Thou art a piece of virtue⁹, and
I doubt not but thy training hath been noble.—
Hold; here's more gold for thee.—
A curse upon him, die he like a thief,
That robs thee of thy goodness! If thou hear'st
from me,
It shall be for thy good.

[*As* **LYSIMACHUS** is putting up his Purse,
BOULT enters.]

Boult. I beseech your honour, one piece for me.

Lys. Avaunt, thou damned door-keeper! Your
house,
But for this virgin that doth prop it up,
Would sink, and overwhelm you all. Away!

[*Exit* **LYSIMACHUS**.]

Boult. How's this? We must take another course
with you. If your peevish chastity, which is not
worth a breakfast in the cheapest country under
the cope¹⁰, shall undo a whole household, let me
be gelded like a spaniel. Come your ways.

⁸ Clear is pure, innocent. Thus in *The Two Noble Kinsmen*:—

'——— For the sake
Of clear virginity, be advocate
For us and our distresses.'

So in *The Tempest*:—

'—— nothing but heart's sorrow,
And a clear life ensuing.'

⁹ '——— thy mother was

A piece of virtue. *Tempest.*

So in *Antony and Cleopatra*, alluding to Octavia:—

'Let not the piece of virtue, which is set
Betwixt us.'

¹⁰ i. e. under the cope or canopy of heaven.

Mar. Whither would have me?

Boult. I must have your maidenhead taken off, or the common hangman shall execute it. Come your way. We'll have no more gentlemen driven away. Come your ways, I say.

Re-enter Bawd.

Bawd. How now! what's the matter?

Boult. Worse and worse, mistress; she has here spoken holy words to the Lord Lysimachus.

Bawd. O abominable!

Boult. She makes our profession as it were to stink afore the face of the gods.

Bawd. Marry, hang her up for ever!

Boult. The nobleman would have dealt with her like a nobleman, and she sent him away as cold as a snowball; saying his prayers too.

Bawd. Boult, take her away; use her at thy pleasure: crack the glass of her virginity, and make the rest malleable¹¹.

Boult. An if she were a thornier piece of ground than she is, she shall be ploughed¹².

Mar. Hark, hark, you gods!

Bawd. She conjures away with her: 'Would, she had never come within my doors! Marry, hang you! She's born to undo us. Will you not go the way of womankind? Marry come up, my dish of chastity with rosemary and bays¹³! [*Exit Bawd.*

¹¹ Steevens thinks that there may be some allusion here to a fact recorded by Dion Cassius, and by Pliny, b. xxxvi. ch. xxvi.; but more circumstantially by Petronius. Var. Edit. p. 189. A skilful workman, who had discovered the art of making glass malleable, carried a specimen of it to Tiberius, who asked him if he alone was in possession of the secret. He replied in the affirmative; on which the tyrant ordered his head to be struck off immediately, lest his invention should have proved injurious to the workers in gold, silver, and other metals. The same story, however, is told in the *Gesta Romanorum*, c. 44.

¹² Thus also in *Antony and Cleopatra*:—

'She made great Cæsar lay his sword to bed,
He plough'd her, and she cropp'd.'

¹³ Anciently many dishes were served up with this 'garniture,' during the season of Christmas. The Bawd means to call her a piece of ostentatious virtue.

Boult. Come, mistress; come your way with me.

Mar. Whither would you have me?

Boult. To take from you the jewel you hold so dear.

Mar. Pr'ythee, tell me one thing first.

Boult. Come now, your one thing¹⁴.

Mar. What canst thou wish thine enemy to be?

Boult. Why, I could wish him to be my master, or rather, my mistress.

Mar. Neither of these are yet so bad as thou art, Since they do better thee in their command.

Thou hold'st a place, for which the pained'st fiend Of hell would not in reputation change:

Thou'rt the damn'd door-keeper to every coystrel¹⁵!

That hither comes inquiring for his tib;

To the cholerick fisting of each rogue thy ear

Is liable; thy very food is such

As hath been belch'd on by infected lungs¹⁶.

Boult. What would you have me? go to the wars, would you? where a man may serve seven years for the loss of a leg, and have not money enough in the end to buy him a wooden one?

Mar. Do any thing but this thou doest. Empty Old receptacles, common sewers, of filth; Serve by indenture to the common hangman; Any of these ways are better yet than this: For that which thou professest, a baboon, Could he speak, would own a name too dear¹⁷.

¹⁴ So in King Henry IV. Part II. :—

'*P. Hen.* Shall I tell thee *one thing*, Poins?

Poins. Go to, I stand the push of your *one thing*.'

¹⁵ A *coystrel* is a *low mean person*. See vol. i. p. 284, note 3. *Tib* was a common name for a *strumpet*.

'They wondred much at Tom, but at *Tib* more;

Faith (quoth the vicker) 'tis an extlent w—.'

Nosce Te, by Richard Turnor, 1607.

¹⁶ Steevens observes that Marina, who is designed for a character of juvenile innocence, appears much too knowing in the improprieties of a brothel; nor are her expressions more chastised than her ideas.

¹⁷ That is, a baboon would think his tribe dishonoured by such a profession. Iago says, 'Ere I would drown myself, &c. I would change my humanity with a *baboon*.' In this speech Steevens has made some trifling regulations to improve the metre.

O that the gods would safely from this place
Deliver me! Here, here is gold for thee.
If that thy master would gain aught by me,
Proclaim that I can sing, weave, sew, and dance,
With other virtues, which I'll keep from boast;
And I will undertake all these to teach.
I doubt not but this populous city will
Yield many scholars.

Boult. But can you teach all this you speak of?

Mar. Prove that I cannot, take me home again,
And prostitute me to the basest groom
That doth frequent your house.

Boult. Well, I will see what I can do for thee:
if I can place thee, I will.

Mar. But, amongst honest women?

Boult. 'Faith, my acquaintance lies little amongst
them. But since my master and mistress have
bought you, there's no going but by their consent:
therefore I will make them acquainted with your
purpose, and I doubt not but I shall find them
tractable enough. Come, I'll do for thee what I
can; come your ways. [Exeunt.

ACT V.

Enter GOWER.

Gow. Marina thus the brothel scapes, and chances
 Into an honest house, our story says.
 She sings like one immortal, and she dances
 As goddess-like to her admired lays:
 Deep clerks she dumbs¹, and with her needl² com-
 poses
 Nature's own shape, of bud, bird, branch, or berry;
 That even her art sisters the natural roses:
 Her inkle³ silk, twin with the rubied cherry:
 That pupils lacks she none of noble race,
 Who pour their bounty on her; and her gain
 She gives the cursed bawd. Here we her place;
 And to her father turn our thoughts again,
 Where we left him, on the sea. We there him lost;
 Whence driven before the winds, he is arriv'd
 Here where his daughter dwells; and on this coast
 Suppose him now at anchor. The city striv'd⁴

¹ The following passage from *A Midsummer Night's Dream* is adduced only on account of the similarity of expression, the sentiments being very different. Theseus confounds those who address him, by his superior dignity; Marina silences the learned persons, with whom she converses, by her literary superiority.

'Where I have come great clerks have purposed
 To greet me with premeditated welcomes;
 Where I have seen them shiver and look pale,
 Make periods in the midst of sentences,
 Throttle their practis'd accents in their fears,
 And in conclusion *dumbly* have broke off,
 Not paying me a welcome.'

We have the verb to *dumb* again in Antony and Cleopatra:—

'—that what I would have spoke
 Was beastly *dumb* by him.'

See vol. viii. p. 380, note 7.

² Needle. See p. 304, note 5, [Act iv. Chorus].

³ *Inkle* appears to have been a particular kind of *silk thread* or *worsted* used in embroidery. The reader will correct the note in vol. iv. p. 75; where it is explained, 'a kind of tape.' Rider translates *inkle* by *filum textile*.

⁴ Steevens thinks that we should read, 'The city's *hiv'd*,' i. e. the citizens are collected like bees in a hive. We have the verb in *The Merchant of Venice*:—'Drones *hive* not with me.'

God Neptune's annual feast to keep: from whence
 Lysimachus our Tyrian ship espies,
 His banners sable, trimm'd with rich expense;
 And to him in his barge with fervour hies.
 In your supposing once more put your sight⁵;
 Of heavy Pericles think this the bark:
 Where, what is done in action, more, if might⁶,
 Shall be discover'd; please you, sit, and hark.
[Exit.]

SCENE I.

*On board PERICLES' Ship, off Mitylene. A close
 Pavilion on deck, with a Curtain before it;
 PERICLES within it, reclined on a Couch. A
 Barge lying beside the Tyrian Vessel.*

*Enter Two Sailors, one belonging to the Tyrian
 Vessel, the other to the Barge; to them HELI-
 CANUS.*

Tyr. Sail. Where's the Lord Helicanus? he can
 resolve you. [To the Sailor of Mitylene.]

O here he is.—

Sir, there's a barge put off from Mitylene,
 And in it is Lysimachus the governor,
 Who craves to come aboard. What is your will?

Hel. That he have his. Call up some gentlemen.

Tyr. Sail. Ho, gentlemen! my lord calls.

Enter Two Gentlemen.

1 Gent. Doth your lordship call?

Hel. Gentlemen,

⁵ 'Once more put your sight under the guidance of your imagination. Suppose you see what we cannot exhibit to you; think this stage the bark of the melancholy Pericles.'

⁶ 'Where all that may be displayed in action shall be exhibited; and more should be shown, if our stage would permit.' The poet seems to be aware of the difficulty of representing the ensuing scene. Some modern editions read, 'more of might;' which, if there was authority for it, should seem to mean 'more of greater consequence.'

There is some of worth would come aboard; I
pray you,
To greet them fairly.

[*The Gentlemen and the Two Sailors descend,
and go on board the Barge.*]

Enter, from thence LYSIMACHUS and Lords; the
Tyrian Gentlemen, and the Two Sailors.

Tyr. Sail. Sir,
This is the man that can, in aught you would,
Resolve you.

Lys. Hail, reverend sir! the gods preserve you!

Hel. And you, sir, to outlive the age I am,
And die as I would do.

Lys. You wish me well.
Being on shore, honouring of Neptune's triumphs,
Seeing this goodly vessel ride before us,
I made to 'it, to know of whence you are.

Hel. First, sir, what is your place?

Lys. I am governor of this place you lie before.

Hel. Sir,
Our vessel is of Tyre, in it the king:
A man, who for this three months hath not spoken
To any one, nor taken sustenance,
But to prorogue¹ his grief.

Lys. Upon what ground is his distemperature?

Hel. Sir, it would be too tedious to repeat;
But the main grief of all springs from the loss
Of a beloved daughter and a wife.

Lys. May we not see him, then?

Hel. You may indeed, sir,
But bootless is your sight; he will not speak
To any.

Lys. Yet, let me obtain my wish.

¹ To lengthen or prolong his grief. *Prorogued* is used in *Romeo and Juliet* for *delayed* :—

'My life were better ended by their hate
Than death *prorogued* wanting of thy love.'

Hel. Behold him, sir: [*PERICLES discovered*¹.] this was a goodly person,
Till the disaster, that, one mortal night²,
Drove him to this.

Lys. Sir king, all hail! the gods preserve you! Hail,
Hail, royal sir!

Hel. It is in vain; he will not speak to you.

1 *Lord.* Sir, we have a maid in Mitylene, I durst
wager,
Would win some words of him⁴.

Lys. 'Tis well bethought.
She, questionless, with her sweet harmony
And other choice attractions, would allure,
And make a battery through his deafen'd parts⁵,
Which now are midway stopp'd:
She is all happy as the fairest of all,
And, with her fellow maids, is now upon⁶
The leafy shelter that abuts against
The island's side.

[*He whispers one of the attendant Lords.—*
[*Exit Lord, in the Barge of LYSIMACHUS.*

¹ Few of the stage-directions, that have been given in this and the preceding acts, are found in the old copy. In the original representation Pericles was probably placed in the back part of the stage, concealed by a curtain, which was here drawn open. The ancient narratives represented him as remaining in the cabin of his ship; but as in such a situation Pericles would not be visible to the audience, a different stage-direction is now given.

² The old copies read, 'one mortal wight.' The emendation is Malone's. *Mortal* is here used for *deadly, destructive*.

⁴ This circumstance resembles another in *All's Well that Ends Well*, where Lafen gives an account of Helena's attractions to the king before she is introduced to attempt his cure.

⁵ The old copy reads, '*defend parts*.' Malone made the alteration, which he explains thus: i. e. 'his ears, which are to be assailed by Marina's melodious voice.' Steevens would read, '*deafen'd parts*,' meaning *the oppilated doors of hearing*.

⁶ Steevens prints this passage in the following manner; corrected and amended so as to run smooth no doubt, but with sufficient licence:—

'She all as happy as of all the fairest,
Is with her fellow maidens now within.'

Difficulties have been raised about this passage as it stands; but surely it is as intelligible as many others in this play. 'Upon a leafy shelter,' which is the great stumbling-block, appears to mean 'Upon a spot which is sheltered.'

Hel. Sure all's effectless; yet nothing we'll omit
That bears recovery's name. But, since your kindness,
We have stretch'd thus far, let us beseech you
further,

That for our gold we may provision have,
Wherein we are not destitute for want,
But weary for the staleness.

Lys. O, sir, a courtesy,
Which if we should deny, the most just God
For every graff would send a caterpillar,
And so inflict our province⁷.—Yet once more
Let me entreat to know at large the cause
Of your king's sorrow.

Hel. Sit, sir, I will recount it;—
But see, I am prevented.

*Enter, from the Barge⁸, Lord, MARINA, and a
Young Lady.*

Lys. O, here is
The lady that I sent for. Welcome, fair one!
Is't not a goodly presence?

Hel. A gallant lady.

Lys. She's such, that were I well assur'd she came
Of gentle kind, and noble stock, I'd wish
No better choice, and think me rarely wed.
Fair one, all goodness that consists in bounty⁹

⁷ There can be little doubt that the poet wrote:—

'And so afflict our province.'—

We have no example of *to inflict* used by itself for *to punish*.

⁸ It appears that when Pericles was originally performed the theatres were furnished with no such apparatus as, by any stretch of imagination, could be supposed to present either a sea or a ship; and that the audience were contented to behold vessels sailing in and out of port in their *mind's eye* only. This licence being once granted to the poet, the lord in the instance now before us, walked off the stage, and returned again in a few minutes, leading in Marina without any sensible impropriety; and the present drama exhibited before such indulgent spectators was not more incommodious in the representation than any other would have been. See Malone's Historical Account of the English Stage.

⁹ The quarto of 1609 reads:—

'Fair on all goodness that consists in beauty, &c.

The present circumstance puts us in mind of what passes between Helena and the King, 'A All's Well that Ends Well.

Expect even here, where is a kingly patient:
 If that thy prosperous and artificial feat¹⁰
 Can draw him but to answer thee in aught,
 Thy sacred physic shall receive such pay
 As thy desires can wish.

Mar. Sir, I will use
 My utmost skill in his recovery,
 Provided none but I and my companion
 Be suffer'd to come near him.

Lys. Come, let us leave her,
 And the gods make her prosperous!

[*MARINA sings*¹¹.

Lys. Mark'd he your music?

Mar. No, nor look'd on us.

Lys. See, she will speak to him.

Mar. Hail, sir! my lord, lend ear:—

Per. Hum! ha!

Mar. I am a maid,
 My lord, that ne'er before invited eyes,
 But have been gaz'd on, like a comet: she speaks.
 My lord, that, may be, hath endur'd a grief
 Might equal yours, if both were justly weigh'd.
 Though wayward fortune did malign my state,
 My derivation was from ancestors
 Who stood equivalent with mighty kings¹²:
 But time hath rooted out my parentage,
 And to the world and awkward¹³ casualties
 Bound me in servitude.—I will desist;

¹⁰ The old copy has 'artificial fate.' The emendation is by Dr. Percy.

¹¹ This song (like most of those that were sung in the old plays) has not been preserved. It may have been formed on the lines in *Gesta the Romanorum*. The reader desirous of consulting the Latin hexameters, or Twine's translation of them, may consult the *Variorum Shakspeare*. There was not merit enough in them to warrant their production in this abridged commentary.

¹² So in *Othello* :—

'——— I fetch my birth
 From men of royal siege.'

¹³ *Awkward* is *adverse*. So in *King Henry VI. Part II.* :—
 'And twice by *awkward* wind from England's bank
 Drove back again.'

But there is something glows upon my cheek,
And whispers in mine ear, *Go not till he speak.*

[*Aside.*

Per. My fortunes—parentage—good parentage—
To equal mine!—was it not thus? what say you?

Mar. I said, my lord, if you did know my parentage,
You would not do me violence¹⁴.

Per. I do think so.
I pray you, turn your eyes again upon me.—
You are like something that—What countrywoman?
Here of these shores¹⁵?

Mar. No, nor of any shores:
Yet I was mortally brought forth, and am
No other than I appear.

Per. I am great with woe, and shall deliver
weeping.
My dearest wife was like this maid, and such a one
My daughter might have been¹⁶: my queen's square
brows;

¹⁴ This seems to refer to a part of the story that is made no use of in the present scene. Thus in Twine's translation:—'Then Appolonius fell in rage, and forgetting all courtesie, &c. rose up sodainly and stroke the maiden,' &c. Pericles however afterwards says—

'Did'st thou not say, when I did *push thee back*
(Which was when I perceiv'd thee), that thou cam'st
From good descending?'

¹⁵ This passage is strangely corrupt in the old copies:—

'*Per.* I do think so, pray you turne your eyes upon me, your like
something that, what country women heare of these shewes,' &c.

'*Mar.* Nor of any shewes,' &c.

For the ingenious emendation, *shores* instead of *shewes*, as well as the regulation of the whole passage, Malone confesses his obligation to the earl of Charlemont.

¹⁶ So *Dæmones*, in the *Rudens* of Plautus, exclaims, on beholding his long lost child:—

O filia

Mea! cum ego hanc video, mearum me absens miseriarum
communes.

Trima quæ periit mihi: jam tanta esset, si vivit, scito.'

It is observable that some of the leading incidents in this play strongly remind us of the *Rudens*. There *Arcturus*, like *Gower*, *προλογίζει*.—In the Latin comedy, fishermen, as in *Pericles*, are brought on the stage, one of whom drags on shore in his net the wallet which principally produces the catastrophe; and the heroine of Plautus, and *Marina* fall alike into the hands of a procurer: a circumstance on which much of the plot in both these dramatic pieces depends.—*Holt White*.

Her stature to an inch; as wand-like straight;
 As silver-voic'd; her eyes as jewel-like,
 And cas'd as richly: in pace another Juno;
 Who starves the ears she feeds, and makes them
 hungry,
 The more she gives them speech.—Where do
 you live?

Mar. Where I am but a stranger: from the deck
 You may discern the place.

Per. Where were you bred?
 And how achiev'd you these endowments, which
 You make more rich to owe¹⁷?

Mar. Should I tell my history,
 'Twould seem like lies disdain'd in the reporting.

Per. Pr'ythee speak;
 Falseness cannot come from thee, for thou look'st
 Modest as justice, and thou seem'st a palace
 For the crown'd¹⁸ truth to dwell in: I'll believe thee,
 And make my senses credit thy relation,
 To points that seem impossible; for thou look'st
 Like one I lov'd indeed. What were thy friends?
 Didst thou not say, when I did push thee back
 (Which was when I perceiv'd thee), that thou cam'st
 From good descending?

Mar. So indeed I did.

Per. Report thy parentage. I think thou said'st
 Thou hadst been toss'd from wrong to injury,
 And that thou thought'st thy griefs might equal mine,
 If both were open'd.

Mar. Some such thing indeed

¹⁷ i. e. possess. The meaning of the compliment is:—These endowments, however valuable in themselves, are heightened by being in your possession: they acquire additional grace from their owner. One of Timon's flatterers says,

'You mend the jewel by wearing of it.'

¹⁸ Shakspeare when he means to represent any quality of the mind, &c. as eminently perfect, furnishes the personification with a crown. See the 37th and 144th Sonnets. So in Romeo and Juliet:—

'Upon his brow shame is asham'd to sit;
 For 'tis a throne, where honour may be crown'd
 Sole monarch of the universal earth.'

I said, and said no more but what my thoughts
Did warrant me was likely.

Per. Tell thy story;
If thine consider'd prove the thousandth part
Of my endurance, thou art a man; and I
Have suffer'd like a girl: yet thou dost look
Like Patience, gazing on kings' graves, and
smiling

Extremity out of act¹⁹. What were thy friends?
How lost thou them? Thy name, my most kind
virgin?

Recount, I do beseech thee; come, sit by me.

Mar. My name, sir, is Marina.

Per. O, I am mock'd,
And thou by some incensed god sent hither
To make the world laugh at me.

Mar. Patience, good sir,
Or here I'll cease.

Per. Nay, I'll be patient;
Thou little know'st how thou dost startle me,
To call thyself Marina.

Mar. The name Marina
Was given me by one that had some power;
My father, and a king.

Per. How! a king's daughter?
And call'd Marina?

Mar. You said you would believe me;
But, not to be a troubler of your peace,
I will end here.

Per. But are you flesh and blood?
Have you a working pulse? and are no fairy?

¹⁹ 'By her beauty and patient meekness disarming Calamity, and preventing her from using her uplifted sword. *Extremity* (though not personified as here) is in like manner used for the utmost of human suffering in King Lear:—

'———another,
To amplify too much, would much more
And top *extremity*.'

So in *Twelfth Night*:—

'She sat like *Patience* on a monument
Smiling at Grief.'

No motion²⁰? Well; speak on. Where were you born?

And wherefore call'd Marina?

Mar. Call'd Marina,
For I was born at sea.

Per. At sea? thy mother?

Mar. My mother was the daughter of a king;
Who died the very minute I was born,
As my good nurse Lychorida hath oft
Deliver'd weeping.

Per. O, stop there a little!
This is the rarest dream that e'er dull sleep
Did mock sad fools withal: this cannot be.
My daughter's buried. [*Aside.*] Well:—where were
you bred?

I'll hear you more, to the bottom of your story,
And never interrupt you.

Mar. You'll scarce believe me; 'twere best I did
give o'er.

Per. I will believe you by the syllable
Of what you shall deliver²¹. Yet, give me leave:—
How came you in these parts? where were you bred?

Mar. The king, my father, did in Tharsus leave me;
Till cruel Cleon, with his wicked wife,
Did seek to murder me: and having woo'd
A villain to attempt it, who having drawn to do't,
A crew of pirates came and rescued me;
Brought me to Mitylene. But now, good sir,
Whither will you have me? Why do you weep? It
may be,

You think me an impostor; no, good faith;
I am the daughter to king Pericles,
If good king Pericles be.

²⁰ I. e. No puppet dressed up to deceive me. So in *The Two Gentlemen of Verona*:—

'O excellent motion! O exceeding puppet!'

²¹ That is, I will believe every the minutest part of what you say. So in *All's Well that Ends Well*:—

'To the utmost syllable of your worthiness.'

And in *Macbeth*:—

'To the last syllable of recorded: me.'

Per. Ho, Helicanus!

Hel. Calls my gracious lord?

Per. Thou art a grave and noble counsellor,
Most wise in general: Tell me, if thou canst,
What this maid is, or what is like to be,
That thus hath made me weep?

Hel. I know not; but
Here is the regent, sir, of Mitylene,
Speaks nobly of her.

Lys. She would never tell
Her parentage; being demanded that,
She would sit still and weep.

Per. O Helicanus, strike me, honour'd sir;
Give me a gash, put me to present pain;
Lest this great sea of joys rushing upon me,
O'erbear the shores of my mortality,
And drown me with their sweetness. O, come hither,
Thou that beget'st him that did thee beget;
Thou that wast born at sea, buried at Tharsus,
And found at sea again! O Helicanus,
Down on thy knees, thank the holy gods, as loud
As thunder threatens us; This is Marina.—
What was thy mother's name? tell me but that,
For truth can never be confirm'd enough,
Though doubts did ever sleep²².

Mar. First, sir, I pray,
What is your title?

Per. I am Pericles of Tyre: but tell me now
My drown'd queen's name (as in the rest thou hast
Been godlike perfect), thou'rt the heir of kingdoms,
And another life to Pericles thy father²³.

like

²² i. e. in plain language, 'though nothing ever happened to awake a scruple or doubt concerning your veracity.'

²³ This passage is very much corrupted in the old copies: in the last line we have, 'another like.' The emendation is founded upon that of Mason. Malone reads:—

'*Per.* I am Pericles of Tyre: but tell me now
My drown'd queen's name (as in the rest you said
Thou hast been godlike perfect,) the heir of kingdoms,
And a mother like to Pericles thy father.'

Mar. Is it no more to be your daughter, than
To say, my mother's name was Thaisa?
Thaisa was my mother, who did end,
The minute I began²⁴.

Per. Now, blessing on thee, rise; thou art my child.
Give me fresh garments. Mine own, Helicanus
(Not dead at Tharsus, as she should have been,
By savage Cleon), she shall tell thee all;
When thou shalt kneel and justify in knowledge,
She is thy very princess.—Who is this?

Hel. Sir, 'tis the governor of Mitylene,
Who, hearing of your melancholy state,
Did come to see you.

Per. I embrace you, sir.
Give me my robes; I am wild in my beholding.
O heavens bless my girl! But hark, what music?—
Tell Helicanus, my Marina, tell him
O'er point by point, for yet he seems to doubt,
How sure you are my daughter.—But what music?

Hel. My lord, I hear none.

Per. None?

The music of the spheres: list, my Marina.

Lys. It is not good to cross him; give him way.

Per. Rarest sounds!

Do ye not hear?

Lys. Music? My lord, I hear—

Per. Most heavenly music:

It nips me unto list'ning, and thick slumber
Hangs on mine eyelids; let me rest. [*He sleeps.*]

Lys. A pillow for his head;

[*The Curtain before the Pavilion of PERICLES
is closed.*]

Mason's emendation is confirmed by what Pericles says in the preceding speech:—

'——— O come hither

Thou that beget'st him that did thee beget.'

²⁴ So in the *Winter's Tale*:—

'——— Lady,

Dear queen, that ended when I but began,
Give me that hand of yours to kiss.'

So leave him all.—Well, my companion-friends²⁵,
If this but answer to my just belief,
I'll well remember you.

[*Exeunt* LYSIMACHUS, HELICANUS, MARINA,
and attendant Lady.

SCENE II. *The same.*

PERICLES *on the Deck asleep*; DIANA *appearing to him as in a Vision*¹.

Dia. My temple stands in Ephesus; hie thee
thither,

And do upon mine altar sacrifice.

There, when my maiden priests are met together,
Before the people all,

Reveal how thou at sea didst lose thy wife;

To mourn thy crosses, with thy daughter's, call,

And give them repetition to the life².

Perform my bidding, or thou liv'st in woe:

Do't, and be happy, by my silver bow.

Awake, and tell thy dream. [*DIANA disappears.*

Per. Celestial Dian, goddess argentine³,

I will obey thee!—Helicanus!

²⁵ Malone would give these lines to Marina, reading—

'— Well, my *companion-friend*.'

Observing that a lady had entered with her, and Marina says, I will use my utmost skill in the recovery of Pericles,

'——— provided

'That none but I and my *companion-maid*

Be suffered to come near him.'

Steevens contends for the text as it stands, remarking that 'Lysimachus is much in love with Marina, and supposing himself to be near the gratification of his wishes, with a generosity common to noble natures on such occasions, is desirous to make his friends and companions partakers of his happiness.'

¹ This vision appears to be founded on a passage in Gower.

² In the old copy we have here *like for life* again. The passage appears to mean:—'Draw such a picture as shall prove itself to have been copied from real, not from pretended calamities; such a one as shall strike the hearers with all the lustre of conspicuous truth.'

³ i. e. regent of the silver moon. In the language of alchemy, which was well understood when this play was written, *Luna* or *Diana* means *silver*, as *Sol* does *gold*.

Enter **LYSIMACHUS, HELICANUS, and MARINA.**

Hel.

Sir.

Per. My purpose was for Tharsus, there to strike
The inhospitable Cleon; but I am
For other service first: toward Ephesus
Turn our blown⁴ sails; eftsoons I'll tell thee why.—

[*To* **HELICANUS.**

Shall we refresh us, sir, upon your shore,
And give you gold for such provision
As our intents will need?

Lys. With all my heart, sir; and when you come
ashore,

I have another suit.

Per. You shall prevail,
Were it to woo my daughter; for it seems
You have been noble towards her.

Lys.

Sir, lend your arm.

Per. Come, my Marina.

[*Exeunt.*

Enter **GOWER, before the Temple of DIANA at Ephesus.**

Gow. Now our sands are almost run;
More a little, and then done⁵.
This, as my last boon, give me
(For such kindness must relieve me),
That you aptly will suppose
What pageantry, what feats, what shows,
What minstrelsy, and pretty din,
The regent made in Mitylin,
To greet the king. So he has thriv'd,
That he is promis'd to be wiv'd
To fair Marina; but in no wise
Till he⁶ had done his sacrifice,

⁴ That is, 'our swollen sails.' So in Antony and Cleopatra:—

'A vent upon her arm, and something blown.'

⁵ The old copy reads *dum*. And in the last line of this chorus *doom* instead of *boon*.

⁶ i. e. Pericles.

As Dian bade: whereto being bound,
 The interim, pray you, all confound¹.
 In feather'd briefness sails are fill'd,
 And wishes fall out as they're will'd.
 At Ephesus, the temple see,
 Our king, and all his company.
 That he can hither come so soon,
 Is by your fancy's thankful boon.

[*Exit.*]

SCENE III.

The Temple of DIANA at Ephesus: THAISA standing near the Altar, as High Priestess; a number of Virgins on each side; CERIMON and other Inhabitants of Ephesus attending.

Enter PERICLES, with his Train; LYSIMACHUS, HELICANUS, MARINA, and a Lady.

Per. Hail Dian! to perform thy just command,
 I here confess myself the king of Tyre;
 Who, frighted from my country, did wed
 The fair Thaisa, at Pentapolis.
 At sea in childbed died she, but brought forth
 A maid-child call'd Marina; who, O goddess,
 Wears yet thy silver livery¹. She at Tharsus
 Was nurs'd with Cleon; whom at fourteen years
 He sought to murder: but her better stars
 Brought her to Mitylene: against whose shore
 Riding, her fortunes brought the maid aboard us,
 Where, by her own most clear remembrance, she
 Made known herself my daughter.

Thai.

Voice and favour!—

You are—you are—O royal Pericles²!—

[*She faints.*]

¹ *Confound* here signifies to consume.

² 'He did confound the best part of an hour
 Exchanging hardiment with great Glendow'r.'

King Henry V.

¹ i. e. her white robe of innocence, as being yet under the protection of the goddess of chastity.

² The similitude between this scene and the discovery in the last act of *The Winter's Tale* will strike every reader.

Per. What means the woman? she dies! help, gentlemen!

Cer. Noble sir,
If you have told Diana's altar true,
This is your wife.

Per. Reverend appearer, no;
I threw her overboard with these very arms.

Cer. Upon this coast, I warrant you.

Per. 'Tis most certain.

Cer. Look to the lady;—O, she's but o'erjoy'd!
Early, one blust'ring morn, this lady was
Thrown on this shore. I op'd the coffin, and
Found there rich jewels; recover'd her, and plac'd her
Here in Diana's temple³.

Per. May we see them?

Cer. Great sir, they shall be brought you to my
house⁴,
Whither I invite you. Look! Thaisa is
Recover'd.

Thai. O, let me look!
If he be none of mine, my sanctity

In the fragment of the Old Metrical Romance, formerly in Dr. Farmer's possession, mentioned in the Preliminary Remarks, this is told with simplicity and pathos. I lay it before the reader as a philological curiosity:—

'The whiles he expounede thus hys lyf
Wt sorwe & stedfast thouzt,
He tolde hit to hys owene wyf,
Sche knew him [though] he hire nought,
Heo caught hym in hire armes two,
For joye sche ne myght spek a word,
The kyng was wroth & pitte her fro;
Heo cryede loude—'ye beth my lord,
I am youre wyf, youre leof yore,
Archistrata ye lovede so,
The kynges doughty y was bore,
Archistrates he ne hadde na mo.'
Heo clipte hym & efr * * * kysse
And saide thus byfore hem alle
Ze seeth Appolyn the kyng
My maystr that taugt me all my good'—

Cetera desunt.

³ The same situation occurs again in the Comedy of Errors, where Egeon loses his wife at sea, and finds her at last in a nunnery.

⁴ This circumstance bears some resemblance to the meeting of Leontes and Hermione in The Winter's Tale. The office of Cerimon is not unlike that of Paulina.

Will to my sense⁵ bend no licentious ear,
 But curb it, spite of seeing. O, my lord,
 Are you not Pericles? Like him you speak,
 Like him you are: Did you not name a tempest,
 A birth, and death?

Per. The voice of dead Thaisa!

Thai. That Thaisa am I, supposed dead,
 And drown'd⁶.

Per. Immortal Dian!

Thai. Now I know you better.
 When we with tears parted Pentapolis,
 The king, my father, gave you such a ring.

[Shows a Ring.

Per. This, this; no more, you gods! your present kindness

Makes my past miseries sport⁷: You shall do well,
 That on the touching of her lips I may
 Melt, and no more be seen⁸. O come, be buried
 A second time within these arms.

Mar. My heart
 Leaps to be gone into my mother's bosom.

[Kneels to THAISA.

Per. Look, who kneels here! Flesh of thy flesh,
 Thaisa;

Thy burden at the sea, and call'd Marina,
 For she was yielded there.

Thai. Bless'd and mine own!

Hel. Hail, madam, and my queen!

⁵ Sense is here used for *sensual passion*.

⁶ Drown'd in this instance does not signify suffocated by water, but overwhelmed in it. Thus Knolles, *History of the Turks*:—
 'Galleys might be *drowned* in the harbour with the great ordnance, before they could be rigged.'

⁷ So in *King Lear*:—

'It is a chance that does redeem all sorrows
 That ever I have felt.'

⁸ This is a sentiment which Shakespeare never fails to introduce on occasions similar to the present. So in the 39th Psalm:—
 'O spare me a little, that I may recover my strength, before I go hence and be no more seen.' The same thought is expressed by Perdita in *The Winter's Tale*:—

'Not like a corpse;—or if—not to be buried
 But quick, and in mine arms.'

Thai.

I know you not.

Per. You have heard me say, when I did fly
from Tyre,

I left behind an ancient substitute.

Can you remember what I call'd the man?

I have nam'd him oft.

Thai.

'Twas Helicanus then.

Per. Still confirmation:

Embrace him, dear Thaisa: this is he.

Now do I long to hear how you were found;

How possibly preserv'd; and whom to thank,

Besides the gods, for this great miracle.

Thai. Lord Cerimon, my lord; this man

Through whom the gods have shown their power;
that can

From first to last resolve you.

Per.

Reverend sir,

The gods can have no mortal officer

More like a god than you. Will you deliver

How this dead queen relives?

Cer.

I will, my lord.

Beseech you, first go with me to my house,

Where shall be shown you all was found with her;

How she came placed here within the temple;

No needful thing omitted.

Per.

Pure Diana!

I bless thee for thy vision, and will offer

My night oblations to thee. Thaisa,

This prince, the fair-betrothed⁹ of your daughter,

Shall marry her at Pentapolis. And now,

This ornament that makes me look so dismal,

Will I, my lov'd Marina, clip to form;

And what this fourteen years no razor touch'd,

To grace thy marriage-day, I'll beautify¹⁰.

⁹ i. e. fairly contracted, honourably affianced.

¹⁰ The author has here followed Gower or the *Gesta Romanorum* :—

'—this a vowe to God I make
That I shall never for hir sake,
My berde for no likynge shave,
Till it befall that I have
In convenable time of age
Besette her unto marriage.'

Thai. Lord Cerimon hath letters of good credit,
Sir, that my father's dead¹¹.

Per. Heavens make a star of him¹²! Yet there,
my queen,
We'll celebrate their nuptials, and ourselves
Will in that kingdom spend our following days;
Our son and daughter shall in Tyrus reign.
Lord Cerimon, we do our longing stay,
To hear the rest untold.—Sir, lead the way.

[*Exeunt.*

Enter GOWER.

Gow. In Antioch¹³, and his daughter, you have
heard
Of monstrous lust the due and just reward:
In Pericles, his queen and daughter, seen
(Although assail'd with fortune fierce and keen),

The poet has, however, been guilty of a slight inadvertency. If Pericles made the vow almost immediately after the birth of Marina, it was hardly necessary for him to make it again, as he has done, when he arrived at Tharsus.

¹¹ In the fragment of the Old Metrical Romance the father dies in his daughter's arms.

'Zitt was hys fader-in-lawe a lyve
Archistrates the goud kyng,
Folk come ageynes hym so blyve
As eny myght by othr thyng;
They song daunsede & were blythe,
That ever he myghte that day yseo,
And thouked God a thousand sythe,
The kyng was gladdest ever be ye.
Tho he saw hem alle by fore
Hys doughter & hys sone in lawe,
And hys doughter so fair y core,
A kyngis wyfe heo was wel fawe,
And her chyld ther also
Al clene of kyngis blod,
He buste hem, ho was glad tho
But the olde kyng so gond.
He made hem dwelle that yer
AND DEYDE IN HYS DOUGHTER'S ARM.

¹² This notion is borrowed from the ancients, who expressed their mode of conferring divine honours and immortality on men, by placing them among the stars.

¹³ i. e. the king of Antioch. The old copy reads *Antiochus*. Steevens made the alteration, observing that in Shakspeare's other plays we have *France for the king of France*; *Morocco for the king of Morocco*, &c.

Virtue preserv'd from fell destruction's blast,
Led on by heaven, and crown'd with joy at last.
In Helicanus may you well descry
A figure of truth, of faith, of loyalty:
In reverend Cerimon there well appears,
The worth that learned charity aye wears.
For wicked Cleon and his wife, when fame
Had spread their cursed deed, and honour'd name
Of Pericles, to rage the city turn;
That him and his they in his palace burn.
The gods for murder seemed so content
To punish them; although not done, but meant.
So on your patience evermore attending,
New joy wait on you! Here our play has ending.

[*Exit GOWER.*]

THAT this tragedy has some merit, it were vain to deny; but that it is the entire composition of Shakspeare, is more than can be hastily granted. I shall not venture with Dr. Farmer, to determine that the hand of our great poet is only visible in the last act; for I think it appears in several passages dispersed over each of these divisions. I find it difficult, however, to persuade myself that he was the original fabricator of the plot, or the author of every dialogue, chorus, &c.

STEEVENS.

KING LEAR.

KING LEAR.

PRELIMINARY REMARKS.

THE story of *King Lear* and his three daughters was originally told by Geoffrey of Monmouth, from whom Holinshed transcribed it; and in his *Chronicle* Shakspeare had certainly read it: but he seems to have been more indebted to the old anonymous play, entitled *The True Chronicle Hystorie of Leire, King of England, and his Three Daughters* *Gonorill, Ragan, and Cordella*, 1605. A play with that title was entered on the Stationers' books by Edward White, May 14, 1594; and there are two other entries of the same piece, May 8, 1605; and Nov. 26, 1607. From the *Mirror of Magistrates* Shakspeare has taken the hint for the behaviour of the Steward, and the reply of Cordella to her father, concerning her future marriage. The Episode of Gloucester and his sons must have been borrowed from Sidney's *Arcadia*, no trace of it being found in the other sources of the fable. The reader will also find the story of *King Lear* in the second book and tenth canto of Spenser's *Faerie Queene*, and in the fifteenth chapter of the third book of Warner's *Albion's England*. Camden, in his *Remaines*, under the head of *Wise Speeches*, tells a similar story to this of *Lear*, of *Ina*, king of the West Saxons; which, if the thing ever happened, probably was the real origin of the fable. The story has found its way into many ballads and other metrical pieces; one ballad will be found in Dr. Percy's *Reliques of Ancient English Poetry*, vol. i. 3d edit. The story is also to be found in the unpublished *Gesta Romanorum*, and in the *Romance of Perceforest*. The whole of this play could not have been written till after 1603. Harsnet's *Declaration of Popish Impostures*, to which it contains so many references, and from which the fantastic names of several spirits are borrowed, was not published till that year. It must have been produced before the Christmas of 1606; for in the entry of *Lear* on the Stationers' Register, on the 26th of November, 1607, it is expressly recorded to have been played, during the preceding Christmas, before his majesty at Whitehall. Malone places the date of the composition in 1605; Dr. Drake in 1604.

'Of this noble tragedy, one of the first productions of the noblest of poets, it is scarcely possible to express our admiration in adequate terms. Whether considered as an effort of art, or as a picture of the passions, it is entitled to the highest praise. The two portions of which the fable consists, involving the fate of *Lear* and his daughters, and of *Gloster* and his sons, influence each other in so many points, and are blended with such consummate skill, that whilst the imagination is delighted by diversity of circumstances, the judgment is equally gratified in viewing their mutual cooperation towards the final result; the coalescence being so intimate, as

not only to preserve the necessary unity of action, but to constitute one of the greatest beauties of the piece.

'Such, indeed, is the interest excited by the structure and concatenation of the story, that the attention is not once suffered to flag. By a rapid succession of incidents, by sudden and overwhelming vicissitudes, by the most awful instances of misery and destitution, by the boldest contrariety of characters, are curiosity and anxiety kept progressively increasing, and with an impetus so strong as nearly to absorb every faculty of the mind and every feeling of the heart.

'Victims of frailty, of calamity, or of vice, in an age remote and barbarous, the actors in this drama are brought forward with a strength of colouring which, had the scene been placed in a more civilized era, might have been justly deemed too dark and ferocious; but is not discordant with the earliest heathen age of Britain. The effect of this style of characterisation is felt occasionally throughout the entire play; but is particularly visible in the delineation of the vicious personages of the drama, the parts of Goneril, Regan, Edmund, and Cornwall, being loaded not only with ingratitude of the deepest dye, but with cruelty of the most savage and diabolical nature; they are the criminals, in fact, of an age where vice may be supposed to reign with lawless and gigantic power, and in which the extrusion of Gloucester's eyes might be such an event as not unfrequently occurred. Had this mode of casting his characters in the extreme been applied to the remainder of the *dramatis personæ*, we should have lost some of the finest lessons of humanity and wisdom that ever issued from the pen of an uninspired writer; but with the exception of a few coarsenesses, which remind us of the barbarous period to which the story is referred, and of a few incidents rather revolting to credibility, but which could not be detached from the original narrative, the virtuous agents of the play exhibit the manners and the feelings of civilization, and are of that mixed fabric which can alone display a just portraiture of the nature and composition of our species.

'The characters of Cordelia and Edgar, it is true, approach nearly to perfection; but the filial virtues of the former are combined with such exquisite tenderness of heart, and those of the latter with such bitter humiliation and suffering, that grief, indignation, and pity are instantly excited. Very striking representations are also given of the rough fidelity of Kent, and of the hasty credulity of Gloucester; but it is in delineating the passions, feelings, and afflictions of Lear that our poet has wrought up a picture of human misery which has never been surpassed, and which agitates the soul with the most overpowering emotions of sympathy and compassion.

'The conduct of the unhappy monarch having been founded merely on the impulses of sensibility, and not on any fixed principle or rule of action, no sooner has he discovered the baseness of those on whom he had relied, and the fatal mistake into which he had been hurried by the delusions of inordinate fondness and extravagant expectation, than he feels himself bereft of all consolation and resource. Those to whom he had given all, for whom he had stripped himself of dignity and power, and on whom he had centred every hope of comfort and repose in his old age, his inhuman daughters, having not only treated him with utter coldness and contempt, but sought to deprive him of all the respectability, and even of the very means of existence, what in a mind so constituted as Lear's, the sport of intense and ill regulated feeling, and tortured by the reflection of having deserted the only child who loved him, what but madness could be expected as the result? It was, in fact, the necessary consequence of the reciprocal action of

complicated distress and morbid sensibility; and in describing the approach of this dreadful infliction, in tracing its progress, its height, and subsidence, our poet has displayed such an intimate knowledge of the workings of the human intellect, under all its aberrations, as would afford an admirable study for the inquirer into mental physiology. He has also in this play, as in that of Hamlet, finely discriminated between real and assumed insanity. Edgar, amidst all the wild imagery which his imagination has accumulated, never touching on the true source of his misery, whilst Lear, on the contrary, finds it associated with every object and every thought however distant or dissimilar. Not even the Orestes of Euripides, or the Clementina of Richardson, can, as pictures of disordered reason, be placed in competition with this of Lear; it may be pronounced, indeed, from its truth and completeness, beyond the reach of rivalry.*)


An anonymous writer, who has instituted a comparison between the Lear of Shakespeare and the Œdipus of Sophocles, and justly given the palm to the former, closes his essay with the following sentence, to which every reader of taste and feeling will subscribe:—"There is no detached character in Shakespeare's writings which displays so vividly as this the hand and mind of a master; which exhibits so great a variety of excellence, and such amazing powers of delineation; so intimate a knowledge of the human heart, with such exact skill in tracing the progress and the effects of its more violent and more delicate passions. It is in the management of this character more especially that he fills up that grand idea of a perfect poet, which we delight to image to ourselves, but despair of seeing realised."*)

In the same work from whence this is extracted will be found an article, entitled 'Theatralia,' attributed to the pen of Mr. Charles Lamb, in which are the following striking animadversions on the liberty taken in changing the catastrophe of this tragedy in representation. 'The Lear of Shakespeare cannot be acted. The contemptible machinery with which they mimic the storm he goes out in, is not more inadequate to represent the horrors of the real elements, than any actor can be to represent Lear. The greatness of Lear is not in corporal dimension, but in intellectual: the explosions of his passions are terrible as a volcano; they are storms turning up and disclosing to the bottom that rich sea, his mind, with all its vast riches: it is his mind which is laid bare. This case of flesh and blood seems too insignificant to be thought on; even as he himself neglects it. On the stage we see nothing but corporal infirmities and weakness, the impotence of age; while we read it we see not Lear, but we are Lear;—we are in his mind; we are sustained by a grandeur, which baffles the malice of his daughters and storms; in the aberrations of his reason, we discover a mighty irregular power of reasoning, unmethodised from the ordinary purposes of life, but exerting its powers, as the wind blows where it listeth, at will on the corruptions and abuses of mankind. What have looks or tones to do with that sublime identification of his age with that of the heavens themselves, when, in his reproaches to them for conniving at the injustice of his children, he reminds them that „they themselves are old!“ What gesture shall we appropriate to this? What has voice or the eye to do with such things? But the play is beyond all art, as the tamperings with it show: it is too hard and stony; it must have love-scenes, and a

*) Drake's Shakespeare and his Times, vol. ii. p. 460.

**) The Reflector, vol. 2, p. 139, on Greek and English Tragedy.

happy ending. It is not enough that Cordelia is a daughter, she must shine as a lover too. Fate has put his hook in the nostrils of this Leviathan, for Garrick and his followers, the showmen of the scene, to draw it about more easily. A happy ending!—as if the living martyrdom that Lear had gone through, the flaying of his feelings alive, did not make a fair dismissal from the stage of life the only decorous thing for him. If he is to live and be happy after, if he could sustain this world's burden after, why all this pudder and preparation—why torment us with all this unnecessary sympathy? As if the childish pleasure of getting his gilt robes and sceptre again could tempt him to act over again his misused station,—as if at his years, and with his experience, any thing was left but to die.'



PERSONS REPRESENTED.

LEAR, King of Britain.
KING of FRANCE.
DUKE of BURGUNDY.
DUKE of CORNWALL.
DUKE of ALBANY.
EARL of KENT.
EARL of GLOSTER.
EDGAR, Son to Gloster.
EDMUND, Bastard Son to Gloster.
CURAN, a Courtier.
Old Man, Tenant to Gloster.
Physician.
Fool.
OSWALD, Steward to Goneril.
An Officer, employed by Edmund.
Gentleman, *Attendant on Cordelia.*
A Herald.
Servants to Cornwall.

GONERIL, }
REGAN, } *Daughters to Lear.*
CORDELIA, }

*Knights attending on the King, Officers, Messengers,
Soldiers, and Attendants.*

SCENE—Britain.

() only in the Latin
[] omitted in the folio.

KING LEAR.

ACT I.

SCENE I. *A Room of State in King Lear's Palace.*

Enter KENT, GLOSTER, and EDMUND.

Kent.

I THOUGHT the king had more affected the duke of Albany; than Cornwall.

Glo. It did always seem so to us: but now, in the division of the kingdom¹, it appears not which of the dukes he values most; for equalities are so weigh'd, that curiosity² in neither can make choice of either's moiety³.

Kent. Is not this your son, my lord?

Glo. His breeding, sir, hath been at my charge: I have so often blush'd to acknowledge him, that now I am brazed to it.

Kent. I cannot conceive you.

Glo. Sir, this young fellow's mother could:

¹ There is something of obscurity or inaccuracy in this preparatory scene. The king has already divided his kingdom, and yet when he enters he examines his daughters to discover in what proportions he should divide it. Perhaps Kent and Gloster only were privy to his design, which he still kept in his own hands, to be changed or performed as subsequent reasons should determine him.—*Johnson.*

² *Curiosity* is scrupulous exactness, finical precision. See vol. viii. p. 81, note 48.

³ *Moiety* is used by Shakspeare for part or portion. See King Henry IV. Part 1. p. 181, note 8.

whereupon she grew round-wombed; and had, indeed, sir, a son for her cradle, ere she had a husband for her bed. Do you smell a fault?

Kent. I cannot wish the fault undone, the issue of it being so proper⁴.

Glo. But I have, sir, a son by order of law, some year⁵ elder than this, who yet is no dearer in my account: though this knave came somewhat saucily into the world before he was sent for, yet was his mother fair; there was good sport at his making, and the whoreson must be acknowledged.—Do you know this noble gentleman, Edmund?

Edm. No, my lord.

Glo. My lord of Kent: remember him hereafter as my honourable friend.

Edm. My services to your lordship.

Kent. I must love you, and sue to know you better.

Edm. Sir, I shall study deserving.

Glo. He hath been out nine years, and away he shall again:—The king is coming.

[*Trumpets sound within.*]

Enter LEAR, CORNWALL, ALBANY, GONERIL, REGAN, CORDELIA, and Attendants.

Lear. Attend the lords of France and Burgundy, Gloster.

Glo. I shall, my liege.

[*Exeunt* GLOSTER, and EDMUND.]

Lear. Mean time we shall express our darker⁶ purpose.

Give me the map there.—Know, that we have divided,

⁴ *Proper* is comely, handsome. See vol. I. p. 144.

⁵ i. e. 'about a year elder.'

⁶ We shall express our darker purpose; that is, we have already made known our desire of parting the kingdom; we will now discover what has not been told before, the reasons by which we shall regulate the partition. This interpretation will justify or palliate the exordial dialogue.—*Johnson.*

In three, our kingdom; and 'tis our fast intent⁷
To shake all cares and business from our age;
Conferring⁸ them on younger strengths, (while we
Unburden'd crawl toward death. — Our son of
Cornwall,

And you, our no less loving son of Albany,
We have this hour a constant will⁹ to publish
Our daughters' several dowers, that future strife
May be prevented now.) The princes, France and
Burgundy,

Great rivals in our youngest daughter's love,
Long in our court have made their amorous sojourn,
And here are to be answer'd.—Tell me, my daughters
(Since now we will divest us, both of rule,
Interest of territory, cares of state¹⁰),)
Which of you, shall we say, doth love us most?
That we our largest bounty may extend
Where merit doth most challenge it.—Goneril,
Our eldest-born, speak first.

Gon.

Sir, I

Do love you more than words can wield the matter,
Dearer than eye-sight, space, and liberty;
Beyond what can be valued, rich or rare;
No less than life, with grace, health, beauty, honour:
As much as child e'er lov'd, or father found.
A love that makes breath poor, and speech unable:
Beyond all manner of so much I love you¹¹.

Cor. What shall Cordelia do? Love, and be
silent.

[Aside.

⁷ i. e. our determined resolution. The quartos read, 'first intent.'

⁸ The quartos read, *confirming*.

⁹ *Constant will*, which is a confirmation of the reading '*fast intent*,' means a *firm, determined* will: it is the *certa voluntas* of Virgil. The lines from *while we* to *prevented now* are omitted in the quartos.

¹⁰ The two lines in a parenthesis are omitted in the quartos.

¹¹ 'Beyond all assignable quantity. I love you beyond limits, and cannot say it is *so much*; for how much soever I should name, it would yet be more.' Thus Rowe, in his *Fair Penitent*, Sc. 1:—

'——— I can only
Swear you reign here, but never tell how much.'

Lear. Of all these bounds, even from this line
to this,
With shadowy forests (and with champains rich'd¹²,
With plenteous rivers) and wide-skirted meads,
We make thee lady: To thine and Albany's issue
Be this perpetual.—What says our second daughter,
Our dearest Regan, wife to Cornwall? [Speak.]

Reg. I am made of that self metal as my sister,
And prize me at her worth¹³. In my true heart
I find, she names my very deed of love;
Only she comes too short,—that I profess
Myself an enemy to all other joys,
Which the most precious square of sense possesses;
And find, I am alone felicitate
In your dear highness' love.

Cor. Then poor Cordelia! [*Aside.*
And yet not so; since, I am sure, my love's
More richer than my tongue.

Lear. To thee, and thine, hereditary ever,
Remain this ample third of our fair kingdom;
No less in space, validity¹⁴, and pleasure,
Than that conferr'd¹⁵ on Goneril.—Now, our joy,
Although the last, not least; to whose young love
The vines of France, and milk of Burgundy,

¹² i. e. *enriched*. So Drant in his translation of Horace's Epistles, 1567:—

'To *ritch* his country, let his words lyke flowing
water fall.'

¹³ That is, '*estimate* me at her *value*, my love has at least equal claim to your favour. Only she comes short of me in this, that I profess myself an enemy to all other joys which the most precious aggregation of sense can bestow.' *Square* is here used for the whole complement, as *circle* is now sometimes used.

¹⁴ *Validity* is several times used to signify *worth*, *value*, by Shakspeare. See vol. i. p. 280. It does not, however, appear to have been peculiar to him in this sense. 'The countenance of your friend is of less value than his council, yet both of very small *validity*.'—*The Devil's Charter*, 1607.

¹⁵ The folio reads, *conferr'd*; the quartos, *confirm'd*. So in a former passage we have in the quartos *confirming* for *conferring*. See note 8, p. 359. 'To confirm on a person is certainly not English now (says Mr. Boswell); but it does not follow that such was the case in Shakspeare's time. The original meaning of the word to *establish* would easily bear such a construction.'

Strive to be interest'd¹⁶: what can you say, to draw
A third more opulent than your sisters? Speak.

Cor. Nothing, my lord.

Lear. Nothing?

(Cor. Nothing.)

Lear. Nothing can come of nothing: speak again. will

Cor. Unhappy that I am, I cannot heave
My heart into my mouth: I love your majesty
According to my bond; nor more, nor less. no

Lear. How, how, Cordelia? mend your speech
a little.

Lest it may mar your fortunes.

Cor.

Good my lord,

You have begot me, bred me, lov'd me: I
Return those duties back as are right fit,
Obey you, love you, and most honour you.
Why have my sisters husbands, if they say,
They love you, all? Haply, when I shall wed,
That lord, whose hand must take my plight, shall
carry

Half my love with him, half my care, and duty¹⁷:
Sure, I shall never marry like my sisters,
[To love my father all.]

Lear. But goes this with thy heart? they are not the same

Cor.

Ay, good my lord.

Lear. So young, and so untender?

Cor. So young, my lord, and true.

Lear. Let it be so,—Thy truth then be thy dower:
For, by the sacred radiance of the sun:

¹⁶ To *interest* and to *interesse* are not, perhaps, different spellings of the same verb, but two distinct words, though of the same import; the one being derived from the Latin, the other from the French *intéresser*. We have *interest'd* in Ben Jonson's *Sejanus*:—

'Our sacred laws and just authority

Are *interest'd* therein.'

Drayton also uses the word in the Preface to his *Polyolbion*.

¹⁷ So in *The Mirror for Magistrates*, 1587, Cordelia says:—

'—Nature so doth bind me, and compel

To love you as I ought, my father, well;

Yet shortly may I chance, if fortune will,

To find in heart to bear another more good will:

Thus much I said of nuptial loves that meant.'

The mysteries of Hecate, and the night;
 By all the operations of the orbs,
 From whom we do exist, and cease to be;
 Here I disclaim all my paternal care,
 Propinquity and property of blood,
 And as a stranger to my heart and me
 Hold thee, from this¹⁸, for ever. The barbarous
 Scythian,

Or he that makes his generation¹⁹ messes
 To gorge his appetite, shall (to my bosom)
 Be as well neighbour'd, pitied, and reliev'd,
 As thou my sometime daughter.

Kent.

Good my liege,—

Lear. Peace, Kent!

Come not between the dragon and his wrath:
 I lov'd her most, and thought to set my rest
 On her kind nursery.—Hence, and avoid my sight!—

[*To CORDELLA.*

So be my grave my peace, as here I give
 Her father's heart from her!—Call France;—Whostirs?
 Call Burgundy.—Cornwall, and Albany,
 With my two daughters' dowers digest this third:
 Let pride, which she calls plainness, marry her.
 I do invest you jointly with my power,
 Pre-eminence, and all the large effects
 That troop with majesty.—Ourself, by monthly course,
 With reservation of a hundred knights,
 By you to be sustain'd, shall our abode
 Make with you by due turns. Only we still retain
 The name, and all the additions²⁰ to a king;
 The sway,
 Revenue, execution of the rest²¹,
 Beloved sons, be yours: which to confirm,
 This coronet part between you. [*Giving the Crown.*

¹⁸ i. e. from this time.

¹⁹ His children.

²⁰ 'All the titles belonging to a king.' See vol. vii. p. 299; note 5; p. 345, note 32.

²¹ By 'the execution of the rest,' all the other functions of the kingly office are probably meant.

Kent. Royal Lear,
Whom I have ever honour'd as my king,
Lov'd as my father, as my master follow'd,
As my great patron thought on in my prayers²²,—

Lear. The bow is bent and drawn, make from
the shaft.

Kent. Let it fall rather, though the fork invade
The region of my heart: be Kent unmannerly,
When Lear is mad. What would'st thou do, old
man?

Think'st thou, that duty shall have dread to speak,
When power to flattery bows? To plainness honour's
bound,

When majesty stoops to folly. Reverse thy doom²³;
And, in thy best consideration, check
This hideous rashness: answer my life my judgment,
Thy youngest daughter does not love thee least;
Nor are those empty-hearted, whose low sound
Reverbs²⁴ no hollowness.

Lear. Kent, on thy life, no more.

Kent. My life I never held but as a pawn
To wage against thine enemies²⁵, nor fear to lose it,
Thy safety being the motive.

Lear. Out of my sight!

²² The allusion is probably to the custom of clergymen praying for their patrons in what is called the bidding prayer.

²³ The folio reads, 'reserve thy state;' and has *stoops* instead of '*falls to folly*.' The meaning of *answer my life my judgment* is, Let my life be answerable for my judgment, or *I will stake my life on my opinion*.

²⁴ This is perhaps a word of the poet's own, meaning the same as *reverberates*.

²⁵ That is, 'I never regarded my life as my own, but merely as a thing of which I had the possession, not the property; and which was entrusted to me as a pawn or pledge, to be employed in *waging* war against your enemies.' 'To *wage*,' says Bullokar, 'to undertake, or give security for performance of any thing.'

The expression to *wage against* is used in a Letter from Gull. Webbe to Robt. Wilmot, prefixed to Tancred and Gismund, 1592:— 'You shall not be able to *wage against* me in the charges growing upon this action. Geo. Wither, in his verses before the Polyolbion, says:—

'Good speed befall thee who hath *wag'd* a task
That better censures and rewards doth ask.'

Kent. See better, Lear, and let me still remain
The true blank²⁶ of thine eye.

Lear. Now, by Apollo,—

Kent. Now, by Apollo, king,
Thou swear'st thy gods in vain.

Lear. O, vassal! miscreant!

[*Laying his Hand on his Sword.*]

(*Alb. Corn.* Dear sir, forbear.)

Kent. Do;

Kill thy physician, and the fee bestow
Upon the foul disease. Revoke thy gift;
Or, whilst I can vent clamour from my throat,
I'll tell thee, thou dost evil.

Lear. Hear me, recreant!

On thine allegiance hear me!—
Since thou hast sought to make us break our vow,
(Which we durst never yet), and, with strain'd pride,
To come betwixt our sentence and our power
(Which nor our nature nor our place can bear);
Our potency made²⁷ good, take thy reward.
Five days we do allot thee, for provision
To shield thee from diseases²⁸ of the world;
And, on the sixth, to turn thy hated back
Upon our kingdom: if, on the tenth day following,
Thy banish'd trunk be found in our dominions,

²⁶ The *blank* is the *mark* at which men shoot. 'See better,' says Kent, 'and let me be the mark to direct your sight, that you err not.'

²⁷ 'As you have with unreasonable pride come between our sentence and our power to execute it; that power shall be made good by rewarding thy contumacy with a sentence of banishment.' In Othello we have nearly the same language:—

'My spirit and my place have in them power
To make this better to thee.'

One of the quartos reads, 'make good.'

²⁸ Thus the quartos. The folio reads, *disasters*. By the *diseases* of the world are the *uneasinesses*, *inconveniences*, and slighter troubles or *distresses* of the world. So in King Henry VI. Part i. Act ii. Sc. 5:—

'And in that case I'll tell thee my *disease*.'

The provision that Kent could make in five days might in some measure guard against such *diseases* of the world, but could not shield him from its *disasters*.

The moment is thy death. Away! By Jupiter,
This shall not be revok'd.

Kent. Fare thee well, king: since thus thou wilt
appear,

Freedom²⁹ lives hence, and banishment is here.—

The gods to their dear shelter take thee, maid,

[*To CORDELIA.*

That justly think'st, and hast most rightly said!—

And your large speeches may your deeds approve,

[*To REGAN and CONERIL.*

That good effects may spring from words of love.—

Thus Kent, O princes, bids you all adieu:

He'll shape his old course in a country new. [*Exit.*

*Re-enter GLOSTER; with FRANCE, BURGUNDY, and
Attendants.*

Glo. Here's France and Burgundy, my noble lord.

Lear. My lord of Burgundy,

We first address towards you, who with this king

Hath rivall'd for our daughter; What, in the least,

Will you require in present dower with her,

Or cease your quest of love³⁰?

Bur.

Most royal majesty,

I crave no more than hath your highness offer'd,

Nor will you tender less.

Lear.

Right noble Burgundy,

When she was dear to us, we did hold her so;

But now her price is fall'n: Sir, there she stands;

If aught within that little, seeming³¹ substance,

Or all of it, with our displeasure piec'd,

And nothing more, may fitly like your grace,

She's there, and she is yours.

²⁹ The quartos read '*Friendship.*' And in the next line, instead of '*dear shelter,*' '*protection.*'

³⁰ That is, '*your amorous pursuit.*' A quest is a seeking or pursuit: the expedition in which a knight was engaged is often so named in the *Faerie Queene.*

³¹ Seeming here means *spectious*. Thus in *The Merry Wives of Windsor*:—'*Pluck the borrowed veil of modesty from the so seeming mistress Page.*'

Bur.

I know no answer.

Lear. Sir,

Will you, with those infirmities she owes³²,
Unfriended, new-adopted to our hate,
Dower'd with our curse, and stranger'd with our oath,
Take her, or leave her?

Bur.

Pardon me, royal sir;
Election makes not up³³ on such conditions.

Lear. Then leave her, sir; for, by the power
that made me,

I tell you all her wealth.—For you, great king,

[*To FRANCE.*

I would not from your love make such a stray,
To match you where I hate; therefore beseech you
To avert your liking a more worthier way,
Than on a wretch whom nature is asham'd
Almost to acknowledge hers.

France.

This is most strange!
That she, that even but now was your best object,
The argument of your praise, balm of your age,
Most best, most dearest, should in this trice of time
Commit a thing so monstrous, to dismantle
So many folds of favour! Sure, her offence
Must be of such unnatural degree,
That monsters it³⁴, or your fore-vouch'd affection
Fall into taint³⁵: which to believe of her,
Must be a faith, that reason without miracle
Could never plant in me.

³² i. e. *owns*, is possessed of.

³³ That is, 'Election *is not accomplished* upon such conditions; I cannot decide to take her upon such terms.'

³⁴ '—— Such unnatural degree

That monsters it.'

In the phraseology of Shakespeare's age *that* and *as* were convertible words. So in *Coriolanus*:—

'But with *such* words *that* are but rooted in
Your tongue.'

See *Julius Cæsar*, Act i. S. 2, p. 264, note 15. The uncommon verb *to monster* occurs again in *Coriolanus*, Act ii. Sc. 2:—

'To hear my nothings *monster'd*.'

³⁵ Her offence must be monstrous, or the former affection which you professed for her must *fall into taint*; that is, become the subject of reproach. *Taint* is here only an abbreviation of *attaint*.

Cor. I yet beseech your majesty
 (If for³⁶ I want that glib and oily art,
 To speak and purpose not; since what I well intend, {will}
 I'll do't before I speak), that you make known
 It is no vicious blot, murder, or foulness, (I.P. nor other)
 No unchaste³⁷ action, or dishonour'd step, (I.P. steep)
 That hath depriv'd me of your grace and favour:
 But even for want of that, for which I am richer;
 A still-soliciting eye, and such a tongue
 That I am glad I have not, though not to have it,
 Hath lost me in your liking.

Lear. Better thou
 Hadst not been born, than not to have pleas'd me
 better.

France. Is it but this? a tardiness in nature,
 Which often leaves the history unspoke,
 That it intends to do?—My lord of Burgundy,
 What say you to the lady? Love is not love,
 When it is mingled with respects³⁸, that stand *regards.*
 Aloof from the entire point. Will you have her?
 She is herself a dowry.

Bur. Royal Lear, *King*
 Give but that portion which yourself propos'd,
 And here I take Cordelia by the hand,
 Duchess of Burgundy.

Lear. Nothing: I have sworn; (I am firm.)

Bur. I am sorry then, you have so lost a father,
 That you must lose a husband.

Cor. Peace be with Burgundy!
 Since that respects of fortune are his love, *regards of love*
 I shall not be his wife.

France. Fairest Cordelia, that art most rich, *rich in nature*
 being poor;

³⁶ i. e. 'If cause I want,' &c.

³⁷ The quartos read, 'no unclean action,' which in fact carries the same sense.

³⁸ i. e. with cautious and prudential considerations. The folio has *regards*. The meaning of the passage is, that his love wants something to mark its sincerity:—

'Who seeks for aught in love but love alone.'

Most choice, forsaken; and most lov'd, despis'd!
Thee and thy virtues here I seize upon:
Be it lawful, I take up what's cast away.
Gods, gods! 'tis strange, that from their cold'st
neglect

My love should kindle to inflam'd respect.—
Thy dowerless daughter, king, thrown to my chance,
Is queen of us, of ours, and our fair France:
Not all the dukes of wat'rish Burgundy
Shall buy this unpriz'd precious maid of me.—
Bid them farewell, Cordelia, though unkind:
Thou lovest here, a better where³⁹ to find

Lear. Thou hast her, France: let her be thine;
for we

Have no such daughter, nor shall ever see
That face of hers again:—Therefore be gone,
Without our grace, our love, our benizon.—
Come, noble Burgundy.

[*Flourish.* *Exeunt* LEAR, BURGUNDY, CORNWALL,
ALBANY, GLOSTER, and Attendants.

France. Bid farewell to your sisters.

Cor. The jewels of our father, with wash'd eyes
Cordelia leaves you; I know you what you are:
And, like a sister, am most loath to call
Your faults, as they are nam'd. Use well our father:
To your professed⁴⁰ bosoms I commit him:
But yet, alas! stood I within his grace,
I would prefer him to a better place.
So farewell to you both.

Gon. Prescribe not us our duties.

Reg.

Let your study

³⁹ Here and where have the power of nouns. 'Thou lovest this residence, to find a better residence in another place.' So in Churchyard's Farewell to the World, 1592:—

'That growes not here, takes roote in other where.'

⁴⁰ We have here *professed* for *professing*. It has been elsewhere observed that Shakspeare often uses one participle for another. Thus in the Merchant of Venice, Act iii. Sc. 2. p. 53, we have guiled for guiling; in other places delighted for delighting, &c. A remarkable instance of the converse occurs in Antony and Cleopatra; where we have all-obeyed for all-obeying.

Be, to content your lord; who hath receiv'd you
At fortune's alms. You have obedience scanted,
And well are worth the want that you have
wanted⁴¹.

Cor. Time shall unfold what plaited⁴² cunning
hides;

Who cover faults⁴³, at last shame them derides.
Well may you prosper!

France.

Come, my fair Cordelia.

[*Exeunt FRANCE and CORDELIA.*]

Gon. Sister, it is not a little I have to say, of
what most nearly appertains to us both. I think,
our father will hence to-night.

Reg. That's most certain, and with you; next
month with us.

Gon. You see how full of changes his age is;
the observation we have made of it hath[not] been
little: he always loved our sister most; and with
what poor judgment he hath now cast her off, ap-
pears too grossly.

Reg. 'Tis the infirmity of his age: yet he hath
ever but slenderly known himself.

Gon. The best and soundest of his time hath
been but rash; then must we look to receive from
his age, not alone the imperfections of long-engrafted

⁴¹ Thus the folio. The quartos read:

'And well are worth the *worth* that you have wanted.'

The meaning of the passage, as it now stands in the text, is, 'You well deserve to want that dower, which you have lost by having failed in your obedience.' So in King Henry VI. Part III. Act iv. Sc. 1:—'Though I *want* a kingdom;' i. e. though I am *without* a kingdom.

⁴² That is, complicated, intricate, involved, cunning.

⁴³ The quartos read:—

'Who *covers* faults, at last shame them derides.'

The folio has:—

'Who *covers* faults, at last *with* shame derides.'

Mason proposed to read:—

'Who *covert* faults at last with shame derides.'

The word *who* referring to *Time*. In the third act Lear says:—

'——— Caitiff, shake to pieces,

That under *covert* and convenient seeming,

Hast practis'd on man's life.'

condition⁴⁴, but therewithal, the unruly way-wardness that infirm and cholerick years bring with them.

Reg. Such unconstant starts are we like to have from him, as this of Kent's banishment.

Gon. There is further compliment of leave-taking between France and him. 'Pray you, let us hit together: If our father carry authority with such dispositions as he bears, this last surrender of his will but offend us.

Reg. We shall further think of it.

Gon. We must do something, and i'the heat⁴⁵.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.

A Hall in the Earl of Gloster's Castle.

Enter EDMUND, with a Letter.

Edm. Thou, nature, art my goddess¹; to thy law
My services are bound; Wherefore should I
Stand in the plague² of custom; and permit
The curiosity³ of nations to deprive⁴ me,
For that I am some twelve or fourteen moonshines
Lag of a brother? Why bastard? wherefore base?

⁴⁴ i. e. *temper*; *qualities* of mind confirmed by long habit. Thus in *Othello*:—

‘——— A woman of so gentle a condition.’

⁴⁵ *We must strike while the iron's hot.*

¹ Edmund calls *nature* his goddess, for the same reason as we call a bastard a natural son: one who, according to the law of nature, is the child of his father; but, according to those of civil society, is *nullus filius*.

² ‘Wherefore should I submit tamely to the plague (i. e. the evil), or injustice of custom?’

³ The *nicety* of civil institutions, their *strictness* and *scrupulosity*. See note 2, on the first scene.

⁴ To *deprive* is equivalent to *disinherit*. *Exheredo* is rendered by this word in the old dictionaries: and Holinshed speaks of the line of Henry before *deprived*.

⁵ How much the following lines are in character may be seen by that monstrous wish of Vanini, the Italian atheist, in his tract *De Admirandis Naturæ*, &c. printed at Paris, 1616, the very year our poet died:—, O utinam extra legitimum et connubialem thorum essem procreatus! Ita enim progenitores mei in venerem inco-

When my dimensions are as well compact,
 My mind as generous, and my shape as true,
 As honest madam's issue? Why brand they us
 With base? with baseness? bastardy? base, base?
 Who, in the lusty stealth of nature, take
 More composition and fierce quality,
 Than doth, within ~~all~~ dull, stale, tired bed,
 Go to the creating a whole tribe of fops,
 Got 'tween asleep and wake?—Well then,
 Legitimate Edgar, I must have your land:
 Our father's love is to the bastard Edmund,
 As to the legitimate: (Fine word,—legitimate!)
 Well, my legitimate, if this letter speed,
 And my invention thrive, Edmund the base
 Shall top the legitimate. I grow; I prosper:—
 Now, gods, stand up for bastards!

Enter GLOSTER.

Glo. Kent banish'd thus! And France in choler
 parted!

And the king gone to-night! subscrib'd⁵ his power!
 Confin'd to exhibition⁶! All this done

Upon the gad⁷!—Edmund! How now? what news?

Edm. So please your lordship, none.

[*Putting up the Letter.*]

Glo. Why so earnestly seek you to put up that
 letter?

luisent ardentius, ac cumulativè affatimque generosa semina con-
tulissent, è quibus ego formæ blanditiâ et elegantiam, robustas
corporis vires, mentemque inauilem, consequutus fuisssem. At quia
conjugatorum sum soboles, his orbatu sum bonis.“ Had the book
 been published but ten or twenty years sooner, who would not
 have believed that Shakspeare alluded to this passage? But the
 divinity of his genius foretold, as it were, what such an atheist
 as Vanini would say when he wrote on such a subject.”—*Warburton.*

⁵ To subscribe is to yield, to surrender. So in *Troilus and Cres-*
ida, vol. vii. p. 388:—

‘For Hector in his blaze of wrath subscribes
 To tender objects.’

⁶ *Exhibition* is an allowance, a stipend. See vol. i. p. 107, note 5.

⁷ i. e. in haste, equivalent to *upon the spur*. A gad was a sharp
 pointed piece of steel, used as a spur to urge cattle forward;
 whence goaded forward. Mr. Nares suggests that to gad and
 gadding originate from being on the spur to go about.

Edm. I know no news, my lord.

Glo. What paper were you reading?

Edm. Nothing, my lord.

Glo. No? What needed then that terrible despatch of it into your pocket? the quality of nothing hath not such need to hide itself. Let's see: Come, if it be nothing, I shall not need spectacles.

Edm. I beseech you, sir, pardon me: it is a letter from my brother, that I have not all o'erread; for so much as I have perused, I find it not fit for your o'er-looking.

Glo. Give me the letter, sir.

Edm. I shall offend, either to detain or give it. The contents, as in part I understand them, are to blame.

Glo. Let's see, let's see.

Edm. I hope, for my brother's justification, he wrote this but as an essay⁸ or taste of my virtue.

Glo. [Reads.] *This policy, (and reverence) of age, makes the world bitter to the best of our times; keeps our fortunes from us, till our oldness cannot relish them. I begin to find an idle and fond⁹ bondage in the oppression of aged tyranny; who sways, not as it hath power, but as it is suffered. Come to me, that of this I may speak more. If our father would sleep till I waked him, you should enjoy half his revenue for ever, and live the beloved of your brother, Edgar.—Humph—Conspiracy!—Sleep till I waked him—you should enjoy half his revenue,—My son Edgar!—Had he a hand to write this? a heart and brain to breed it in?—When came this to you? Who brought it?*

Edm. It was not brought me, my lord, there's the cunning of it; I found it thrown in at the casement of my closet.

⁸ 'As an essay,' &c. means as a *trial* or taste of my virtue. 'To assay, or rather essay, of the French word *essayer*,' says Baret; and a little lower: 'To taste or assay before; *prælibo*.'

⁹ i. e. weak and foolish.

Glo. You know the character to be your brother's?

Edm. If the matter were good, my lord, I durst swear it were his; but, in respect of that, I would fain think it were not.

Glo. It is his.

Edm. It is his hand, my lord; but, I hope, his heart is not in the contents.

Glo. Hath he never heretofore sounded you in this business?

Edm. Never, my lord: But I have often heard him maintain it to be fit, that, sons at perfect age, and fathers declining, the father should be as ward *dict. 10* to the son, and the son manage his revenue.

Glo. O villain, villain!—His very opinion in the letter!—Abhorred villain! Unnatural, detested, brutish villain! worse than brutish!—Go, sirrah, seek him; I'll apprehend him:—Abominable villain!—Where is he?

Edm. I do not well know, my lord. If it shall please you to suspend your indignation against my brother, till you can derive from him better testimony of his intent, you shall run a certain course; where¹⁰, if you violently proceed against him, mistaking his purpose, it would make a great gap in your own honour, and shake in pieces the heart of his obedience. I dare pawn down my life for him, that he hath writ this to feel my affection to your honour¹¹, and to no other pretence¹² of danger.

Glo. Think you so?

Edm. If your honour judge it meet, I will place you where you shall hear us confer of this, and by an auricular assurance have your satisfaction; and that without any further delay than this very evening.

Glo. He cannot be such a monster.

¹⁰ *Where* for *whereas*.

¹¹ The usual address to a lord.

¹² i. e. design or purpose.

[*Edm.* Nor is not, sure.]

Glo. To his father, that so tenderly and entirely loves him.—Heaven and earth¹³!—Edmund, seek him out; wind me into him¹⁴, I pray you: frame the business after your own wisdom: I would unstate myself, to be in a due resolution¹⁵.

Edm. I will seek him, sir, presently; convey¹⁶ the business as I shall find means, and acquaint you withal.

Glo. These late eclipses in the sun and moon portend no good to us: Though the wisdom of nature can reason it thus and thus, yet nature finds itself scourged by the sequent effects¹⁷: love cools, friendship falls off, brothers divide: in cities, mutinies; in countries, discord; in palaces, treason; and the bond cracked between son and father. ([This villain of mine comes under the prediction; there's son against father: the king falls from bias of nature; there's father against child. We have seen the best of our time: Machinations, hollowness, treachery, and all ruinous disorders, follow us disquietly to our graves¹⁸!])—Find out this villain, Edmund, it shall lose thee nothing; do it carefully:

¹³ The words between brackets are omitted in the folio.

¹⁴ 'Wind me into him' Another example of familiar expressive phraseology not unfrequent in Shakspeare. See vol. iii. p. 341, note 1.

¹⁵ 'I would unstate myself to be in a due resolution,' means 'I would give all that I am possessed of to be satisfied of the truth.' So in *The Four Prentices*, Reed's *Old Plays*, vol. viii. p. 92:—

'Ah, but the resolution of thy death
Made me to lose such thought.'

Shakspeare frequently uses *resolved* for *satisfied*. And in the third act of *Massinger's Picture*, Sophia says:—

'—— I have practis'd
For my certain resolution, with these courtiers.'

And in the last act she says:—

'—— Nay, more, to take
For the resolution of his fears, a course
That is, by holy writ, denied a Christian.'

¹⁶ To convey is to conduct, or carry through.

¹⁷ That is, though natural philosophy can give account of eclipses, yet we feel their consequences.

¹⁸ All between brackets is omitted in the quartos.

—And the noble and true-hearted Kent banished! his offence, honesty!—Strange! strange! *[Exit.]*

Edm. This is the excellent foppery of the world¹⁹! that, when we are sick in fortune (often the surfeit of our own behaviour), we make guilty of our disasters, the sun, the moon, and the stars: as if we were villains by necessity: fools, by heavenly compulsion; knaves, thieves, and treachers²⁰ by spherical predominance; drunkards, liars, and adulterers, by an enforced obedience of planetary influence: and all that we are evil in, by a divine thrusting on: An admirable evasion of whoremaster man, to lay his goatish disposition to the charge of a star²¹! My father compounded with my mother under the dragon's tail; and my nativity was under *ursa major*; so that it follows, I am rough and lecherous. —Tut, I should have been that I am, had the maidenliest star in the firmament twinkled on my bastardizing. *[Edgar—]*

Enter EDGAR.

[and] pat he comes, like the catastrophe of the old comedy²²: My cue is villainous melancholy, with a sigh like Tom o'Bedlam.—O, these eclipses do portend these divisions! (fa, sol, la mi²³.)

¹⁹ Warburton, in a long and ingenious note on this passage, observes that in this play the dotages of a judicial astrology are intended to be satirized. It was a very prevailing folly in the poet's time.

²⁰ *Treachers* is the reading of the folio, which is countenanced by the use of the word in many of our old dramas. Chaucer, in his *Romaunt of the Rose*, mentions 'the false *treacher*;' and Spenser many times uses the same epithet. The quartos all read *treacherers*.

²¹ So Chaucer's *Wife of Bath* (v. 6196):—

'I followed ay min inclination

By vertue of my *constellation*.'

Bernardus Sylvester, an eminent philosopher and poet of the twelfth century, very gravely tells us in his *Megacosmos*, that:—

'In stellis Codri paupertas, copia Cræsi

Incestus Paridis, Hippolytique pudor.'

²² Perhaps this was intended to ridicule the very awkward conclusions of our old comedies, where the persons of the scene make their entry inartificially, and just when the poet wants them on the stage.

²³ Shakspeare shows by the context that he was well acquainted

Edg. How now, brother Edmund? What serious contemplation are you in?

Edm. I am thinking, brother, of a prediction I read this other day, what should follow these eclipses.

Edg. Do you busy yourself with that?

Edm. I promise you²⁴, the effects he writes of, succeed unhappily: [as of unnaturalness between the child and the parent; death, dearth, dissolutions of ancient amities; divisions in state, menaces and maledictions against king and nobles; needless diffidences, banishment of friends, dissipation of cohorts²⁵, nuptial breaches, and I know not what.

Edg. How long have you been a sectary astronomical?

Edm. Come, come;] when saw you my father last?

Edg. Why, the night gone by.

Edm. Spake you with him?

Edg. Ay, two hours together.

Edm. Parted you in good terms? Found you no displeasure in him, by word or countenance?

Edg. None at all.

Edm. Bethink yourself, wherein you may have offended him: and at my entreaty, forbear his presence, till some little time hath qualified the

with the property of these syllables in solmisation, which imply a series of sounds so unnatural that ancient musicians prohibited their use. The monkish writers on music say *mi contra fa, est diabolus*: the interval *fa mi*, including a *tritonus* or sharp fourth, consisting of three tones without the intervention of a semi-tone, expressed in the modern scale by the letters F G A B, would form a musical phrase extremely disagreeable to the ear. Edmund, speaking of eclipses as portents and prodiges, compares the dislocation of events, the *times being out of joint*, to the unnatural and offensive sounds *fa sol la mi*.

Dr. Burney.

²⁴ The folio edition commonly differs from the first quarto, by augmentations or insertions, but in this place it varies by the omission of all between brackets. It is easy to remark that in this speech, which ought, I think, to be inserted as it now is in the text. Edmund, with the common craft of fortunetellers, mingles the past and the future, and tells of the future only what he already foreknows by confederacy, or can attain by probable conjecture.—

Johnson.

²⁵ For *cohorts* some editors read *courts*.

heat of his displeasure; which at this instant so rageth in him, that with the mischief of your person it would scarcely allay.

Edg. Some villain hath done me wrong.

Edm. That's my fear. ([I pray you, have a continent²⁶ forbearance, till the speed of his rage goes slower; and, as I say, retire with me to my lodging, from whence I will fitly bring you to hear my lord speak: Pray you, go; there's my key;—If you do stir abroad, go armed.]

Edg. Armed, brother?])

Edm. Brother, I advise you to the best: go armed; I am no honest man, if there be any good meaning towards you: I have told you what I have seen and heard, but faintly; nothing like the image and horror of it: 'Pray you, away.

Edg. Shall I hear from you anon?

Edm. I do serve you in this business.—

[*Exit* EDGAR.]

A credulous father, and a brother noble,
Whose nature is so far from doing harms,
That he suspects none; on whose foolish honesty
My practices ride easy!—I see the business.—
Let me, if not by birth, have lands by wit:
All with me's meet, that I can fashion fit. [*Exit.*

SCENE III.

A Room in the Duke of Albany's Palace.

Enter GONERIL and Steward.

Gon. Did my father strike my gentleman for chiding of his fool?

Stew. Ay, madam.

Gon. By day and night¹! he wrongs me; every hour

²⁶ i. e. *temperate* All between brackets is omitted in the quartos.

¹ See vol. vii. p. 179, note 22.

He flashes into one gross crime or other,
That sets us all at odds: I'll not endure it:
His knights grow riotous, and himself upbraids us
On every trifle;—When he returns from hunting,
I will not speak with him: say, I am sick:—
If you come slack of former services,
You shall do well; the fault of it I'll answer.

Stew. He's coming, madam; I hear him.

[*Horns within.*]

Gon. Put on what weary negligence you please,
You and your fellows; I'd have it come to
question:

If he dislike it, let him to my sister,
Whose mind and mine, I know, in that are one,
[Not to be over-rul'd. Idle old man²,
That still would manage those authorities,
That he hath given away!—Now, by my life,
Old fools are babes again; and must be us'd
With checks, as flatteries,—when they are seen
abus'd³.]

Remember what I have said.

Stew.

Very well, madam.

Gon. And let his knights have colder looks
among you;
What grows of it, no matter; advise your fel-
lows so:

[I would breed from hence occasions, and I shall,
That I may speak⁴.]—I'll write straight to my
sister,

To hold my very course:—Prepare for dinner.

[*Exeunt.*]

² This line and the four following are not in the folio. Theobald observes that they are fine in themselves, and much in character for Goneril.

³ I take the meaning of this passage to be 'Old men are babes again, and must be accustomed to checks as well as flatteries, especially when the latter are seen to be abused by them.'

⁴ The words in brackets are found in the quartos, but omitted in the folio.

SCENE IV. *A Hall in the same.**Enter KENT, disguised.*

Kent. If but as well I other accents borrow,
That can my speech diffuse¹, my good intent
May carry through itself to that full issue
For which I raz'd² my likeness.—Now, banish'd Kent,
If thou canst serve where thou dost stand condemn'd,
(So may it come!) thy master, whom thou lov'st,
Shall find thee full of labours.

Horns within. Enter LEAR, Knights, and Attendants.

Lear. Let me not stay a jot for dinner: go, get it ready. [*Exit an Attendant.*] How now, what art thou?

Kent. A man, sir.

Lear. What dost thou profess? What would'st thou with us?

Kent. I do profess to be no less than I seem; to serve him truly, that will put me in trust; to love him that is honest; to converse³ with him that is wise, and says little; to fear judgment; to fight, when I cannot choose: and to eat no fish⁴.

¹ To *diffuse* here means to *disguise*, to render it *strange*, to *obscure* it. See vol. v. p. 492, note 6, and *Merry Wives of Windsor*, p. 251, note 6. We must suppose that Kent advances looking on his disguise. This circumstance very naturally leads to his speech, which otherwise would have no apparent introduction.

² i. e. effaced.

³ To *converse* signifies immediately and properly to *keep company*, to have *commerce* with. His meaning is, that he chooses for his companions men of reserve and caution; men who are not tattlers nor talebearers.

⁴ It is not clear how Kent means to make the *eating no fish* a commendatory quality, unless we suppose that it arose from the odium then cast upon the papists, who were the most strict observers of periodical fasts, which though enjoined to the people under the protestant government of Elizabeth, were not very palatable or strictly observed by the commonalty. Marston's *Dutch Courtezan* says, 'I trust I am none of the wicked that *eat fish* a Fridays.' I cannot think with Mr. Blakeway, who says that Kent means to insinuate that he never desires to partake of *fish* because it was esteemed a *luxury*! and therefore incompatible with his si-

Lear. What art thou?

Kent. A very honest-hearted fellow, and as poor as the king.

Lear. If thou be as poor for a subject, as he is for a king, thou art poor enough. What would'st thou?

Kent. Service.

Lear. Who wouldest thou serve?

Kent. You.

Lear. Dost thou know me, fellow?

Kent. No, sir; but you have that in your countenance, which I would fain call master.

Lear. What's that?

Kent. Authority.

Lear. What services canst thou do?

Kent. I can keep honest counsel, ride, run, mar a curious tale in telling it, and deliver a plain message bluntly: that which ordinary men are fit for, I am qualified in; and the best of me is diligence.

Lear. How old art thou?

Kent. Not so young, sir, to love a woman for singing; nor so old, to dote on her for any thing: I have years on my back forty-eight.

Lear. Follow me; thou shalt serve me; if I like thee no worse after dinner, I will not part from thee yet.—Dinner, ho, dinner!—Where's my knave? my fool? Go you, and call my fool hither:

Enter Steward.

You, you, sirrah, where's my daughter?

Stew. So please you,—

[*Exit.*

Lear. What says the fellow there? Call the

tuation as an humble and discreet dependant. The repeated promulgation of mandates from the court for the better observation of *fish days* disproves this. I have before me a Letter of Archbishop Whitgift, in 1596, strictly enjoining the clergy of his diocese to attend to the observance of the fasts and *fish days* among their respective parishioners, and severely animadverting upon the refractory spirit which disposed them to eat flesh out of due season contrary to law.

clotpoll back.—Where's my fool, ho?—I think the world's asleep.—How now? where's that mongrel?

Knight. He says, my lord, your daughter is not well.

Lear. Why came not the slave back to me, when I call'd him?

Knigt. Sir, he answer'd me in the roundest manner, he would not.

Lear. He would not.

Knight. My lord, I know not what the matter is; but, to my judgment, your highness is not entertain'd with that ceremonious affection as you were wont; there's a great abatement of kindness appears, as well in the general dependants, as in the duke himself also, and your daughter.

Lear. Ha! say'st thou so?

Knight. I beseech you, pardon me, my lord, if I be mistaken; for my duty cannot be silent, when I think your highness is wrong'd.

Lear. Thou but remember'st me of mine own conception; I have perceived a most faint neglect of late; which I have rather blamed as mine own jealous curiosity⁵, than as a very pretence⁶ and purpose of unkindness: I will look further into't.—But where's my fool? I have not seen him this two days.

Knight. Since my young lady's going into France, sir, the fool hath much pined away⁷.

Lear. No more of that; I have noted it well.—Go you, and tell my daughter I would speak with her.—Go you, and call hither my fool.—

⁵ By *jealous curiosity* Lear appears to mean a *punctilious jealousy* resulting from a scrupulous watchfulness of his own dignity. See the second note on the first scene of this play.

⁶ A *very pretence* is an *absolute design*. So in a former scene, 'to no other *pretence* of danger.'

⁷ This is an endearing circumstance in the Fool's character, and creates such an interest in his favour as his wit alone might have failed to procure for him.—*Steevens*.

Re-enter Steward.

O, you sir, you sir, come you hither: Who am I sir?

Stew. My lady's father.

Lear. My lady's father! my lord's knave: you whoreson dog! you slave! you cur!

Stew. I am none of this, my lord; I beseech you, pardon me.

Lear. Do you bandy⁸ looks with me, you rascal?
[*Striking him.*]

Stew. I'll not be struck, my lord.

Kent. Nor tripped neither; you base foot-ball player.
[*Tripping up his Heels.*]

Lear. I thank thee, fellow; thou servest me, and I'll love thee.

Kent. Come, sir, arise, away; I'll teach you differences: away, away: If you will measure your lubber's length again, tarry: but away: go to: Have you wisdom? so.
[*Pushes the Steward out.*]

Lear. Now, my friendly knave, I thank thee: there's earnest of thy service.

[*Giving KENT Money.*]

Enter Fool.

Fool. Let me hire him too;—Here's my coxcomb.
[*Giving KENT his Cap.*]

Lear. How now, my pretty knave? how dost thou?

Fool. Sirrah, you were best take my coxcomb.

Kent. Why, fool?

Fool. Why? For taking one's part that is out of favour: Nay, an thou canst not smile as the wind sits, thou'lt catch cold shortly⁹. There, take my coxcomb: Why, this fellow has banish'd two of his

⁸ A metaphor from tennis. 'Come in and take this bandy with the racket of patience.'—*Decker's Satiromastix*. 'To bandy a ball' Cole defines *clava pilam torquere*; 'To bandy at tennis,' *reticulo pelleret*. 'To bandy blows' is still a common idiom.

⁹ i. e. be turned out of doors and exposed to the inclemency of the weather.

daughters, and did the third a blessing against his will: if thou follow him, thou must needs wear my coxcomb¹⁰.—How now, nuncle¹¹? 'Would, I had two coxcombs, and two daughters!

Lear. Why, my boy?

Fool. If I gave them all my living¹², I'd keep my coxcombs myself: There's mine; beg another of thy daughters.

Lear. Take heed, sirrah; the whip.

Fool. Truth's a dog that must to kennel? he must be whipped out, when Lady, the brach¹³, may stand by the fire, and stink.

Lear. A pestilent gall to me!

Fool. Sirrah, I'll teach thee a speech.

Lear. Do.

Fool. Mark it, nuncle:—

Have more than thou showest,
 Speak less than thou knowest,
 Lend less than thou owest¹⁴,
 Ride more than thou goest,
 Learn more than thou trowest¹⁵,
 Set less than thou throwest,

¹⁰ The reader may see a representation of this ornament of the fool's cap in Mr. Douce's *Illustrations of Shakespeare*, vol. ii. 'Natural ideots and fools have, and still do accustom themselves to wear in their cappes cockes feathers, or a hat with a necke and heade of a cocke on the top, and a bell thereon.'—*Minsheu's Dictionary*, 1617.

¹¹ A familiar contraction of *mine uncle*, as *ningle*, &c. It seems that the customary appellation of the old licensed fool to his superiors was *uncle*. In Beaumont and Fletcher's *Pilgrim*, when Alinda assumes the character of a fool, she uses the same language. She meets Alphonso, and calls him *nuncle*; to which he replies by calling her *naunt*. In the same style it appears the fools called each other cousin. *Mon oncle* was long a term of respect and familiar endearment in France, as well as *ma tante*. They have a proverb, *Il est bien mon oncle, qui le ventre me comble*. It is remarkable, observes Mr. Vaillant, that the lower people in Shropshire call the judge of assize 'my nuncle the judge.'

¹² All my *estate* or *property*.

¹³ It has already been shown that *brach* was a *mannerly* name for a *bitch*. See vol. iii. p. 322, note 8. So Hotspur, in *The Second Part of King Henry IV.* says:—'I would rather hear *lady* my *brach* howl in Irish.'

¹⁴ That is, 'do not lend all that thou hast.' To *owe* in ancient language is to possess.

¹⁵ To *trow* is to believe. The precept is admirable. *Set* in the next line means *stake*.

Leave thy drink and thy whore,
And keep in-a-door,
And thou shalt have more
Than two tens to a score.

Lear. This is nothing, fool.

Fool. Then 'tis like the breath of an unfee'd lawyer; you gave me nothing for't; Can you make no use of nothing, nuncle?

Lear. Why, no, boy; nothing can be made out of nothing.

Fool. 'Pr'ythee, tell him, so much the rent of his land comes to; he will not believe a fool.

[To KENT.]

Lear. A bitter fool!

Fool. Dost thou know the difference, my boy, between a bitter fool and a sweet fool?

Lear. {No, lad; teach me.

Fool. [That lord, that counsel'd thee

To give away thy land,

Come place him here by me,—

Or do thou for him stand:

The sweet and bitter fool

Will presently appear;

The one in motley here,

The other found out there.

Lear. Dost thou call me fool, boy?

Fool. All thy other titles thou hast given away; that thou wast born with.

Kent. This is not altogether fool, my lord.

Fool. No, 'faith, lords and great men will not let me; if I had a monopoly out, they would have part on't! and ladies too; they will not let me have all fool to myself; they'll be snatching¹⁶.]—Give me an egg, nuncle, and I'll give thee two crowns.

Lear. What two crowns shall they be?

¹⁶ The passage in brackets is omitted in the folio, perhaps for political reasons, as it seemed to censure the monopolies, the gross abuses of which, and the corruption and avarice of the courtiers, who went shares with the patentee, were more legitimate than safe objects of satire.

Fool. Why, after I have cut the egg i'the middle, and eat up the meat, the two crowns of the egg. When thou clovest thy crown i'the middle, and gavest away both parts, thou borest thine ass on thy back over the dirt: Thou had'st little wit in thy bald crown, when thou gavest thy golden one away. If I speak like myself in this, let him be whipp'd that first finds it so.

*Fools had ne'er less grace in a year*¹⁷; [Singing.

For wise men are grown foppish;

And know not how their wits to wear, (well may fear &c.)

Their manners are so apish.

Lear. When were you wont to be so full of songs' sirrah?

Fool. I have used it, nuncle, ever since thou madest thy daughters thy mother: for when thou gavest them the rod, and put'st down thine own breeches,

Then they for sudden joy did weep, [Singing.

And I for sorrow sung,

That such a king should play bo-peep,

*And go the fools among*¹⁸.

Pr'ythee, nuncle, keep a schoolmaster that can teach thy fool to lie; I would fain learn to lie.

Lear. If you lie, sirrah, we'll have you whipp'd.

Fool. I marvel, what kin thou and thy daughters are: they'll have me whipp'd for speaking true, thou'lt have me whipp'd for lying; and, sometimes, I am whipp'd for holding my peace. I had rather

¹⁷ 'There never was a time when fools were less in favour; and the reason is, that they were never so little wanted, for wise men now supply their place.' In *Mother Bombie, a Comedy*, by Lyly, 1594, we find 'I think gentlemen had never less wit in a year.' It is remarkable that the quartos read 'less wit,' instead of 'less grace,' which is the reading of the folio.

¹⁸ So in *The Rape of Lucrece*, by Heywood, 1608:—

'When Tarquin first in court began,
And was approved king,
Some men for sodden joy gan weep,
And I for sorrow sing.'

be any kind of thing, than a fool: and yet I would not be thee, nuncle; thou hast pared thy wit o'both sides, and left nothing in the middle: Here comes one o'the parings.

Enter GONERIL.

Lear. How now, daughter! what makes that frontlet¹⁹ on? [*Methinks,*] you are too much of late i'the frown,

Fool. Thou wast a pretty fellow, when thou had'st no need to care for her frowning; now thou art an O²⁰ without a figure: I am better than thou art now; I am a fool, thou art nothing.—Yes, forsooth, I will hold my tongue! so your face [*To Gon.*] bids me, though you say nothing. Mum, mum,

He that keeps nor crust nor crum, (*See, &c.*)

Weary of all, shall want some.

That's a shealed peascod²¹. [*Pointing to LEAR.*]

Gon. Not only, sir, this your all-licens'd fool,
But other of your insolent retinue
Do hourly carp and quarrel; breaking forth
In rank and not-to-be-endured riots. Sir,
I had thought, by making this well known unto you,
To have found a safe redress, but now grow fearful,
By what yourself too late have spoke and done,
That you protect this course, and put it on²²

¹⁹ A *frontlet*, or forehead cloth, was worn by ladies of old to prevent wrinkles. So in George Chapman's *Hero and Leander*, *ad finem*:—

‘E’en like the forehead cloth that in the night,
Or when they sorrow ladies us’d to wear.’

Thus also in Zepheria, a collection of Sonnets, 4to. 1594:—

‘But now, my sunne, it fits thou take thy set

And vayle thy face with frownes as with a frontlet.’

And in Lyly's *Euphues and his England*, 1580:—‘The next day comidg to the gallery where she was solitary walking, with her frowning cloth, as sicke lately of the sullens,’ &c.

²⁰ i. e. a cipher.

²¹ Now a mere husk that contains nothing. The robing of Richard II.'s effigy in Westminster Abbey is wrought with *peascods open*, and the *peas out*; perhaps an allusion to his being once in full possession of sovereignty, but soon reduced to an empty title. See Camden's *Remaines*, 1674, p. 453, edit 1657, p. 340.

²² *Put it on*, that is *promote it*, push it forward. *Allowance* is *approbation*.

By your allowance; which if you should, the fault
Would not 'scape censure, nor the redresses sleep;
Which in the tender of a wholesome weal,
Might in their working do you that offence,
Which else were shame, that then necessity
Will call discreet proceeding.

Fool. For you trow, nuncle,

The hedge sparrow fed the cuckoo so long,
That it had its head bit off by its young.

So, out went the candle, and we were left darkling²³.

Lear. Are you our daughter?

Gon. [Come, sir²⁴.] I would, you would make use
of that good wisdom/whereof I know you are fraught;
and put away these dispositions, which of late trans- (transport)
form you from what you rightly are.

Fool. May not an ass know when the cart draws
the horse? Whoop, Jug! I love thee.

Lear. Does any here know me?—[Why] this is not
Lear: does Lear walk thus? speak thus? Where
are his eyes? Either his notion weakens, [or] his dis-
cernings are lethargied.—Sleeping or waking?—
[Ha! sure] 'tis not so.—Who is it that can tell me
who I am²⁵?

²³ Shakspeare's fools are certainly copied from the life. The originals whom he copied were no doubt men of quick parts; lively and sarcastic. Though they were licensed to say any thing, it was still necessary to prevent giving offence, that every thing they said should have a playful air: we may suppose therefore that they had a custom of taking off the edge of too sharp a speech by covering it hastily with the end of an old song, or any glib nonsense that came into their mind. I know no other way of accounting for the incoherent words with which Shakspeare often finishes this fool's speeches.

Sir Joshua Reynolds.

In a very old drama, entitled *The Longer thou Livest the more Foole thou art*, printed about 1580, we find the following stage direction:—*Entreth Moros, counterfainting a vaine gesture and a foolish countenance, singing the foote of many songs, as fools were wont.*

²⁴ The folio omits these words, and reads the rest of the speech, perhaps rightly, as verse.

²⁵ This passage has been erroneously printed in all the late editions. 'Who is it can tell me who I am?' says Lear. In the folio the reply, 'Lear's shadow,' is rightly given to the Fool, but the latter part of the speech of Lear is omitted in that copy. Lear heeds not what the Fool replies to his question, but continues:—

Fool. Lear's shadow,—

Lear. [I would learn that; for by the marks of sovereignty, knowledge, and reason, I should be false persuaded I had daughters.

Fool.—Which they will make an obedient father.]

Lear. Your name, fair gentlewoman?

Gon. [Come, sir;]

This admiration is much o'the favour²⁶

Of other your new pranks. I do beseech you

To understand my purposes aright:

As you are old and reverend, [you] should be wise:

Here do you keep a hundred knights and squires;

Men so disorder'd, so debauch'd, and bold,

That this our court, infected with their manners,

Shows like a riotous inn: epicurism and lust

Make it more like a tavern or a brothel,

Than a grac'd palace. The shame itself doth speak

For instant remedy: Be then desir'd

By her, that else will take the thing she begs,

A little to disquantity your train:

And the remainder, that shall still depend²⁷,

To be such meh as may besort your age,

And know themselves and you.

Lear.

Darkness and devils!—

Saddle my horses; call my train together.—

Degenerate bastard! I'll not trouble thee;

Yet have I left a daughter.

'Were I to judge from the marks of sovereignty, of knowledge, or of reason, I should be induced to think I had daughters, yet that must be a false persuasion;—it cannot be.—' The Fool seizes the pause in Lear's speech to continue his interrupted reply to Lear's question: he had before said, 'You are Lear's shadow;' he now adds, 'which they (i. e. your daughters) will make an obedient father.' Lear heeds him not in his emotion, but addresses Goneril with 'Your name, fair gentlewoman.' It is remarkable that the continuation of Lear's speech, and the continuation of the Fool's comment, is omitted in the folio copy.

²⁶ i. e. of the complexion. So in Julius Cæsar:—

'In favour's like the work we have in hand.'

²⁷ i. e. continue in service. So in Measure for Measure:—

'Canst thou believe thy living is a life,
So stinkingly depending.'

Gon. You strike my people; and your disorder'd
rabble
Make servants of their betters.

Enter ALBANY.

Lear. Woe, that too late repents²⁸,—[O, sir, are
you come?]
Is it your will? [*To ALB.*] Speak, sir.—Prepare my
horses.

Ingratitude! thou marble-hearted fiend,
More hideous, when thou show'st thee in a child,
Than the sea-monster²⁹!

Alb. (*'Pray, sir, be patient.'*)

Lear. Detested kite! thou liest: [*To GONERIL.*
My train are men of choice and rarest parts,
That all particulars of duty know:
And in the most exact regard support
The worships of their name.—O most small fault,
How ugly didst thou in Cordelia show!
Which, like an engine³⁰, wrench'd my frame of nature
From the fix'd place; drew from my heart all love,
And added to the gall. O Lear, Lear, Lear!
Beat at this gate that let thy folly in/

[*Striking his Head.*

And thy dear judgment out.—Go, go, my people.

Alb. My lord, I am guiltless, as I am ignorant
Of what hath mov'd you.

Lear. It may be so, my lord.—Hear, nature, hear;
Dear goddess, hear! Suspend thy purpose, if

²⁸ One of the quarto copies reads, '*We that too late repents us.*' The others, '*We that too late repents.*' This may have been suggested by The Mirrour for Magistrates:—

'They call him doting foole, all his requests debarr'd,
Demanding if with life he were not well content:
Then he too late his rigour did repent
Gainst me.'

Story of Queen Cordelia.

²⁹ The sea monster is the hippopotamus, the hieroglyphical symbol of impiety and ingratitude. Sandys, in his *Travels*, says, 'that he killeth his sire and ravisheth his own dam.'

³⁰ By an engine the rack is here intended. So in The Night Walker, by Beaumont and Fletcher:—

'Their soules shot through with adders, torn on engines.'

Thou didst intend to make this creature fruitful!
 Into her womb convey sterility!
 Dry up in her the organs of increase;
 And from her derogate³¹ body never spring
 A babe to honour her! If she must teem,
 Create her child of spleen; that it may live,
 And be a thwart³² disnatur'd torment to her!
 Let it stamp wrinkles in her brow of youth;
 With cadent tears fret channels in her cheeks:
 Turn all her mother's pains, and benefits³³,
 To laughter and contempt; that she may feel
 How sharper than a serpent's tooth it is³⁴
 To have a thankless child!—Away, away! [*Exit.*]

Alb. Now, gods, that we adore, whereof comes this?

Gon. Never afflict yourself to know the cause;
 But let his disposition have that scope
 That dotage gives it.

Re-enter LEAR.

Lear. What, fifty of my followers, at a clap!
 Within a fortnight?

Alb. What's the matter, sir?

Lear. I'll tell thee;—Life and death! I am
 a sham'd

That thou hast power to shake my manhood thus:
 [*To GONERIL.*]

That these hot tears, which break from me perforce,
 Should make thee worth them.—Blasts and fogs
 upon thee!

The untented³⁵ woundings of a father's curse

³¹ *Derogate* here means *degenerate, degraded*.

³² *Thwart* as a noun adjective is not frequent in our language. It is to be found, however, in *Promos* and *Cassandra*, 1578:—

'Sith fortune *thwart* doth crosse my joyes with care.'

Disnatur'd is wanting natural affection. So *Daniel*, in *Hymen's Triumph*, 1623:—'I am not so *disnatur'd* a man.'

³³ '*Pains and benefits*,' in this place, signify maternal cares and good offices.

³⁴ So in *Psalm* cxi. 3:—'They have sharpened their tongues like a serpent; adder's poison is under their lips.' The viper was the emblem of ingratitude.

³⁵ The *untented* woundings are the *rankling* or *never healing*

Pierce every sense about thee!—Old fond eyes,
 Beweep this cause again, I'll pluck you out;
 And cast you, with the waters that you lose,
 To temper clay.—Ha! [is it come to this?]
 Let it be so:—Yet have I left a daughter,
 Who, I am sure, is kind and comfortable;
 When she shall hear this of thee, with her nails
 She'll flay thy wolfish visage. Thou shalt find,
 That I'll resume the shape which thou dost think
 I have cast off for ever; thou shalt, I warrant thee³⁶.]

[*Exeunt* LEAR, KENT, and Attendants.

Gon. Do you mark that, my lord?

Alb. I cannot be so partial, Goneril,
 To the great love I bear you,—

Gon. 'Pray you, content.—What, Oswald, ho!
 You, sir, more knave than fool, after your master.
 [To the Fool.

Fool. Nuncle Lear, nuncle Lear, tarry, and take
 the fool with thee.

A fox, when one has caught her,
 And such a daughter,
 Should sure to the slaughter,
 If my cap would buy a halter;
 So the fool follows after.

[*Exit.*

*Gon.*³⁷ [This man hath had good counsel:—A
 hundred knights!

'Tis politic, and safe, to let him keep
 At point³⁸, a hundred knights. Yes, that on every
 dream,
 Each buz, each fancy, each complaint, dislike,

wounds inflicted by a parental malediction. *Tents* are well known dressings inserted into wounds as a preparative to healing them. Shakespeare quibbles upon this surgical practice in *Troilus* and *Cressida*:—

Patr. Who keeps the tent now?

Ther. The surgeon's box, or the patient's wound.'

³⁶ This speech is gleaned partly from the folios and partly from the quartos. The omissions in the one and the other are not of sufficient importance to trouble the reader with a separate notice of each.

³⁷ All within brackets is omitted in the quartos.

³⁸ *At point* probably means completely armed, and consequently ready at appointment on the slightest notice.

He may enguard his dotage with their powers,
And hold our lives in mercy.} Oswald, I say!—

Alb. Well, you may fear too far.

Gon. Safer than trust too far:

Let me still take away the harms I fear,
Not fear still to be taken. I know his heart:
What he hath utter'd, I have writ my sister;
If she sustain him and his hundred knights,
When I have show'd the unfitness, }—How now,
Oswald?

Enter Steward.

What, have you writ that letter to my sister?

Stew. Ay, madam.

Gon. Take you some company, and away to horse:
Inform her full of my particular fear;
And thereto add such reasons of your own,
As may compact it more. Get you gone;
And hasten your return. [*Exit Stew.*] No, no, my lord,
This milky gentleness, and course of yours,
Though I condemn it not, yet, under pardon,
You are much more attack'd³⁹ for want of wisdom,
Than prais'd for harmful mildness.

Alb. How far your eyes may pierce, I cannot tell;
Striving to better, oft we mar what's well⁴⁰.

Gon. Nay, then—

Alb. Well, well; the event. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE V. *Court before the same.*

Enter LEAR, KENT, and Fool.

Lear. Go you before to Gloster with these letters:
acquaint my daughter no further with any thing you

³⁹ The word *task* is frequently used by Shakspeare and his contemporaries in the sense of *tax*. Goneril means to say, that he was more taxed for want of wisdom, than praised for mildness. So in *The Island Princess* of Beaumont and Fletcher, Quisana says to Ruy Dias:—

'You are too saucy, too impudent,
'To task me with these errors.'

⁴⁰ 'Were it not sinful then, *striving to mend,*
To mar the subject that before was well?'

know, than comes from her demand out of the letter: If your diligence be not speedy, I shall be there before you¹.

Kent. I will not sleep, my lord, till I have delivered your letter. [Exit.]

Fool. If a man's brains were in his heels, were't not in danger of kibes?

Lear. Ay, boy.

Fool. Then, I pr'ythee, be merry; thy wit shall not go slip-shod.

Lear. Ha, ha, ha!

Fool. Shalt see, thy other daughter will use thee kindly²; for though she's as like this as a crab is like an apple, yet I can tell what I can tell. (Corn³)

Lear. Why, what canst thou tell; my boy?

Fool. She will taste as like this, as a crab does to a crab. Thou canst tell, why one's nose stands i'the middle of his face?

Lear. No.

Fool. Why, to keep his eyes on either side his nose; that what a man cannot smell out, he may spy into.

Lear. I did her wrong³:—

Fool. Can'st tell how an oyster makes his shell?

Lear. No.

Fool. Nor I neither; but I can tell why a snail has a house.

Leav. Why?

Fool. Why, to put his head in; not to give it

¹ The word *there* in this speech shows that when the king says, 'Go you before to *Gloster*,' he means the town of Gloster, which Shakspeare chose to make the residence of the Duke of Cornwall, to increase the probability of their setting out late from thence on a visit to the Earl of Gloster. Our old English earls usually resided in the counties from whence they took their titles. Lear, not finding his son-in-law and his wife at home, follows them to the Earl of Gloster's castle.

² The Fool quibbles, using the word *kindly* in two senses; as it means *affectionately*, and like the rest of her *kind*, or after their *nature*.

³ He is musing on Cordelia.

away to his daughters, and leave his horns without a case.

Lear. I will forget my nature.—So kind a father!—Be my horses ready?

Fool. Thy asses are gone about 'em. The reason why the seven stars are no more than seven, is a pretty reason.

Lear. Because they are not eight?

Fool. Yes, indeed: Thou wouldest make a good fool.

Lear. To take it again perforce⁴!—Monster ingratitude!

Fool. If thou wert my fool, nuncle, I'd have thee beaten for being old before thy time.

Lear. How's that?

Fool. Thou should'st not have been old, before thou hadst been wise.

Lear. O let me not be mad, not mad, sweet heaven!

Keep me in temper; I would not be mad!—

Enter Gentleman.

How now! Are the horses ready?

Gent. Ready, my lord.

Lear. Come, boy.

Fool. She that is maid now, and laughs at my departure,
Shall not be a maid long, unless things be cut shorter⁵. *[Exeunt.]*

⁴ The subject of Lear's meditation is the resumption of that moiety of the kingdom he had bestowed on Goneril. This was what Albany apprehended, when he replied to the upbraidings of his wife:— 'Well, well; the event.' What Lear himself projected when he left Goneril to go to Regan:—

'——— Thou shalt find

That I'll resume the shape, which thou dost think

I have cast off for ever; thou shalt, I warrant thee.'

And what Curan afterwards refers to, when he asks Edmund:— 'Have you heard of no likely wars toward, 'twixt the Dukes of Cornwall and Albany?'

⁵ This idle couplet (apparently addressed to the females present at the representation of the play) most probably crept into the

ACT II.

SCENE I. *A Court within the Castle of the Earl of Gloster.**Enter EDMUND and CURAN, meeting.**Edm.* Save thee, Curan.*Cur.* And you, sir. I have been with your father; and given him notice, that the Duke of Cornwall, and Regan his duchess, will be here with him to night.*Edm.* How comes that?*Cur.* Nay, I know not: You have heard of the news abroad; I mean, the whispered ones, for they are yet but ear-kissing arguments¹?*Edm.* Not I; 'Pray you, what are they?*Cur.* Have you heard of no likely wars toward², 'twixt the Dukes of Cornwall and Albany?*Edm.* Not a word.*Cur.* You may/then, in time. Fare you well, sir.
[*Exit.*]*Edm.* The duke be here to-night? The better!
Best!*This weaves itself perforce into my business!
My father hath set guard to take my brother;
And I have one thing, of a queasy³ question,*

playhouse copy from the mouth of some buffoon actor, who 'spoke more than was set down for him.' The severity with which the poet animadverts upon the mummeries and jokes of the clowns of his time (see *Hamlet*, Act iii. Sc. 2) manifests that he had suffered by their indiscretion. Indecent jokes, which the applause of the groundlings occasioned to be repeated, would at last find their way into the prompter's books, &c. Such liberties were indeed exercised by the authors of *Lochrine*, &c. but such another offensive and extraneous address to the audience cannot be pointed out among all the dramas of Shakspeare.

¹ *Ear-kissing arguments* means that they are yet in reality only whispered ones.

² This and the following speech are omitted in the quarto B.

³ *Queasy* appears to mean here *delicate, unsettled*. So Ben Jonson, in *Sejanus*:—

Which I must act:—Briefness, and fortune, work!—
 Brother, a word; descend:—Brother, I say,

Enter EDGAR.

My father watches:—O sir, fly this place;
 Intelligence is given where you are hid;
 You have now the good advantage of the night:—
 Have you not spoken 'gainst the duke of Cornwall?
 He's coming hither; now, i'the night, i'the haste,
 And Regan with him; Have you nothing said
 Upon his party 'gainst the duke of Albany?⁴
 Advise⁵ yourself.

Edg. I am sure on't, not a word.

Edm. I hear my father coming,—Pardon me:—
 In cunning, I must draw my sword upon you:—
 Draw: Seem to defend yourself: Now quit you well.
 Yield:—come before my father;—Light, ho, here!—
 Fly, brother;—Torches! torches!—So, farewell.—
[Exit EDGAR.]

Some blood drawn on me would beget opinion
[Wounds his Arm.]

Of my more fierce endeavour: I have seen drunkards
 Do more than this in sport⁶.—Father! Father!
 Stop, stop! No help?

Enter GLOSTER, and Servants with Torches.

Glo. Now, Edmund, where's the villain?

Edm. Here stood he in the dark, his sharp sword out,
 Mumbling of wicked charms, conjuring the moon
 To stand his auspicious mistress⁷:—

⁴ These times are rather *queasy* to be touched.—

Have you not seen or read part of his book?

Queasy is still in use to express that sickishness of stomach which the slightest disgust is apt to provoke.

⁵ Have you said nothing upon the party formed by him against the Duke of Albany?

⁶ i. e. consider, recollect yourself.

⁷ These drunken feats are mentioned in Marston's Dutch Courtesan:—'Have I not been drunk for your health, eat glasses, drunk wine, stabbed arms, and done all offices of protested gallantry for your sake?'

⁸ This was a proper circumstance to urge to Gloster; who ap-

Glo. But where is he?

Edm. Look, sir, I bleed.

Glo. Where is the villain, Edmund?

Edm. Fled this way, sir. When by no means he could—

Glo. Pursue him, ho!—Go after.—[*Exit. Serv.*]

By no means,—what?

Edm. Persuade me to the murder of your lordship;
But that I told him, the revenging gods
'Gainst parricides did all their thunders bend; *(the thunders)*
Spoke, with how manifold and strong a bond
The child was bound to the father;—Sir, in fine,
Seeing how loathly opposite I stood
To his unnatural purpose, in fell motion,
With his prepared sword, he charges home
My unprovided body, lanc'd mine arm: *(lanc'd)*
But when he saw my best alarum'd spirits,
Bold in the quarrel's right, rous'd to the encounter,
Or whether gasted⁸ by the noise I made,
Full suddenly he fled.

Glo. Let him fly far:
Not in this land shall he remain uncaught;
And found—Despatch⁹.—The noble duke my master,
My worthy arch¹⁰ and patron, comes to-night:
By his authority I will proclaim it,
That he, which finds him, shall deserve our thanks,
Bringing the murderous coward to the stake;
He, that conceals him, death.

Edm. When I dissuaded him from his intent,

appears to have been very superstitious with regard to this matter, if we may judge by what passes between him and his son in a foregoing scene.

⁸ That is *aghasted*, *frighted*. Thus in Beaumont and Fletcher's *Wit at Several Weapons*:—'Either the sight of the lady has *gasted* him, or else he's drunk.'

⁹ 'And found—Despatch.—The noble duke,' &c. The sense is interrupted. He shall be caught—and found, *he shall be punished*. Despatch.

¹⁰ *i. e. chief*; a word now only used in composition, as *archangel*, *arch-duke*, &c. So in Heywood's *If You Know Not Me, You Know Nobody*:—'Poole, that *arch* of truth and honesty.'

And found him pight to do it, with curst speech¹¹;
 I threaten'd to discover him: He replied,
*Thou unpossessing bastard! dost thou think,
 If I would stand against thee, would the reposal¹²
 Of any trust, virtue, or worth, in thee
 Make thy words faith'd! No: what I should deny,
 (As this I would; ay, though thou didst produce
 My very character¹³), I'd turn it all
 To thy suggestion, plot, and damned practice:
 And thou must make a dullard of the world,
 If they not thought the profits of my death
 Were very pregnant and potential spurs¹⁴
 To make thee seek it.*

Glo. Strong and fastend' villain;
 Would he deny his letter?—I never got him.

[*Trumpets within.*]

Hark, the duke's trumpets! I know not why he
 comes:—

All ports I'll bar; the villain shall not 'scape;
 The duke must grant me that: besides, his picture
 I will send far and near, that all the kingdom
 May have due note of him; and of my land,
 Loyal and natural boy, I'll work the means
 To make thee capable¹⁵.

¹¹ 'And found him pight to do it, with curst speech.'
Pight is pitched, fixed, settled; *curst* is vehemently angry, bitter.
 'Therefore my heart is surely pight
 Of her alone to have a sight.'

Lusty Juventus, 1561.

'He did with a very curste taunte, checke, and rebuke the
 feloe:—*Erasmus's Apophthegmes*, by N. Udal, fo. 47.

¹² i. e. would any opinion that men have reposed in thy trust,
 virtue, &c. The old quarto reads, 'could the reposeure.'

¹³ i. e. my hand-writing, my signature. See vol. i p. 263, note
 10; vol. ii. p. 88, note 3.

¹⁴ The folio reads, 'potential spirits.' And in the next line but
 one, 'O strange and fasten'd villain.' *Strong* is determined, re-
 solute. Our ancestors often used it in an ill sense; as *strong* thief,
strong here, &c.

¹⁵ i. e. capable of succeeding to my land, notwithstanding the
 legal bar of thy illegitimacy.

'The king next demanded of him (he being a fool) whether he
 were capable to inherit any land,' &c.—*Life and Death of Will
 Somers*, &c.

Enter CORNWALL, REGAN, *and* Attendants.

Corn. How now, my noble friend? since I came hither
(Which I can call but now), I have heard strange news.

Reg. If it be true, all vengeance comes too short, Which can pursue the offender. How dost, my lord?

Glo. O, madam, my old heart is crack'd, is crack'd!

Reg. What, did my father's godson seek your life? He whom my father nam'd? your Edgar?

Glo. O lady, lady, shame would have it hid!

Reg. Was he not companion with the riotous knights
That tend upon my father?

Glo. I know not, madam:
It is too bad, too bad.—

Edm. Yes, madam, he was!

Reg. No marvel then, though he were ill affected;
'Tis they have put him on the old man's death,
To have the waste and spoil of his revenues.
I have this present evening from my sister
Been well inform'd of them; and with such cautions,
That, if they come to sojourn at my house,
I'll not be there.

Corn. Nor I, assure thee, Regan.—
Edmund, I hear that you have shown your father
A child-like office.

Edm. 'Twas my duty, sir.

Glo. He did bewray his practice¹⁶, and receiv'd
This hurt you see, striving to apprehend him.

Corn. Is he pursued?

Glo. Ay, my good lord, he is.

Corn. If he be taken, he shall never more
Be fear'd of doing harm: make your own purpose,
How in my strength you please.—For you, Edmund,

¹⁶ 'He did bewray his practice.' That is, he did betray or reveal his treacherous devices. So in the second book of Sidney's *Arcadia*:—'His heart fainted and gat a conceit, that with bewraying his practice he might obtain pardon.' The quartos read *betray*.

Whosé virtue and obedience doth this instant
So much commend itself, you shall be ours;
Natures of such deep trust we shall much need;
You we first seize on.

Edm. I shall serve you, sir,
Truly, however else.

Glo. For him I thank your grace.

Corn. You know not why we came to visit you,—

Reg. Thus out of season; threading dark-ey'd
night.

Occasions, noble Gloster, of some poize¹⁷,
Wherein we must have use of your advice:—
Our father he hath writ, so hath our sister,
Of differences, which I best thought it fit
To answer from our home¹⁸; the several messengers
From hence attend despatch. Our good old friend,
Lay comforts to your bosom; and bestow
Your needful counsel to our business,
Which craves the instant use.

Glo. I serve you, madam:
Your graces are right welcome. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II. *Before Gloster's Castle.*

Enter KENT and Steward, severally.

Stew. Good dawning¹ to thee, friend: Art of the
house?

Kent. Ay.

Stew. Where may we set our horses?

Kent. I'the mire.

Stew. 'Pr'ythee, if thou love me, tell me.

Kent. I love thee not.

Stew. Why, then I care not for thee.

¹⁷ i. e. of some weight or moment. The folio and quarto B. read *prize*.

¹⁸ That is, not at home, but at some other place.

¹ The quartos read, 'good even.' *Dawning* is used again in *Cymbeline*, as a substantive, for *morning*. It is clear from various passages in this scene that the morning is just beginning to dawn.

Kent. If I had thee in Lipsbury pinfold², I would make thee care for me.

Stew. Why dost thou use me thus? I know thee not.

Kent. Fellow, I know thee.

Stew. What dost thou know me for?

Kent. A knave; a rascal, an eater of broken meats; a base, proud, shallow, beggarly, three-suited³, hundred-pound, filthy worsted-stocking knave; a lily-liver'd, action-taking knave; a whorson, glass-gazing, superserviceable, finical rogue; one-trunk-inheriting slave; one that would'st be a bawd, in way of good-service, and art nothing but the composition of a knave, beggar, coward, pandar, and the son and heir of a mongrel bitch: one whom I will beat into clamorous whining, if thou deny'st the least syllable of thy addition⁴.

Stew. Why, what a monstrous fellow art thou, thus to rail on one, that is neither known of thee, nor knows thee?

Kent. What a brazen-faced varlet art thou, to

² i. e. *Lipsbury pound*. '*Lipsbury pinfold*' may, perhaps, like *Lob's pound*, be a coined name; but with what allusion does not appear. It is just possible (says Mr. Nares) that it might mean the teeth, as being the pinfold within the *lips*. The phrase would then mean, 'If I had you in my teeth.' It remains for some more fortunate inquirer to discover what is really meant.

³ '*Three-suited knave*' might mean, in an age of ostentatious finery like that of Shakspeare, one who had no greater change of raiment than *three suits* would furnish him with. So in Ben Jonson's *Silent Woman*:—'Wert a pitiful fellow, and hadst nothing but *three suits* of apparel.' A *one-trunk-inheriting* slave may be a term used to describe a fellow, the whole of whose possessions were confined to one coffer, and that too *inherited* from his father, who was no better provided, or had nothing more to bequeath to his successor in poverty; a *poor rogue hereditary*, as Timon calls Apemantus. A *worsted-stocking knave* is another reproach of the same kind. The stockings in England in the reign of Elizabeth were remarkably expensive, and scarce any other kind than silk were worn, even by those who had not above forty shillings a year wages. This we learn from Stubbes in his *Anatomic of Abuses*, 1595. In an old comedy, called *The Hog hath Lost its Pearl*, by R. Tailor, 1614, it is said:—'Good parts are no more set by, than a good leg in a *woollen stocking*.' This term of reproach, as well as that of a *hundred pound gentleman*, occurs in *The Phoenix*, by Middleton. *Actiontaking knave* is a fellow who, if you beat him, would bring an action for the assault instead of resenting it like a man of courage.

⁴ i. e. thy *titles*.

deny thou know'st me? Is it two days ago, since I tripp'd up thy heels, and beat thee, before the king? Draw, you rogue: for, though it be night, the moon shines; I'll make a sop o'the moonshine⁵ of you: Draw, you whorson cullionly barber-monger⁶, draw. [*Drawing his Sword.*]

Stew. Away; I have nothing to do with thee.

Kent. Draw, you rascal: you come with letters against the king; and take vanity⁷ the puppet's part, against the royalty of her father: Draw, you rogue, or I'll so carbonado your shanks:—draw, you rascal: come your ways.

Stew. Help, ho! murder! help!

Kent. Strike, you slave; stand, rogue, stand; you neat slave⁸, strike. [*Beating him.*]

Stew. Help, ho! murder! murder!

Enter EDMUND, CORNWALL, REGAN, GLOSTER, and Servants.

Edm. How now? What's the matter? Part.

Kent. With you, Goodman boy, if you please; come, I'll flesh you; come on, young master.

Glo. Weapons! arms! What's the matter here?

Corn. Keep peace, upon your lives; He dies, that strikes again: What is the matter?

Reg. The messengers from our sister and the king.

Corn. What is your difference? speak.

Stew. I am scarce in breath, my lord.

Kent. No marvel, you have so beatirr'd your

⁵ An equivoke is here intended, by an allusion to the old dish of eggs in moonshine, which was eggs broken and boiled in sallad oil till the yolks became hard. It is equivalent to the phrases of modern times, 'I'll baste you,' or 'beat you to a mummy.'

⁶ Barber-monger may mean dealer with the lower tradesmen; a slur upon the Steward, as taking fees for a recommendation to the business of the family.

⁷ Alluding to the moralities or allegorical shows, in which *Vanity*, *Iniquity*, and other vices were personified.

⁸ Neat slave may mean you base cowherd, or it may mean, as Steevens suggests, you finical rascal, you assemblage of foppery and poverty. See Colgrave, in *Mirloret*, *Mistoudin*, *Mendinet*; by which Sherwood renders a neate fellow.

valour. You cowardly rascal, nature disclaims in⁹ thee; a tailor made thee.

Corn. Thou art a strange fellow: a tailor make a man?

Kent. Ay, a tailor, sir; a stone-cutter, or a painter, could not have made him so ill, though they had been but two hours at the trade. (years)

Corn. Speak yet, how grew your quarrel?

Stew. This ancient ruffian, sir, whose life I have spar'd,
At suit of his gray beard,—

Kent. Thou whorson zed¹⁰! thou unnecessary letter!—My lord, if you will give me leave, I will tread this unbolted¹¹ villain into mortar, and daub the wall of a jakes with him.—Spare my gray beard, you wagtail?

Corn. Peace, sirrah!
You beastly knave, know you no reverence?

Kent. Yes, sir; but anger has a privilege.

Corn. Why art thou angry?

Kent. That such a slave as this should wear a sword,
Who wears no honesty. Such smiling rogues as these,
Like rats, oft bite the holy cords atwain

⁹ To *disclaim in*, for to *disclaim* simply, was the phraseology of the poet's age. See Gifford's Ben Jonson, vol. iii. p. 264.

¹⁰ *Zed* is here used as a term of contempt, because it is the last letter in the English alphabet: it is said to be an unnecessary letter, because its place may be supplied by S. Baret omits it in his *Alvearie*, affirming it to be rather a syllable than a letter. And Mulcaster says, 'Z is much harder amongst us, and seldom seen. S is become its *lieutenant-general*. It is lightlie (i. e. hardly) expressed in English, saving in foren enfranchisements.'

¹¹ *Unbolted* is *unsifted*; and therefore signifies this coarse villain. Massinger, in his *New Way to Pay Old Debts*, Act i. Sc. 1, says:—

'——I will help your memory,
And tread thee into mortar.'

Unbolted mortar is mortar made of unsifted lime; and therefore to break the lumps it is necessary to tread it by men in wooden shoes.

Which are too intrinse¹² t'unloose: smooth every passion¹³

That in the natures of their lords rebels;
Bring oil to fire, snow to their colder moods;
Reneg¹⁴, affirm, and turn their halcyon¹⁵ beaks
With every gale and vary of their masters,
As knowing nought, like dogs, but following.—
A plague upon your epileptic visage!
Smile you my speeches, as I were a fool?
Goose, if I had you upon Sarum plain,
I'd drive ye cackling home to Camelot¹⁶.

Corn. What, art thou mad, old fellow?

Glo.

How fell you out?

Say that.

Kent. No contraries hold more antipathy,
Than I and such a knave¹⁷.

Corn. Why dost thou call him knave? What's
his offence?

Kent. His countenance likes me not¹⁸.

Corn. No more, perchance, does mine, or his,
or hers.

¹² The quartos read, to *intrench*; the folio *t'intrince*. Perhaps *intrinse*, for so it should be written, was put by Shakespeare for *intrinsecate*, which he has used in Antony and Cleopatra:—

'——— Come, mortal wretch,

With thy sharp teeth this knot *intrinsecate*

Of life at once untie.'

I suspect that the poet meant to write *too intrinse*; that is, *too intricate*, or *too much intrammelled*. See Florio in *v. intrecciare*; or *intrigue* for *intricated*, as we find it in Phillips's *World of Words*.

¹³ See Pericles, Act i. Sc. 2, note 9.

¹⁴ To *renege* is to *deny*. See Antony and Cleopatra, Sc. 1, note 1.

¹⁵ The bird called the kingfisher, which, when dried and hung up by a thread, is supposed to turn his bill to the point from whence the wind blows. So in Marlowe's *Jew of Malta*, 1633:

'But how now stands the wind?

Into what corner peers my *halcyon's bill*.'

'A litle byrde called the Kings Fyscher, being hanged up in the ayre by the neck, his nebbe or byll wyll be always direct or strayght against ye winde.'—*Book of Notable Things*.

¹⁶ In Somersetshire, near Camelot, are many large moors, where are bred great quantities of geese. It was the place where the romances say King Arthur kept his court in the west.

¹⁷ Hence Pope's expression:—

'The strong antipathy of good to bad.'

¹⁸ i. e. pleases me not.

Kent. Sir, 'tis my occupation to be plain;
I have seen better faces in my time,
Than stands on any shoulder that I see
Before me at this instant.

Corn. This is some fellow,
Who, having been prais'd for bluntness, doth affect
A saucy roughness; and constrains the garb,
Quite from his nature¹⁹; He cannot flatter, he!—
An honest mind and plain,—he must speak truth:
An they will take it, so; if not, he's plain.
These kind of knaves I know, which in this plainness
Harbour more craft, and more corrupter ends,
Than twenty silly²⁰ ducking observants,
That stretch their duties nicely.

Kent. Sir, in good sooth, in sincere verity,
Under the allowance of your grand aspect,
Whose influence, like the wreath of radiant fire
On flickering²¹ Phœbus' front,—

Corn. What mean'st by this?

Kent. To go out of my dialect, which you dis-
commend so much. I know, sir, I am no flatterer:
he that beguiled you, in a plain accent, was a plain
knave; which, for my part, I will not be, though I
should win your displeasure to entreat me to it²².

Corn. What was the offence you gave him?

Stew. I never gave him any:
It pleas'd the king his master, very late,
To strike at me, upon his misconstruction:
When he, conjunct, and flattering his displeasure,

¹⁹ 'Forces his outside, or his appearance, to something totally different from his natural disposition.'

²⁰ *Silly*, or rather *sely*, is simple or rustic. See vol. ix. p. 115, note 7. *Nicely* here is with scrupulous nicety, punctilious observance.

²¹ This expressive word is now only applied to the motion and scintillation of flame. Dr. Johnson says that it means to flutter, which is certainly one of its oldest meanings, it being used in that sense by Chaucer. But its application is more properly made to the fluctuating scintillations of flame or light. In *The Cuckoo*, by Nicols, 1607, we have it applied to the eye:—

'Their soft maiden voice and flickering eye.'

²² 'Though I should win you, displeased as you now are, to like me so well as to entreat me to be a knave.'

Tripp'd me behind; being down, insulted, rail'd,
 And put upon him such a deal of man,
 That worthy'd him, got praises of the king
 For him attempting who was self-subdu'd;
 And, in the fleshment²³ of this dread exploit,
 Drew on me here again.

Kent. None of these rogues, and cowards,
 But Ajax is their fool²⁴.

Corn. Fetch forth the stocks, ho!
 You stubborn ancient knave, you reverend braggart,
 We'll teach you—

Kent. Sir, I am too old to learn:
 Call not your stocks for me: I serve the king;
 On whose employment I was sent to you:
 You shall do small respect, show too bold malice
 Against the grace and person of my master,
 Stocking his messenger.

Corn. Fetch forth the stocks:
 As I've life and honour, there shall he sit till noon.

Reg. Till noon! till night, my lord; and all
 night too.

Kent. Why, madam, if I were your father's dog,
 You should not use me so.

Reg. Sir, being his knave, I will.
 [*Stocks brought out.*]

Corn. This is a fellow of the selfsame colour
 Our sister speaks of:—Come, bring away the
 stocks²⁵.

²³ A young soldier is said to *flesh* his sword the first time he draws blood with it. *Fleshment*, therefore, is here metaphorically applied to the first act of service, which Kent, in his new capacity, had performed for his master; and at the same time, in a sarcastic sense, as though he had esteemed it an heroic exploit to trip a man behind who was actually falling.

²⁴ i. e. Ajax is a fool to them. 'These rogues and cowards talk in such a boasting strain that, if we were to credit their account of themselves, Ajax would appear a person of no prowess when compared to them.' So in King Henry VIII.:—

'——— now this mask

Was cry'd incomparable, and the ensuing night

Made it a fool and beggar.'

²⁵ This kind of exhibition was familiar to the ancient stage. In Hick Scorne, which was printed in the reign of Henry VIII. Pity

Glo. Let me beseech your grace not to do so:
 [His fault is much, and the good king his master
 Will check him for't: your purpos'd low correction
 Is such, as basest and contemn'd'st wretches,
 For pilferings and most common trespasses,
 Are punish'd with: the king must take it ill, *his master's*
 That he,—so slightly valu'd in his messenger,
 —Should have him thus restrain'd.

Corn.

I'll answer that.

Reg. My sister may receive it much more worse,
 To have her gentleman abus'd, assaulted,
 [For following her affairs,—Put in his legs.—]

[*KENT is put in the Stocks.*]

Come, my [good] lord; away.

[*Exeunt REGAN and CORNWALL.*]

Glo. I am sorry for thee, friend; 'tis the duke's
 pleasure,
 Whose disposition, all the world well knows,
 Will not be rubb'd, nor stopp'd²⁶; I'll entreat
 for thee.

Kent. 'Pray, do not, sir: I have watch'd, and
 travell'd hard;
 Some time I shall sleep out, the rest I'll whistle.
 A good man's fortune may grow out at heels:
 Give you good morrow!

Glo. The duke's to blame in this; 'twill be ill
 taken. [*Exit.*]

Kent. Good king, that must approve the common
 saw²⁷!

is put into the *stocks*, and left there until he is freed by Perseverance and Contemplacyon.

It should be remembered that formerly in great houses, as lately in some colleges, there were moveable *stocks* for the correction of the servants.

²⁶ A metaphor from bowling.

²⁷ The *saw*, or proverb alluded to, is in Heywood's *Dialogues on Proverbs*, b. ii. c. v. :—

'In your running from him to me ye runne

Out of God's blessing into the warme sunne.'

i. e. from good to worse. Kent was thinking of the king being likely to receive a worse reception from Regan than that which he had already experienced from Goneril.

Thou out of heaven's benediction com'st
 To the warm sun!
 Approach, thou beacon to this under globe,
 That by thy comfortable beams I may
 Peruse this letter!—Nothing almost sees miracles,
 But misery;—I know 'tis from Cordelia;
 Who hath most fortunately been inform'd
 Of my obscured course; and shall find time
 From this enormous state,—seeking, ~~to~~ to give
 Losses their remedies²⁸:—All weary and o'erwatch'd,
 Take vantage, heavy eyes, not to behold
 This shameful lodging.
 Fortune, good night; smile once more; turn thy
 wheel! [*He sleeps.*]

SCENE III. *A Part of the Heath.*

Enter EDGAR.

Edg. I heard myself proclaim'd;
 And, by the happy hollow of a tree,
 Escap'd the hunt. No port is free; no place,
 That guard, and most unusual vigilance,
 Does not attend my taking. While I may scape,
 I will preserve myself: and am bethought
 To take the basest and most poorest shape,
 That ever penury, in contempt of man,
 Brought near to beast: my face I'll grime with filth;
 Blanket my loins; elf all my hair in knots¹;

²⁸ How much has been written about this passage, and how much it has been mistaken! Its evident meaning appears to me to be as follows:—Kent addresses the sun, for whose rising he is impatient, that he may read Cordelia's letter. 'Nothing (says he) almost sees miracles, but misery: I know *this letter which I hold in my hand* is from Cordelia; who hath most fortunately been informed of my disgrace and wandering in disguise: and *who* seeking it, shall find time (i. e. opportunity) out of this enormous (i. e. disordered, unnatural) state of things, to give losses their remedies; to restore her father to his kingdom, herself to his love, and me to his favour.'

¹ Hair thus knotted was supposed to be the work of elves and fairies in the night. So in *Romeo and Juliet*:—

'—plate the manes of horses in the night,
 And bakes the *elf-locks* in foul sluttish hairs,
 Which, once untangled, much misfortune bodes.'

And with presented nakedness outface
 The winds, and persecutions of the sky.
 The country gives me proof and precedent
 Of Bedlam beggars², who, with roaring voices,
 Strike in their numb'd and mortified bare arms
 Pins, wooden pricks³, nails, sprigs of rosemary;
 And with this horrible object, from low farms,
 Poor pelting⁴ villages, sheep-cotes and mills,
 Sometime with lunatick bans⁵, sometime with prayers,
 Enforce their charity.—Poor Turlygood⁶! poor Tom!
 That's something yet; Edgar I nothing am. [*Exit.*]

² Aubrey, in his MS. *Remaines of Gentilisme and Judaisme*, Part III. p. 234, b. (MS. Lansdowne, 226), says:—'Before the civil warrs, I remember *Tom a Bedlams* went about begging. They had been such as had been in *Bedlam*, and come to some degree of sobernesse; and when they were licenced to goe out, they had on their left arme an armilla of tinne printed, of about three inches breadth, which was sodered on.'—*H. Ellis*.

Randle Holme, in his *Academy of Arms and Blazon*, b. iii, c. 3, gives the following description of a class of vagabonds feigning themselves mad:—'The *Bedlam* is in the same garb, with a long staff, and a cow or ox-horn by his side; but his cloathing is more fantastick and ridiculous; for being a madman, he is madly decked and dressed all over with rubins, feathers, cuttings of cloth, and what not; to make him seem a mad-man, or one distracted, when he is no other than a dissembling knave.'

In *The Bell-Man of London*, by Decker, 5th edit. 1640, is another account of one of these characters, under the title of *Abraham Man*:—'He sweares he hath been in Bedlam, and will talke frantickely of purpose: you see *pinnes* stuck in sundry places of his naked flesh, especially in his *armes*, which plaine he gladly puts himselfe to, only to make you believe he is out of his wits. He calls himselfe by the name of *Poore Tom*, and, coming near any body, cries out, *Poor Tom is a-cold*. Of these *Abrahammen* some be exceeding merry, and doe nothing but sing songs fashioned out of their own braines: some will dance, others will doe nothing but either laugh or weepe: others are dogged, and so sullen both in looke and speech, that spying but a small company in a house they boldly and bluntly enter, *compelling* the servants through feare to give them what they demand.' It is propable, as Steevens remarks, that to *sham Abraham*, a cant term still in use among sailors and the vulgar, may have this origin.

³ i. e. skewers: the *euonymus*, or spindle tree, of which the best skewers are made, is called *prick-wood*.

⁴ Paltry. Vide vol. ii. p. 223, note 4.

⁵ Curses.

⁶ *Turlygood*, an English corruption of *turluru*, Ital.; or *turlureau*, Fr.; both, among other things, signifying a fool or madman. It would perhaps be difficult to decide with certainty whether those words are corruptions of *turlupino* and *turlupin*; but at least it seems probable. The *Turlupins* were a fanatical sect, which overran

SCENE IV. *Before Gloster's Castle*¹.*Enter LEAR, Fool, and Gentleman.*

Lear. 'Tis strange, that they should so depart
from home,
And not send back my messenger.

Gent. As I learn'd,
The night before there was no purpose in them
Of this remove.

Kent. Hail to thee, noble master!

Lear. How!
Mak'st thou this shame thy pastime?

Kent. No, my lord.

Fool. Ha, ha; look! he wears cruel² garters!
Horses are tied by the heads; dogs, and bears, by
the neck; monkeys by the loins, and men by the
legs: when a man is over-lusty at legs, then he
wears wooden nether-stocks³.

Lear. What's he, that hath so much thy place
mistook.
To set thee here?

Kent. It is both he and she,
Your son and daughter.

Lear. No.

Kent. Yes.

Lear. No, I say.

Kent. I say, yea.

the continent in the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries, calling themselves *Beghards* or *Beghins*. Their manners and appearance exhibited the strongest indications of lunacy and distraction; and their popular name, *Turlupins*, was probably derived from the wolfish howlings they made in their fits of religious raving. Genebrard thus describes them:—'*Turlupin cynicorum sectam suscitantes, de nuditate pudendorum, et publico coitu.*' It has not been remarked that Cotgrave interprets '*Mon Turelureau*, My Pilligock, my pretty knave.'

¹ See note 1, Act i. Sc. v. p. 393, ante.

² A quibble on *crewell*, i. e. *worsted*. So in *The Two Angry Women of Abingdon*:—

— 'I'll warrant you, he'll have

His *cruell garters* cross about the knee.'

³ The old word for stockings.

Lear. No, no; they would not.

Kent. Yes, they have.]

Lear. By Jupiter, I swear, no.

Kent. (By Juno, I swear, ay⁴.)

Lear. They durst not do't;

They could not, would not do't; 'tis worse than murder,

To do, upon respect, such violent outrage⁵:

Resolve me; with all modest haste, which way
Thou might'st deserve, or they impose, this usage,
Coming from us.

Kent. My lord, when at their home
I did commend your highness' letters to them,
Ere I was risen from the place that show'd
My duty kneeling, came there a reeking post,
Stew'd in his haste, half breathless, panting forth,
From Goneril his mistress, salutations:
Deliver'd letters, spite of intermission⁶,
Which presently they read; on whose contents,
They summon'd up their meiny⁷, straight took horse;
Commanded me to follow, and attend
The leisure of their answer; gave me cold looks:

⁴ This dialogue being taken partly from the folio and partly from the quarto, is left without any metrical division, as it was not probably all intended to be preserved.

⁵ 'To do, upon respect, such violent outrage,' I think, means 'to do such violent outrage deliberately, or upon consideration.' *Respect* is frequently used for *consideration* by Shakespeare. Cordelia says, in the first scene:—

'Since that respects of fortune are his love,

I shall not be his wife.'

And in Hamlet:—

'——— There's the respect

That makes calamity of so long life.'

I cannot think that *respect* here means a *respected person*, as Johnson supposed; or that it is intended for a personification, as Malone asserts.

⁶ i. e. 'spite of leaving me unanswered for a time.' Goneril's messenger delivered letters, which they read notwithstanding Lear's messenger was yet kneeling unanswered.

⁷ *Meiny*, signifying a *family*, *household*, or *retinue of servants*, is certainly from the French *meinte*, or, as it was anciently written, *meente*; which word is regarded by Du Cange as equivalent with *mesenie*, or *maisonie*, from *maison*; in modern French, *menage*. It does not appear that the Saxons used *many* for a *family* or household.

And meeting here the other messenger,
 Whose welcome, I perceiv'd, had poison'd mine
 (Being the very fellow that of late
 Display'd so saucily against your highness),
 Having more man than wit about me, drew⁸;
 He rais'd the house with loud and coward cries:
 Your son and daughter found this trespass worth
 The shame which here it suffers.

(*Fool.* Winter's not gone yet, if the wild geese fly
 that way⁹.)

Fathers, that wear rags,
 Do make their children blind;
 But fathers, that 'bear bags,
 Shall see their children kind.
 Fortune, that arrant whore,
 Ne'er turns the key to the poor.—

But, for all this, thou shalt have as many dolours¹⁰
 for thy daughters, as thou can'st tell in a year.)

Lear. O, how this mother¹¹ swells up toward my
 heart!

Hysterica passio! down, thou climbing sorrow,
 Thy element's below!—Where is this daughter?

⁸ The personal pronoun, which is found in the preceding line, is understood before the word *having*, or before *drew*. The same licence is taken by Shakespeare in other places. See vol. ix. p. 106, note 1.

⁹ 'If this be their behaviour, the king's troubles are not yet at an end.' This speech is omitted in the quartos.

¹⁰ A quibble between *dolours* and *dollars*.

¹¹ Lear affects to pass off the swelling of his heart, ready to burst with grief and indignation for the disease called the *mother*, or *hysterica passio*, which, in the poet's time, was not thought peculiar to women only. It is probable that Shakespeare had this suggested to him by a passage in Harsnet's Declaration of Popish Impostures, which he may have consulted in order to furnish out his character of Tom of Bedlam with demoniacal gibberish. 'Ma Maynie had a spice of the *hysterica passio*, as seems, from his youth; he himself termes it the *moother*.' p. 25. It seems the priests persuaded him it was from the possession of the devil. 'The disease I spake of was a spice of the *mother*, wherewith I had been troubled before my going into Fraunce: whether I doe rightly term it the *mother* or no, I knowe not. A Scottish Doctor of Physic, then in Paris, called it, as I remember, *virginitem capitis*. It riseth of a winde in the bottome of the belly, and proceeding with a great swelling, causeth a very painful collicke in the stomach, and an extraordinary giddines in the head,' p. 263.

Kent. With the earl, sir, here within.

Lear.

Follow me not;

Stay here.

[*Exit.*

Gent. Made you no more offence than what you speak of?

Kent. None.

How chance the king comes with so small a train?

Fool. An thou hadst been set i' the stocks for that question, thou hadst well deserved it.

Kent. Why, fool?

Fool. We'll set thee to school to an ant¹², to teach thee there's no labouring in the winter. All that follow their noses are led by their eyes, but blind men; and there's not a nose among twenty, but can smell him that's stinking¹³. Let go thy hold, when a great wheel runs down a hill, lest it break thy neck with following it; but the great one that goes up the hill, let him draw thee after. When a wise man gives thee better counsel, give me mine again: I would have none but knaves follow it, since a fool gives it¹⁴.

¹² 'Go to the ant, thou sluggard (says Solomon), learn her ways, and be wise: which having no guide, overseer, or ruler, provideth her meat in the *summer*, and gathereth her food in harvest.' If, says the fool, you had been schooled by the ant, you would have known that the king's train, like that sagacious insect, prefer the summer of prosperity to the colder season of adversity, from which no profit can be derived; and desert him whose 'mellow-hangings' have been all shaken down, and who by 'one winter's brush' has been left 'open and bare for every storm that blows.'

¹³ All men, but blind men, though they follow their noses, are led by their eyes; and this class of mankind, seeing the king ruined, have all deserted him: with respect to the blind, who have nothing but their noses to guide them, they also fly equally from a king whose fortunes are declining; for of the noses of blind men there is not one in twenty but can smell him who, being 'muddy'd in fortunes mood, smells somewhat strong of her displeasure.' You need not therefore be surprised at Lear's coming with so small a train.

¹⁴ 'One cannot too much commend the caution which our moral poet uses on all occasions to prevent his sentiment from being perversely taken. So here, having given an ironical precept in commendation of perfidy and base desertion of the unfortunate, for fear it should be understood seriously, though delivered by his buffoon or jester, he has the precaution to add this beautiful corrective, full of fine sense:—, I would have none but knaves follow it, since a fool gives it.'—*Warburton.*

That, sir, which serves (and seeks) for gain,
 And follows but for form,
 Will pack, when it begins to rain,
 And leave thee in the storm.
 But I will tarry, the fool will stay,
 And let the wise man fly:
 The knave turns fool, that runs away;
 The fool no knave, perdy.
Kent. Where learn'd you this, fool?
Fool. Not i' the stocks, fool.

Re-enter LEAR, with GLOSTER.

Lear. Deny to speak with me? They are sick?
 they are weary?
 They have travell'd hard to-night? Mere fetches;
 The images of revolt and flying off!
 Fetch me a better answer.

Glo. My dear lord,
 You know the fiery quality of the duke;
 How unremoveable and fix'd he is
 In his own course.

Lear. Vengeance! plague! death! confusion!—
 Fiery? what quality? Why, Gloster, Gloster,
 I'd speak with the duke of Cornwall, and his wife.

Glo. Well, my good lord, I have inform'd them so.

Lear. Inform'd them! Dost thou understand me,
 man?

Glo. Ay, my good lord.

Lear. The king would speak with Cornwall; the
 dear father

Would with his daughter speak, commands her
 service:

(Are they inform'd of this?—My breath and
 blood!—)

Fiery? the fiery duke?—Tell the hot duke, that—
 No, but not yet:—may be, he is not well:

Infirmity doth still neglect all office,
 Whereto our health is bound; we are not our-
 selves,

When nature, being oppress'd, commands the mind

To suffer with the body: I'll forbear;
 And am fallen out with my more headier will,
 To take the indispos'd and sickly fit
 For the sound man. Death on my state! wherefore

[*Looking on* KENT.]

Should he sit here? This act persuades me,
 That this remotion of the duke and her
 Is practice only. Give me my servant forth:
 Go, tell the duke and his wife, I'd speak with them,
 Now, presently: bid them come forth and hear me,
 Or at their chamber door I'll beat the drum,
 Till it cry—*Sleep to death*¹⁵.

Glo. I'd have all well betwixt you. [*Exit.*]

Lear. O me, my heart, my rising heart!—but,
 down.

Fool. Cry to it, nuncle, as the cockney¹⁶ did to

¹⁵ The meaning of this passage seems to be, 'I'll beat the drum till it cries out—*Let them awake no more; let their present sleep be their last.*' Somewhat similar occurs in *Troilus and Cressida*:—

'————— the death tokens of it

Cry no recovery.'

Mason would read, 'death to sleep,' instead of 'sleep to death.'

¹⁶ Bullokar, in his *Expositor*, 1616, under the word *Cockney*, says, 'It is sometimes taken for a child that is tenderly or wantonly brought up; or for one that has been brought up in some great town, and knows nothing of the country fashion. It is used also for a Londoner, or one born in or near the city (as we say), within the sound of Bow bell.' The etymology (says Mr. Nares) seems most probable, which derives it from *cookery*. *Le pays de cocagne*, or *coquaine*, in old French, means a country of good cheer. *Cocagna*, in Italian, has the same meaning. Both might be derived from *coquina*. This famous country, if it could be found, is described as a region 'where the hills were made of sugar-candy, and the leaves ran down the hills, crying *Come eat me.*' Some lines in Camden's *Remaines* seem to make *cokeney* a name for London as well as its inhabitants. This *Lubberland*, as Florio calls it, seems to have been proverbial for the simplicity or gullibility of its inhabitants. A *cockney* and a *stony-hammer*, or *simpleton* were convertible terms. Thus Chaucer, in *The Reve's Tale*:—

'I shall be holden a *daffe* or a *cokeney*.'

It may be observed that *cockney* is only a diminutive of *cock*; a wanton child was so called as a less circumlocutory way of saying, 'my little cock,' or my *bra-cock*. Decker, in his *Newes from Hell*, 1668, says, 'Tis not our fault; but our mother's, our *cockering* mothers, who for their labour made us to be called *cockneys*.' In the passages cited from the *Tournament of Tottenham* and *Heywood* it literally means a *little cock*. The reader will find a curious article on the subject in Mr. Douce's *Illustrations of Shakespeare*, vol. ii. p. 151.

the eels, when she put them i' the paste alive; she rapp'd 'em o'the coxcombs with a stick, and cry'd, *Down, wantons, down:* 'Twas her brother, that in pure kindness to his horse, butter'd his hay.

Enter CORNWALL, REGAN, GLOSTER, and Servants.

Lear. Good morrow to you both.

Corn.

Hail to your grace!

[*KENT is set at liberty.*]

Reg. I am glad to see your highness.

Lear. Regan, I think you are; I know what reason I have to think so: if thou should'st not be glad, I would divorce me from thy mother's tomb, Sepulchring an adultrous.—O, are you free?

[*To KENT.*]

Some other time for that.—Beloved Regan,
Thy sister's naught: O Regan, she hath tied
Sharp-tooth'd unkindness, like a vulture here,—

[*Points to his heart.*]

I can scarce speak to thee; thou'lt not believe,
Of how deprav'd a quality——O Regan!

Reg. I pray you, sir, take patience; I have hope,
You less know how to value her desert,
Than she to scant her duty¹⁷.

Lear.

Say, how is that?

Reg. I cannot think, my sister in the least
Would fail her obligation: If, sir, perchance,
She have restrain'd the riots of your followers,
'Tis on such ground, and to such wholesome end,
As clears her from all blame.

Lear. My curses on her!

Reg.

O, sir, you are old;

Nature in you stands on the very verge
Of her confine: you should be rul'd, and led

¹⁷ It is clear that the *intended* meaning of this passage is as Stevens observes: 'You less know how to value her desert, than she (knows) to scant her duty, i. e. to be wanting in it.' It is somewhat inaccurately expressed, Shakespeare having, as on some other occasions, perplexed himself by the word *less*. But all the verbiage of Malone was not necessary to lay this open.

By some discretion, that discerns your state
 Better than you yourself: Therefore, I pray you,
 That to our sister you do make return;
 Say, you have wrong'd her, sir¹⁸.

Lear. Ask her forgiveness?

Do you but mark how this becomes the house¹⁹:

Dear daughter, I confess that I am old;

*Age is unnecessary²⁰: on my knees I beg, [Kneeling.
 That you'll vouchsafe me raiment, bed, and food.*

Reg. Good sir, no more; these are unsightly tricks:
 Return you to my sister.

Lear. Never, Regan: [Kneels to R.]

She hath abated me of half my train;
 Look'd black upon me: struck me with her tongue,
 Most serpentlike, upon the very heart:—
 All the stor'd vengeance of heaven fall
 On her ingrateful top! Strike her young bones,
 You taking airs, with lameness!

Corn. Fye, fye, fye!

Lear. You nimble lightnings, dart your blinding
 flames

Into her scornful eyes! Infect her beauty,
 You fen-suck'd fogs, drawn by the powerful sun,
 To fall²¹ and blast her pride!

Reg. O the blest gods!

So will you wish on me, when the rash mood is on.

Lear. No, Regan, thou shalt never have my curse;

¹⁸ 'Say,' &c. This line and the following speech is omitted in the quartos.

¹⁹ i. e. the order of families, duties of relation. So Sir Thomas Smith, in his Commonwealth of England, 1601:—'The house I call here, the man, the woman, their children, their servants, bond and free.'

²⁰ *Unnecessary* is here used in the sense of *necessitous*; *in want of necessities and unable to procure them*. Perhaps this is also the meaning of the word in *The Old Law*, by Massinger:—

'—Your laws extend not to desert,

But to unnecessary years, and, my lord,

His are not such.'

²¹ *Fall* seems here to be used as an active verb, signifying to humble or pull down. 'Ye fen-suck'd fogs, drawn from the earth by the powerful action of the sun, infect her beauty, so as to fall and blast, i. e. humble and destroy her pride.'

Thy tender-hefted²² nature shall not give
 Thee o'er to harshness; her eyes are fierce, but thine
 Do comfort, and not burn: 'Tis not in thee
 To grudge my pleasures, to cut off my train,
 To bandy hasty words, to scant my sizes²³,
 And, in conclusion, to oppose the bolt
 Against my coming in: thou better know'st
 The offices of nature, bond of childhood,
 Effects of courtesy, dues of gratitude;
 Thy half o'the kingdom hast thou not forgot,
 Wherein I thee endow'd.

Reg.

Good sir, to the purpose.

[*Trumpets within.*]

Lear. Who put my man i' the stocks?

Corn.

What trumpet's that?

Enter Steward.

Reg. I know't, my sister's²⁴; this approves her
 letter,
 That she would soon be here.—Is your lady come?
Lear. This is a slave, whose easy-borrow'd pride
 Dwells in the fickle grace of her he follows:—
 Out, varlet, from my sight!

Corn.

What means your grace?

Lear. Who stock'd my servant? Regan, I have
 good hope

²² *Tender-hefted* may mean moved, or *heaving with tenderness*. The quartos read *tender-hested*, which may be right, and signify giving tender *hests* or commands. Miranda says, in *The Tempest*:—
 'O my father, I have broke your *hest* to say so.'

²³ A *size* is a portion or allotment of food. The word and its origin are explained in Minshew's *Guide to Tongues*, 1617. The term *sixer* is still used at Cambridge for one of the lowest rank of students, living on a stated allowance.

²⁴ Thus in *Othello*:—

'The Moor,—I know his trumpet.'

It should seem therefore that the approach of great personages was announced by some distinguishing note or tune appropriately used by their own trumpeters. Cornwall knows not the present sound; but to Regan, who had often heard her sister's trumpet, the first flourish of it was as familiar as was that of the moor to the ears of Iago.

²⁵ To *allow* is to *approve*, in old phraseology. See vol. i. p. 209, note 20. Thus in *Psalm xi.* ver. 6:—'The Lord *alloweth* the righteous.'

Thou didst not know oft.—Who comes here? O heavens,

Enter GONERIL.

If you do love old men, if your sweet sway
Allow²⁵ obedience, if yourselves are old²⁶,
Make it your cause; send down, and take my part!—
Art not asham'd to look upon this beard?—

[To GONERIL.

O, Regan, wilt thou take her by the hand?

Gon. Why not by the hand, sir? How have I offended?

All's not offence, that indiscretion finds,
And dotage terms so.

Lear. O, sides, you are too tough!

Will you yet hold?—How came my man i'the stocks?

Corn. I set him there, sir: but his own disorders
Deserv'd much less advancement²⁷.

Lear. You! did you?

Reg. I pray you, father, being weak, seem so²⁸.
If, till the expiration of your month,

You will return and sojourn with my sister,
Dismissing half your train, come then to me;
I am now from home, and out of that provision
Which shall be needful for your entertainment.

Lear. Return to her, and fifty men dismiss'd?
No, rather I abjure all roofs, and choose
To wage²⁹ against the enmity o'the air;
To be a comrade with the wolf and owl,—
Necessity's sharp pinch³⁰!—Return with her?

²⁵ '—hoc oro, munus concede parenti,
Si tua maturis signentur tempora canis,
Et sis ipse parens.' *Statius Theb.* x. 795.

²⁷ By *less advancement* Cornwall means that Kent's *disorders* had entitled him to a post of even less honour than the stocks, a still worse or more disgraceful situation.

²⁸ The meaning is, *since* you are weak, be content to think yourself weak.

²⁹ See Act i. Sc. 1, note 24.

³⁰ The words, 'necessity's sharp pinch!' appear to be the reflection of Lear on the wretched sort of existence he had described in the preceding lines.

Why, the hot-blooded France, that dowerless took
 Our youngest born, I could as well be brought
 To knee his throne, and, squirelike, pension beg
 To keep base life afoot;—Return with her?
 Persuade me rather to be slave and sumpter³¹
 To this detested groom. [*Looking on the Steward.*]

Gon. At your choice, sir.

Lear. I pr'ythee, daughter, do not make me mad;
 I will not trouble thee, my child; farewell:
 We'll no more meet, no more see one another:—
 But yet thou art my flesh, my blood, my daughter;
 Or rather a disease that's in my flesh,
 Which I must needs call mine: thou art a boil,
 A plague-sore, an embossed³² carbuncle,
 In my corrupted blood. But I'll not chide thee;
 Let shame come when it will, I do not call it:
 I do not bid the thunder-bearer shoot,
 Nor tell tales of thee to high-judging Jove:
 Mend, when thou canst; be better at thy leisure:
 I can be patient; I can stay with Regan,
 I and my hundred knights.

Reg. Not altogether so, sir;
 I look'd not for you yet, nor am provided
 For your fit welcome: Give ear, sir, to my sister;
 For those that mingle reason with your passion,
 Must be content to think you old, and so—
 But she knows what she does.

Lear. Is this well spoken now?

Reg. I dare avouch it, sir: What, fifty followers?

³¹ *Sumpter* is generally united with *horse* or *mule*, to signify one that carried provisions or other necessaries; from *sumptus*, Lat. In the present instance *horse* seems to be understood, as it appears to be in the following passage from Beaumont and Fletcher's *Two Noble Gentlemen*:—

'I would have had you furnish'd in such pomp
 As never duke of Burgundy was furnish'd;
 You should have had a *sumpter* though't had cost me
 The laying out myself.'

Perhaps *sumpter* originally meant the pannier or basket which the sumpter-horse carried. Thus in *Cupid's Revenge*:—

'And thy base issue shall carry *sumpters*.'

We hear also of *sumpter-cloths*, *sumpter-saddles*, &c.

³² *Embossed* here means *swelling*, *protuberant*.

Is it not well? What should you need of more?
 Yea, or so many? sith that both charge and danger
 Speak 'gainst so great a number? How, in one house,
 Should many people, under two commands,
 Hold amity? 'Tis hard; almost impossible.

Gon. Why might not you, my lord receive attendance

From those that she calls servants, or from mine?

Reg. Why not, my lord? If then they chanc'd to slack you,

We could control them: If you will come to me
 (For now I spy a danger), I entreat you
 To bring but five and twenty; to no more
 Will I give place or notice.

Lear. I gave you all—

Reg. And in good time you gave it.

Lear. Made you my guardians, my depositaries;
 But kept a reservation to be follow'd
 With such a number: What, must I come to you
 With five and twenty, Regan? said you so?

Reg. And speak it again, my lord; no more with me.

Lear. Those wicked creatures yet do look well favour'd,

When others are more wicked; not being the worst,
 Stands in some rank of praise³³:—I'll go with thee;

[To GONERIL.

Thy fifty yet doth double five and twenty,
 And thou art twice her love.

Gon. Hear me, my lord;

What need you five and twenty, ten, or five,
 To follow in a house, where twice so many
 Have a command to tend you?

Reg. What need one?

Lear. O, reason not the need: our basest beggars
 Are in the poorest thing superfluous:
 Allow not nature more than nature needs,

³³ i. e. to be not the worst deserves some praise.

Man's life is cheap³⁴ as beast's: thou art a lady;
 If only to go warm were gorgeous,
 Why, nature needs not what thou gorgeous wear'st,
 Which scarcely keeps thee warm.—But, for true
 need,—

You heavens, give me that patience, patience I need!
 You see me here, you gods, a poor old man,
 As full of grief as age; wretched in both!
 If it be you that stir these daughters' hearts
 Against their father, fool me not so much
 To bear it tamely; touch me with noble anger!
 O, let not women's weapons, water-drops,
 Stain my man's cheeks!—No, you unnatural hags,
 I will have such revenges on you both,
 That all the world shall—I will do such things,—
 What they are, yet I know not³⁵; but they shall be
 The terrors of the earth. You think, I'll weep;
 No, I'll not weep:—

I have full cause of weeping; but this heart
 Shall break into a hundred thousand flaws³⁶,
 Or ere I'll weep:—O, fool, I shall go mad!

[*Exeunt* LEAR, GLOSTER, KENT, and Fool.

Corn. Let us withdraw 'twill be a storm.

[*Storm heard at a distance.*

Reg.

This house

Is little; the old man and his people cannot
 Be well bestow'd.

³⁴ *As cheap* here means *as little worth*. See Baret's *Alvearie*, 1573. C. 388.

³⁵ '—magnum est quodeunque paravi,
 Quid sit, adhuc dubito.' *Ovid. Met. lib. vi.*
 '—haud quid sit scio,
 Sed grande quiddam est.' *Senecæ Thyestes*

Let such as are unwilling to allow that copiers of nature must occasionally use the same thoughts and expressions, remember that of both these authors there were early translations. Golding thus renders the passage from Ovid:—

'The thing that I do purpose on is great, whate'er it is
 I know not what it may be yet.'

³⁶ *Flaws* anciently signified *fragments*, as well as mere cracks. Among the Saxons it certainly had that meaning, as may be seen in Somner's Dict. Saxon, voce *floh*. The word, as Bailey observes, was 'especially applied to the breaking off *shivers* or thin pieces from precious stones.'

Gon. 'Tis his own blame; hath put
Himself from rest, and must needs taste his folly.

Reg. For his particular, I'll receive him gladly,
But not one follower.

Gon. So am I purpos'd.
Where is my lord of Gloster?

Re-enter GLOSTER.

Corn. Follow'd the old man forth:—he is return'd.

Glo. The king is in high rage.

Corn. (Whither is he going?

Glo. He calls to horse;) but will I know not whither.

Corn. 'Tis best to give him way; he leads himself.

Gon. My lord, entreat him by no means to stay.

Glo. Alack, the night comes on, and the bleak
winds

Do sorely ruffle³⁷; for many miles about
There's scarce a bush.

Reg. O, sir, to wilful men,
The injuries, that they themselves procure,
Must be their schoolmasters: Shut up your doors;
He is attended with a desperate train;
And what they may incense³⁸ him to, being apt
To have his ear abus'd, wisdom bids fear.

Corn. Shut up your doors, my lord: 'tis a wild
night;
My Regan counsels well; come out o'the storm.

[*Exeunt.*

³⁷ Thus the folio. The quartos read, 'Do sorely *russel*,' i. e. rustle. But *ruffle* is most probably the true reading. See the first note on *Macbeth*.

³⁸ To *incense* is here, as in other places, to *instigate*.

ACT III.

SCENE I. *A Heath.*

A Storm is heard, with Thunder and Lightning.

severally Enter KENT, and a Gentleman, *meeting.*

Kent. Who's here, beside foul weather?

Gent. One minded like the weather, most un-
quietly.

Kent. I know you; Where's the king?

Gent. Contending with the fretful element:
Bids the wind blow the earth into the sea,
Or swell the curled waters 'bove the main¹,
That things might change, or cease²: [tears his
white hair;
Which the impetuous blasts, with eyeless rage,
Catch in their fury, and make nothing of:
Strives in his little world of man to out-scorn³
The to-and-fro-conflicting wind and rain.
This night, wherein the cub-drawn bear⁴ would
couch,

¹ The *main* seems to signify here the *main land*, the continent. The *main* is again used in this sense in Hamlet:—

'Goes it against the *main* of Poland, sir?'

So in Bacon's Wars with Spain:—'In 1589 we turned challengers, and invaded the *main* of Spain.' This interpretation sets the two objects of Lear's desire in proper opposition to each other. He wishes for the destruction of the world, either by the winds blowing the land into the water, or raising the waters so as to overwhelm the land:

'—terra mari miscebitur, et mare cœlo.'

Lucret. iii. 854.

See also the *Æneid* i. 133; xii. 204. So in *Troilus and Cressida*:—

'——— The *bounded waters*

Should lift their bosoms higher than the *shores*,
And make a sop of all this *solid globe*.'

² The first folio ends this speech at '*change, or cease*,' and begins again at Kent's speech, '*But who is with him?*'

³ Steevens thinks that we should read, '*out-storm*.' The error of printing *scorn* for *storm* occurs in the old copies of *Troilus and Cressida*, and might easily happen from the similarity of the words in old MSS.

⁴ That is, a bear whose dugs are drawn dry by its young. Shakspeare has the same image in *As You Like It*:—

The lion and the belly-pinched wolf
Keep their fur dry, unbonneted he runs,
And bids what will take all⁵.]

Kent. But who is with him?

Gent. None but the fool; who labours to outjest
His heart-struck injuries.

Kent. Sir, I do know you;

And dare upon the warrant of my art⁶, note.
Commend a dear thing to you. There is division,
Although as yet the face of it be cover'd
With mutual cunning, 'twixt Albany and Cornwall;
(Who have (as who have not, that their great stars⁷
Thron'd and set high?) servants, who seem no less;
Which are to France the spies and speculations
Intelligent of our state; what hath been seen,
Either in snuffs and packings⁸ of the dukes;
Or the hard rein which both of them have borne
Against the old kind king; or something deeper,
Whereof, perchance, these are but furnishings⁹:—)
[But, true it is, from France there comes a power
Into this scatter'd kingdom; who already
Wise in our negligence, have secret feet¹⁰

'A lioness, with udders all drawn dry,
Lay couching—'

Again *ibidem*:—

'Food to the suck'd and hungry lioness.'

* So in Antony and Cleopatra, Enobarbus says:—

'I'll strike, and cry, *Take all*.'

⁶ i. e. on the strength of that art or skill which teaches us 'to find the mind's construction in the face.' The folio reads:—

'—upon the warrant of my note;'

which Dr. Johnson explains, 'my observation of your character.'

⁷ This and seven following lines are not in the quartos. The lines in crotchets lower down, from 'But, true it is,' &c. to the end of the speech, are not in the folio. So that if the speech be read with omission of the former, it will stand according to the first edition; and if the former lines are read, and the latter omitted, it will then stand according to the second. The second edition is generally best, and was probably nearest to Shakspeare's last copy: but in this speech the first is preferable; for in the folio the messenger is sent, he knows not why, he knows not whither.

⁸ *Snuffs* are dislikes, and *packings* underhand contrivances.

⁹ A *furnish* anciently signified a *sample*. 'To lend the world a furnish of wit, she lays her own out to pawn.'—*Green's Groatsworth of Wit*.

¹⁰ i. e. secret footing.

In some of our best ports, and are at point
To show their open banner.—Now to you :
If on my credit you dare build so far
To make your speed to Dover, you shall find
Some that will thank you, making just report
Of how unnatural and bemadding sorrow
The king hath cause to plain.
I am a gentleman of blood and breeding ;
And, from some knowledge and assurance, offer
This office to you.]

Gent. I will talk further with you.

Kent.

No, do not.

For confirmation that I am much more
Than my out wall, open this purse, and take
What it contains: If you shall see Cordelia
(As fear not but you shall), show her this ring;
And she will tell you who your fellow¹¹ is
That yet you do not know. Fye on this storm!
I will go seek the king.

Gent. Give me your hand: Have you no more
to say?

Kent. Few words, but, to effect, more than all yet;
That, when we have found the king (in which
your pain
That way; I'll this); he that first lights on him,
Holla the other. [*Exeunt severally.*]

SCENE II.

Another Part of the Heath. Storm continues.

Enter LEAR and Fool.

Lear. Blow, wind, and crack your cheeks¹! rage!
blow!

¹¹ Companion.

¹ The poet was here thinking of the common representation of the winds in many books of his time. We find the same allusion in *Troilus and Cressida*. See vol. vii. p. 384.

You cataracts, and hurricanoes, spout
Till you have drench'd our steeples, drown'd the
cocks!

You sulphurous and thought-executing² fires,
Vaunt-couriers³ to oak-cleaving thunderbolts,
Singe my white head! And thou, all-shaking thunder,
Strike flat the thick rotundity o'the world!
Crack nature's moulds, all germens spill at once⁴,
That make ingrateful man!

Fool. O nuncle, court holy-water⁵ in a dry house
is better than this rain-water out o'door. Good
nuncle, in, and ask thy daughter's blessing! Here's
a night pities neither wise men nor fools.

Lear. Rumble thy bellyful! Spit, fire! spout, rain!
Nor rain, wind, thunder, fire, are my daughters;
I tax not you, you elements, with unkindness,
I never gave you kingdom, call'd you children,
You owe me no subscription⁶; why, then let fall
Your horrible pleasure; here I stand, your slave,
A poor, infirm, weak, and despis'd old man:—
But yet I call you servile ministers,
That have with two pernicious daughters join'd will-join

² *Thought-executing*, 'doing execution with celerity equal to thought.'

³ *Avant-couriers*, Fr. The phrase occurs in other writers of Shakespeare's time. It originally meant the foremost scouts of an army. In *The Tempest* 'Jove's lightnings' are termed more familiarly—

'—— the precursors

O' the dreadful thunder-claps.'

⁴ There is a parallel passage in *The Winter's Tale*:—

'Let nature crush the sides o'the earth together,
And mar the seeds within.'

So again in *Macbeth*:—

'—— and the sum

Of nature's germens tumble all together.'

For the force of the word *spill*, see *Genesis*, xxxviii. 9.

⁵ *Court holy-water* is fair words and flattering speeches. '*Gonfler alcuno* (says Florio), to soothe or flatter one, to set one agogge, or with fair words bring him into a fool's paradise; to fill one with hopes, or *court holie-water*.' It appears to have been borrowed from the French, who have their *Eau bénite de la cour* in the same sense.

⁶ i. e. *submission*, obedience. See *Act i. Sc. 2*, note 5; and vol. vii. p. 286.

Your high engender'd battles, 'gainst a head
So old and white as this. O! O! 'tis foul!

Fool. He that has a house to put his head in,
has a good head-piece.

*The cod-piece that will house,
Before the head has any,
The head and he shall louse;—
So beggars marry many.
The man that makes his toe
What he his heart should make,
Shall of a corn cry woe,
And turn his sleep to wake.*

—for there was never yet fair woman, but she made
mouths in a glass.

Enter KENT.

Lear. No, I will be the pattern of all patience,
I will say nothing.

Kent. Who's there?

Fool. Marry, here's grace, and a cod-piece⁷;
that's a wise man, and a fool.

Kent. Alas, sir, are you here? things that love
night,

Love not such nights as these; the wrathful skies
Gallow⁸ the very wanderers of the dark,
And make them keep their caves: Since I was man,
Such sheets of fire, such bursts of horrid thunder,
Such groans of roaring wind and rain, I never
Remember to have heard: man's nature cannot carry
The affliction, nor the fear.

Lear. Let the great gods,
That keep this dreadful pother⁹ o'er our heads,

⁷ Meaning the king and himself. The king's *grace* was the usual expression in Shakspeare's time: perhaps the latter phrase alludes to the saying of a contemporary wit, that there is *no discretion below the girdle*.

⁸ To *gallow* is to *frighten*, to *scare*; from the A. S. *agalán*, or *agelman*. In the corrupted form of to *gally* it is still in use in the west of England.

⁹ Thus the folio and one of the quartos; the other quarto reads *thund'ring*.

Find out their enemies now. Tremble, thou wretch,
That hast within thee undivulged crimes,
Unwhipp'd of justice: Hide thee, thou bloody hand;
Thou perjur'd, and thou simular¹⁰ [man] of virtue
That art incestuous: Caitiff, to pieces shake,
That under covert and convenient seeming
Hast practis'd on man's life!—Close pent-up guilts,
Rive your concealing continents¹¹, and cry
These dreadful summoners grace¹². I am a man,
More sinn'd against, than sinning¹³.

Kent.

Alack, bare-headed!

Gracious my lord, hard by here is a hovel;
Some friendship will it lend you 'gainst the tempest;
Repose you there: while I to this hard house,
(More hard than is the stone whereof 'tis rais'd;
Which even but now, demanding after you,
Denied me to come in), return, and force
Their scant'd courtesies.

Lear.

My wits begin to turn,—

Come on, my boy: How dost, my boy? Art cold?
I am cold myself. — Where is this straw, my
fellow?

The art of our necessities is strange,
That can make vile things precious. Come, your
hovel,

¹⁰ i. e. *counterfeit*; from *simulo*, Lat.

'—My practices so prevail'd,
That I return'd with *simular* proof enough
To make the noble Leonatus mad.'

Cymbeline, Act v. Sc. 5.

¹¹ *Continent* for that which contains or encloses. Thus in Antony and Cleopatra:—

'Heart, once be stronger than thy continent.'

The quartos read,—*conceal'd centers*.

¹² *Summoners* are officers that summon offenders before a proper tribunal. See Chaucer's *Sompnour's Tale*, v. 625—670.—Thus in *Howard's Defensive against the Poison of supposed Prophecies*, 1581:—'They seem to brag most of the strange events which follow for the most part after blazing starres, as if they were the *summoners* of God to call princes to the seat of judgment.'

¹³ *Œdipus*, in *Sophocles*, represents himself in the same light. *Œdip. Colon*. v. 270:—

'—————τα γ' ἐργά μου
Πεπονθότ' ἐστί μᾶλλον ἢ δεδρακότα.'

Poor fool and knave, I have one part in my heart
That's sorry yet for thee¹⁴,

Fool. He that has/a little tiny wit,—

With a heigh, ho, the wind and the rain,—

Must make content with his fortunes fit;

For the rain it raineth every day¹⁵.

Lear. True, my good boy.—Come, bring us to
this hovel. [*Exeunt LEAR and KENT.*

Fool. This is a brave night to cool a courtesan¹⁶.
—I'll speak a prophecy ere I go:

When priests are more in word than matter;

When brewers mar their malt with water;

When nobles are their tailors' tutors;

No heretics burn'd, but wenches' suitors:

When every case in law is right;

No squire in debt, nor no poor knight;

When slanders do not live in tongues;

Nor cutpurses come not to throngs;

When usurers tell their gold i' the field;

And bawds and whores do churches build:—

Then shall the realm of Albion

Come to great confusion¹⁷.

Then comes the time, who lives to see't,

That going shall be us'd with feet.

This prophecy Merlin shall make; for I live before
his time. [*Exit.*

¹⁴ The quartos read, 'That sorrows yet for thee.'

¹⁵ Part of the Clown's song at the end of Twelfth Night.

¹⁶ This speech is not in the quartos.

¹⁷ These lines are taken from what is commonly called Chaucer's Prophecy; but which is much older than his time in its original form. It is thus quoted by Puttenham, in his Art of Poetry, 1589:—

'When faith fails in priestes saws,
And lords hests are holden for laws,
And robbery is tane for purchase,
And letchery for solace,
Then shall the realm of Albion
Be brought to great confusion.'

See the Works of Chaucer in Whittingham's edit. vol. v. p. 179.

SCENE III. *A Room in Gloster's Castle.**Enter GLOSTER and EDMUND.*

Glo. Alack, alack, Edmund, I like not this unnatural dealing: When I desired their leave that I might pity him, they took from me the use of mine own house; charged me, on pain of their perpetual displeasure, neither to speak of him, entreat for him, nor any way sustain him.

Edm. Most savage, and unnatural!

Glo. Go to; say you nothing: There is division between the dukes; and a worse matter than that: I have received a letter this night;—'tis dangerous to be spoken:—I have locked the letter in my closet: these injuries the king now bears will be revenged at home; there is part of a power already footed¹: we must incline to the king. I will seek him, and privily relieve him: go you, and maintain talk with the duke, that my charity be not of him perceived: If he ask for me, I am ill, and gone to bed. If I die for it, as no less is threatened me, the king my old master must be relieved. There is some strange thing toward, Edmund: pray you, be careful. [*Exit.*]

Edu. This courtesy, forbid thee, shall the duke instantly know; and of that letter too:—
This seems a fair deserving, and must draw me
That which my father loses; no less than all:
The younger rises, when the old doth fall. [*Exit.*]

SCENE IV.

*A Part of the Heath, with a Hovel.**Enter LEAR, KENT, and Fool.*

Kent. Here is the place, my lord; good my lord, enter:

¹ The quartos read, *landed*.

The tyranny of the open night's too rough
For nature to endure. [Storm still.

Lear. Let me alone.

Kent. Good my lord, enter here.

Lear. Wilt break my heart¹?

Kent. I'd rather break mine own: Good my lord,
enter.

Lear. Thou think'st 'tis much, that this conten-
tious storm

Invades us to the skin: so 'tis to thee;

But where the greater malady is fix'd,

The lesser is scarce felt². Thoud'st shun a bear:

But if thy flight lay toward the raging sea,

Thou'dst meet the bear i' the mouth. When the
mind's free,

The body's delicate: the tempest in my mind

Doth from my senses take all feeling else,

Save what beats there.—Filial ingratitude!

Is it not as this mouth should tear this hand,

For lifting food to't? But I will punish home:—

No, I will weep no more.—In such a night

(To shut me out!—Pour on; I will endure³:—)

In such a night as this! O Regan, Goneril!—

Your old kind father, whose frank heart gave *you*
all,—

O, that way madness lies; let me shun that;

No more of that,—

¹ Steevens thought that Lear does not address this question to Kent, but to his own bosom; and would point the passage thus:—

‘——— Wilt break, my heart?’

‘Taking the words of Lear by themselves (says Mr. Pye), the sense and punctuation proposed by Steevens is very judicious; but is confuted by what Kent answers, who must know how Lear spoke it; and there seems no sort of reason why, as is suggested, he should affect to misunderstand him. Nothing is more natural than for a person absorbed in the contemplation of his own misery, to answer offers of assistance that interrupt him with petulance.’

² That of two concomitant pains, the greater obscures or relieves the less, is an aphorism of Hippocrates. See *Disquisitions Metaphysical and Literary*, by F. Sayers, M. D. 1793, p. 68.

‘He lesser pangs can bear who hath endur'd the chief.’

Faerie Queene, b. i. c. 6.

³ This line is omitted in the quartos.

Kent. Good my lord, enter here.

Lear. 'Pr'ythee, go in thyself; seek thine own ease;
This tempest will not give me leave to ponder
On things would hurt me more.—But I'll go in:
(In, boy; go first.—[*To the Fool.*] You houseless⁴
poverty,—

Nay, get thee in. I'll pray, and then I'll sleep.—)
[*Fool goes in.*

Poor naked wretches, wheresoe'er you are,
That bide the pelting of this pitiless storm,
How shall your houseless heads, and unfed sides,
Your loop'd and window'd raggedness⁵, defend you
From seasons, such as these? O, I have ta'en
Too little care of this! Take physic, pomp;
Expose thyself to feel what wretches feel;
That thou may'st shake the superflux to them,
And show the heavens more just⁶.

Edg. [*Within.*] Fathom and half, fathom and half!
Poor Tom⁷!

[*The Fool runs out from the Hovel.*

Fool. Come not in here, nuncle, here's a spirit.
Help me, help me!

Kent. Give me thy hand.—Who's there?

Fool. A spirit, a spirit; he says his name's poor
Tom.

Kent. What art thou that dost grumble there
i'the straw?
Come forth.

⁴ This and the next line are only in the folio. They are very judiciously intended to represent that humility, or tenderness, or neglect of forms which affliction forces on the mind.

⁵ *Loop'd* and *window'd* is full of *holes* and *apertures*: the allusion is to loop-holes, such as are found in ancient castles, and designed for the admission of light, where windows would have been incommodious.

⁶ A kindred thought occurs in *Pericles*:—

'O let those cities that of Plenty's cup
And her prosperities so largely taste,
With their superfluous riots,—hear these tears;
The misery of Tharsus may be theirs.'

⁷ This speech of Edgar's is omitted in the quartos. He gives the sign used by those who are sounding the depth at sea.

Enter EDGAR, disguised as a Madman.

Edg. Away! the foul fiend follows me:—

(Here the fiend) Through the sharp hawthorn blows the cold wind.—
Humph! go to thy [cold] bed, and warm thee⁸.

(What thou give) *Lear.* Hast thou given all to thy [two] daughters?
And art thou come to this?

Edg. Who gives any thing to poor Tom? whom the foul fiend hath led through fire (and through flame,) through ford and whirlpool, over bog and quagmire⁹, that hath laid knives under his pillow, and halters in his pew; set ratsbane by his porridge; made him proud of heart, to ride on a bay trotting-horse over four-inched bridges, to course his own shadow for a traitor:—Bless thy five wits¹⁰! Tom's a-cold.—O, do de, do de, do de.—Bless thee from whirlwinds, star-blasting, and taking¹¹! Do poor Tom some charity, whom the foul fiend vexes: There could I have him now,—and there,—and there, and there again, and there. [*Storm continues.*]

⁸ So in the Induction to *The Taming of the Shrew*, Sly says, 'Go to thy cold bed and warm thee;' which is supposed to be in ridicule of *The Spanish Tragedy*, or some play equally absurd. The word *cold* is omitted in the folio.

⁹ Alluding to the *ignis fatuus*, supposed to be lights kindled by mischievous beings to lead travellers into destruction. He afterwards recounts the temptations by which he was prompted to suicide; the opportunities of destroying himself, which often occurred to him in his melancholy moods. Infernal spirits are always represented as urging the wretched to self-destruction. So in *Dr. Faustus*, 1604:—

'Swords, poisons, halters, and evenom'd steel,
Are laid before me to despatch myself.'

Shakespeare found this charge against the fiend in Harsnet's Declaration, 1603, before cited.

¹⁰ It has been before observed, that the *wits* seem to have been reckoned *five* by analogy to the five senses. They were sometimes confounded by old writers, as in the instances cited by Percy and Steevens; Shakespeare, however, in his 141st Sonnet, considers them as distinct.

'But my five wits nor my five senses can
Dissuade one foolish heart from serving thee.'

See vol. ii. p. 113, note 10.

¹¹ To *take* is to *blast*, or *strike* with malignant influence. See vol. i. p. 250, note 2. See also a former passage:—

'—strike her young bones,
Ye taking airs, with lameness.'

Lear. [What,] have his daughters brought him to this pass?—

Could'st thou save nothing? Did'st thou give them all?

Fool. Nay, he reserved a blanket, else we had been all ashamed.

Lear. Now, all the plagues that in the pendulous air

Hang fated o'er men's faults¹², light on thy daughters!

Kent. He hath no daughters, sir.

Lear. Death, traitor! nothing could have subdu'd nature

To such a lowness, but his unkind daughters.—

Is it the fashion, that discarded fathers

Should have thus little mercy on their flesh?

Judicious punishment! 'twas this flesh begot

Those pelican daughters¹³.

Edg. Pillicock¹⁴ sat on pillicock's-hill;—

Halloo, halloo, loo, loo!

Fool. This cold night will turn us all to fools and madmen.

Edg. Take heed o'the foul fiend: Obey thy parents; keep thy word justly; swear not; commit not with man's sworn spouse; set not thy sweet-heart on proud array: Tom's a-cold.

Lear. What hast thou been?

Edg. A serving-man, proud in heart and mind; that curled my hair¹⁵; wore gloves in my cap¹⁶;

¹² So in Timon of Athens:—

'Be as a planetary plague when Jove

Will o'er some high-view'd city hang his poison

In the sick air.'

¹³ The young pelican is fabled to suck the mother's blood. The allusions to this fable are very numerous in old writers.

¹⁴ See Act ii. Sc. 3, note 6, p. 409, ante. It should be observed that *Killico* is one of the devils mentioned in Harsnet's book. The inquisitive reader may find a further explanation of this word in a note to the translation of Rabelais, edit. 1750, vol. i. p. 184. In Minshew's Dictionary, art 9299; and Chalmers's Works of Sir David Lindsay, Glossary, v. *pillock*.

¹⁵ 'Then Ma. Mainy, by the instigation of the first of the seven [spirits], began to set his hands unto his side, curled his hair, and used such gestures as Ma. Edmunds [the exortist] presently affirmed that that spirit was *Pride*. Herewith he began to curse and banne, saying, What a poxe do I here? I will stay no longer

served the lust of my mistress's heart, and did the act of darkness with her; swore as many oaths as I spake words, and broke them in the sweet face of heaven: one, that slept in the contriving of lust, and waked to do it: Wine loved I deeply; dice dearly; and in woman, out-paramoured the Turk: False of heart, light of ear¹⁷, bloody of hand; Hog in sloth, fox in stealth, wolf in greediness, dog in madness, lion in prey. Let not the creaking of shoes, nor the rustling of silks, betray thy poor heart to women: Keep thy foot out of brothels, thy hand out of plackets¹⁸, thy pen from lenders' books¹⁹, and defy the foul fiend.—Still through the

among a company of rascal priests, but go to the court, and brave it amongst my fellows, the noblemen there assembled.'—'Shortly after they [the seven spirits] were all cast forth, and in such manner as Ma. Edmunds directed them, which was, that every devil should depart in some certaine forme, representing either a beast or some other creature that had the resemblance of that sinne whereof he was the chief author: whereupon the spirit of *Pride* departed in the forme of a *peacock*; the spirit of *Sloth* in the likeness of an *asse*; the spirit of *Envie* in the similitude of a *dog*; the spirit of *Gluttony* in the form of a *wolfe*; and the other devils had also in their departure their particular likenesses agreeable to their natures.'—*Haresnet's Declaration*, &c 1603. Before each sin was cast out Mainy, by gestures, acted that particular sin—curling his hair, to show pride, &c. &c.

¹⁶ It was anciently the custom to wear *gloves* in the hat on three distinct occasions, viz. as the favour of a mistress, the memorial of a friend, and as a mark to be challenged by an enemy. Prince Henry boasts that he *will pluck a glove from the commonest creature and wear it in his helmet*. And Tucca says to Sir Quintilian, in Decker's *Satiromastix*:—'Thou shalt wear her *glove* in thy worshipful *hat*, like to a leather brooch.' And Pandora, in Lyly's *Woman in the Moon*, 1597:—

'—he that first presents me with his head
Shall wear my *glove* in favour of the dead.'

Portia, in her assumed character, asks Bassanio for his *gloves*, which she says she will wear for his sake: and King Henry V. gives the pretended *glove* of Alençon to Fluellen, which afterwards occasions his quarrel with the English soldier.

¹⁷ Credulous of evil, ready to receive malicious reports.

¹⁸ See vol. iv. p. 91, note 67.

¹⁹ When spendthrifts, &c. resorted to usurers or tradesmen for the purpose of raising money by means of shop goods, or *brown paper* commodities, they usually entered their promissory notes, or other similar obligations, in books kept for that purpose. In Lodge's *Looking Glasse for England*, 1598, 4to. a usurer says to a gentleman, 'I have thy hand set to my book, that thou received'st forty pounds of me in monie. To which the other answers, 'It was your

hawthorn blows the cold wind: (Says suum, mun,) ha no nonny, dolphin my boy, my boy, sessa; let him trot by²⁰. [*Storm still continues.*]

Lear. Why, thou wert better in thy grave, than to answer with thy uncovered body this extremity of the skies.—Is man no more than this? Consider him well: Thou owest the worm no silk, the beast no hide, the sheep no wool, the cat no perfume:—Ha! here's three of us are sophisticated!—Thou art the thing itself:—unaccommodated man is no more but such a poor, bare, forked animal as thou art.—Off, off, you lendings:—Come; unbutton here²¹.

[*Tearing off his Clothes.*]

Fool. 'Pr'ythee, nuncle, be contented; this is a naughty²² night to swim in.—Now a little fire in a wild field were like an old lecher's heart; a small spark, all the rest of his body cold.—Look, here comes a walking fire.

device to colour the statute, but your conscience knows what I had.'

'If I but write my name in mercer's books,
I am as sure to have at six months end
A rascal at my elbow with his mace,' &c.

All Fools, by Chapman, 1605.

20

'Dolphin my boy, my boy,
Cease, let him trot by;
It seemeth not that such a foe
From me or you would fly.'

This is a stanza from a very old ballad, written on some battle fought in France; during which the king, unwilling to put the suspected valour of his son the *Dauphin* to the trial, therefore, as different champions cross the field, the king always discovers some objection to his attacking each of them. and repeats the two first lines as every fresh personage is introduced; and at last assists in propping up a dead body against a tree for him to try his manhood upon. Steevens had this account from an old gentleman, who was only able to report part of the ballad. In Jonson's *Bartholomew Fair*, Cokes cries out, 'God's my life! He shall be Dauphin, my boy!' 'Hey nonny nonny is merely the burthen of another old ballad.

²¹ The words *unbutton here* are only in the folio. The quartos read, *Come on, be true.*

²² *Naughty* signifies *bad, unfit, improper*. This epithet, which, as it stands here, excites a smile, in the age of Shakespeare was employed on serious occasions. The merriment of the Fool depended on his general image, and not on the quaintness of its auxiliary.

Edg. This is the foul fiend Flibbertigibbet²³: he begins at curfew, and walks till the first cock; he gives the web and the pin²⁴, squints the eye, and makes the hare-lip; mildews the white wheat, and hurts the poor creature of earth.

*(Edg.) Saint Withold footed thrice the wold²⁵;
He met the night-mare, and her nine-fold;*

²³ The name of this fiend, though so grotesque, was not invented by Shakespeare, but by those who wished to impose upon their hearers the belief of his actual existence: this and most of the fiends mentioned by Edgar being to be found in Bishop Harsnet's book, among those which the Jesuits, about the time of the Spanish invasion, pretended to cast out, for the purpose of making converts. The principal scene of this farce was laid in the family of Mr. Edmund Peckham, a Catholic. Harsnet published his account of the detection of the imposture, by order of the privy council. '*Frateretto, Fliberdigibet, Hoberdidance, Tucobatto*, were four devils of the round or morrice These four had forty assistants under them, as themselves doe confesse. Flebergibbe is used by Latimer for a sycophant. And Cotgrave explains Coquette by a *Flebergibet* or Titifill.'

It was an old tradition that spirits were relieved from the confinement in which they were held during the day, at the time of curfew, that is, at the close of the day, and were permitted to wander at large till the first cock-crowing. Hence, in *The Tempest*, they are said to 'rejoice to hear the solemn curfew.' See vol. i. p. 26, note 32; and *Hamlet*, Act i. Sc. 1, and Sc. 5.

²⁴ The *pin* and *web* is a disease of the eyes resembling the cataract in an imperfect stage. Acerbi, in his *Travels*, vol. ii. p. 20, has given the Lapland method of cure.

²⁵ About *St. Withold* we have no certainty. This adventure is not found in the common legends of *St. Vitalis*, whom Mr. Tyrwhitt thought was meant. The *wold* is a plain and open country; *wold*, Saxon: a country without wood, whether hilly or not. It appears to have been pronounced *old*, or *ould*, and is sometimes so written. Bullokar calls it a *sheep-walk*. We have *Stow-on-the-Wold* in Gloucestershire. The *wold* also designates a large tract of country on the borders of Bedfordshire and Northamptonshire; and *Cotswold* in Gloucestershire. Antiquaries are divided in opinion whether *wald* is of the same family, as it is said to mean a *woody* country. '*Her nine-fold*' seems to be put for the sake of the rhyme, instead of *nine foals*. For what purpose the incubus is enjoined to *plight her troth* will appear from a charm against the *night-mare* in Scot's *Discovery of Witchcraft*, which occurs, with slight variation, in Beaumont and Fletcher's *Monsieur Thomas*:—

'S. George, S. George, our ladies knight,
He walk'd by daie, so did he by night,
Until such time as he hir found:
He hir beat, and he hir bound,
Until hir she to him plight,
She would not come to [him] that night.'

*Bid her alight,
And her troth plight,
And, aroint thee, witch, aroint thee²⁶!*
Kent. How fares your grace?

Enter GLOSTER, with a Torch.

Lear. What's he?

Kent. Who's there? What is't you seek?

Glo. What are you there? Your names?

Edg. Poor Tom; that eats the swimming frog,
the toad, the tadpole, the wall-newt, and the water²⁷;
that in the fury of the heart, when the foul fiend
rages, eats cow-dung for sallets; swallows the old
rat, and the ditch-dog; drinks the green mantle of
the standing pool; who is whipped from tything to
tything, and stocked, punished, and imprisoned;
who hath had three suits to his back, six shirts to
his body, horse to ride, and weapon to wear,—

But mice and rats, and such small deer,

Have been Tom's food for seven long year²⁸.

*Beware my follower: Peace, Smolkin²⁹; peace,
thou fiend!*

Glo. What, hath your grace no better company?

Edg. The prince of darkness is a gentleman;
Modo he's call'd, and *Mahu*²⁹.

²⁶ See *Macbeth*.

²⁷ I. e. and the water-newt.

²⁸ In the metrical Romance of *Sir Bevis*, who was confined seven years in a dungeon, it is said that—

‘Rattes and mice, and such smal dere,
Was his meat that seven yere.’

²⁹ ‘The names of other punie spirits cast out of Twyford were these:—*Hilco*, *Smolkin*, *Hillio*, &c.—*Harmer's Detection*, &c. p. 49. Again, ‘*Maho* was the chief devil that had possession of Sarah Williams; but another of the possessed, named Richard Mainy, was molested by a still more considerable fiend, called *Modu*,’ p. 268; where the said Richard Mainy deposes:—‘Furthermore it is pretended, that there remaineth still in mee the prince of devils, whose name should be *Modu*.’ And, p. 269:—‘When the said priests had despatched their business at Hackney (where they had been exorcising Sarah Williams), they then returned towards mee, upon pretence to cast the great prince *Modu* out of mee.’

In the *Goblins*, by Sir John Suckling, a catch is introduced, which concludes with these two lines:—

Glo. Our flesh and blood, my lord, is grown so vile,
That it doth hate what gets it.

Edg. Poor Tom's a-cold.

Glo. Go in with me; my duty cannot suffer
To obey in all your daughter's hard commands:
Though their injunction be to bar my doors,
And let this tyrannous night take hold upon you,
Yet have I ventur'd to come to seek you out,
And bring you where both fire and food is ready.

Lear. First let me talk with this philosopher:—
What is the cause of thunder?

Kent. Good my lord, take his offer;
Go into the house.

Lear. I'll talk a word with this same learned
Theban:
What is your study?

Edg. How to prevent the fiend, and to kill vermin.

Lear. Let me ask you one word in private.

Kent. Impórtune him once more to go, my lord,
His wits begin to unsettle³⁰.

Glo. Canst thou blame him?
His daughters seek his death:—Ah, that good
Kent!—

He said it would be thus:—Poor banish'd man!—
Thou say'st, the king grows mad; I'll tell thee,
friend,
I am almost mad myself; I had a son,

'The prince of darkness is a gentleman;

Mahu, Mahu is his name.'

This catch may not be the production of Suckling, but the original referred to by Edgar's speech.

³⁰ Lord Orford has the following remark in the postscript to his *Mysterious Mother*, which deserves a place here:—'When Belvidera talks of *lutes, laurels, seas of milk, and ships of Amber*, she is not mad, but light-headed. When madness has taken possession of a person, such character ceases to be fit for the stage, or at least should appear there but for a short time; it being the business of the theatre to exhibit passions, not distempers. The finest picture ever drawn of a head discomposed by misfortune is that of King Lear. His thoughts dwell on the ingratitude of his daughters, and every sentence that falls from his wildness excites reflection and pity. Had frenzy entirely seized him, our compassion would abate; we should conclude that he no longer felt unhappiness. Shakspeare wrote as a philosopher, Otway as a poet.'

Now outlaw'd from my blood; he sought my life,
But lately, very late; I lov'd him, friend,—
No father his son dearer: true to tell thee,

[*Storm continues.*]

The grief hath craz'd my wits. What a night's this!
I do beseech your grace,—

Lear. O, cry you mercy,

Noble philosopher, your company.

Edg. Tom's a-cold.

Glo. In, fellow, there, to the hovel; keep thee warm.

Lear. Come, let's in all.

Kent. This way, my lord.

Lear. With him;

I will keep still with my philosopher.

Kent. Good my lord, sooth him; let him take the fellow.

Glo. Take him you on.

Kent. Sirrah, come on; go along with us.

Lear. Come, good Athenian.

Glo. No words, no words:

Hush.

Edg. *Child Rowland*³¹ to the dark tower came,

His word was still,—Fee, foh, and fum,

I smell the blood of a British man.

[*Exeunt.*]

³¹ Capel observes that *Child Rowland* means the *Knight Orlando*. He would read *come*, with the quartos absolutely (*Orlando being come to the dark tower*); and supposes a line to be lost 'which spoke of some giant, the inhabitant of that tower, and the smeller-out of *Child Rowland*, who comes to encounter him.' He proposes to fill up the passage thus:—

'*Child Rowland to the dark tower come,*

[*The giant roar'd, and out he ran*];

His word was still, &c.

Part of this is to be found in the second part of Jack and the Giants, which, if not as old as the time of Shakspeare, may have been compiled from something that was so: they are uttered by a giant:—

'*Fee, faw, fum,*

I smell the blood of an Englishman;

Be he alive, or be he dead,

I'll grind his bones to make my bread.'

SCENE V.

*A Room in Gloster's Castle.**Enter CORNWALL and EDMUND.*

Corn. I will have my revenge, ere I depart this house.

Edm. How, my lord, I may be censured, that nature thus gives way to loyalty, something fears me to think of.

Corn. I now perceive, it was not altogether your brother's evil disposition made him seek his death; but a provoking merit¹, set a-work by a reproveable badness in himself.

Edm. How malicious is my fortune, that I must repent to be just! This is the letter he spoke of, which approves him an intelligent party to the advantages of France. O heavens! that this treason were not, or not I the detector!

Corn. Go with me to the duchess.

Edm. If the matter of this paper be certain, you have mighty business in hand.

Corn. True, or false, it hath made thee earl of Gloster. Seek out where thy father is, that he may be ready for our apprehension.

Edm. [*Aside.*] If I find him comforting the king, it will stuff his suspicion more fully.—I will persevere in my course of loyalty, though the conflict be sore between that and my blood.

Corn. I will lay trust upon thee; and thou shalt find a dearer father in my love. [*Exeunt.*]

¹ Cornwall seems to mean the merit of Edmund; which, being noticed by Gloster, provoked or instigated Edgar to seek his father's death.

SCENE VI.

A Chamber in a Farm-House, adjoining the Castle.

*Enter GLOSTER, LEAR, KENT, Fool, and
EDGAR.*

Glo. Here is better than the open air; take it thankfully: I will piece out the comfort with what addition I can: I will not be long from you.

Kent. All the power of his wits has given way to his impatience:—The gods reward your kindness! *have*

[Exit GLOSTER.]

Edg. Frateretto¹ calls me; and tells me Nero is an angler in the lake of darkness. Pray, innocent², and beware the foul fiend.

Fool. 'Pr'ythee, nuncle, tell me, whether a mad-man be a gentleman, or a yeoman?

Lear. A king, a king!

Fool. No; he's a yeoman, that has a gentleman to his son; for he's a mad yeoman, that sees his son a gentleman before him.)

Lear. To have a thousand with red burning spits Come hissing³ in upon them:—

[Edg. The foul fiend bites my back⁴.

Fool. He's mad, that trusts in the tameness of

¹ See the quotation from Harsenet, in note 23 on the preceding scene. Rabelais says that Nero was a fiddler in hell, and Trajan an angler. The history of Garagantua had appeared in English before 1575, being mentioned in Laneham's Letter from Killingworth, printed in that year.

² Perhaps he is here addressing the *Fool*. Fools were anciently termed *innocents*. So in *All's Well that Ends Well*, Act iv. Sc. 3:—'The sheriff's fool—a dumb *innocent*, that could not say him nay.'

³ The old copies have *hizzing*, which Malone changed to *whizzing*. One of the quartos spells the word *hizzing*, which indicates that the reading of the present text is right.

⁴ This and the next thirteen speeches are only in the quarto

a wolf, a horse's heels⁵, a boy's love, or a whore's oath.

Lear. It shall be done, I will arraign them straight:—

Come, sit thou here, most learned justicer⁶:—

[*To* EDGAR.

Thou, sapient sir, sit here. [*To the Fool*].—Now, you she foxes!—

Edg. Look, where he stands and glares!—
Wantest thou eyes at trial, madam?⁷

Come o'er the bourn⁸, Bessy, to me:—

Fool. *Her boat hath a leak.*

And she must not speak

Why she dares not come over to thee.

⁵ The old copies read, 'a horse's health;' but *heels* was certainly meant. '*Trust not a horse's heels, nor a dog's tooth,*' is a proverb in Ray's Collection; which may be traced at least as far back as the time of our Edward II. '*Et ideo Babio in comediis insinuat dicens;—In fide, dente, pede, mulieris, equi canis est fraus.—Hoc sic vulgariter est dici:—*

*'Till horsis fote thou never traist,
Till hondis toth, ne woman's faith.'*

Forduni Scottichronicon, l. xiv. c. 32.

The proverb in the text is probably from the Italian.

⁶ *Justicer*, from *Justiciarius*, was the old term, as we learn from Lambard's *Eirenarcha*:—'*And of this it commeth that M. Fitzherbert (in his Treatise of the Justices of Peace), calleth them justicers (contractly for justiciars), and not justices, as we commonly and not altogether improperly doe name them.'*

⁷ When Edgar says, 'Look, where he stands and glares!' he seems to be speaking in the character of a madman, who thinks he sees the fiend. 'Wantest thou eyes at trial, madam?' is a question addressed to some visionary spectator, and may mean no more than 'Do you want eyes when you should use them most? that you cannot see this spectre.'

⁸ A *boorne* is a *brook* or *rivulet*. See vol. vii. p. 345. At the beginning of *A Very Mery and Pythie Comedie*, called *The Longer Thou Livest The More Fool Thou Art*, &c. blk let. no date:—'*Entreth Moros, counterfaiting a vain gesture and foolish countenance, synging the foote of many songs, as fooles were wont; and among them is this passage:—*

*'Com over the boorne Bessé,
My litle pretie Bessé,
Come over the boorne, Bessé to me.'*

The old copies read, 'o'er the *broome*;' and Johnson suggested, as there was no connexion between a boat and a broom, that it was an error. Steevens made the correction, and adduced this illustration. There is peculiar propriety in this address: Bessy and poor Tom usually travelled together, as appears by a passage cited from *Dick Whippers's Sessions*, 1607, by Malone.—Mad women, who travel about the country, are called in Shropshire *Cousin Betties*, and elsewhere *Mad Bessies*.

Edg. The foul fiend haunts poor Tom in the voice of a nightingale. *Hopdance* cries in Tom's belly⁹ for two white herrings. Croak not, black angel; I have no food for thee.

Kent. How do you, sir? Stand you not so amaz'd: Will you lie down and rest upon the cushions?

Lear. I'll see their trial first:—Bring in the evidence—

Thou robed man of justice, take thy place;

[*To EDGAR.*

And thou, his yoke-fellow of equity, [*To the Fool.*

Bench by his side:—You are of the commission,

Sit you too.

[*To KENT.*

Edg. Let us deal justly.

Sleepest, or wakest thou, jolly shepherd?

Thy sheep be in the corn;

And for one blast of thy minikin¹⁰ mouth,

Thy sheep shall take no harm.

Pur! the cat is gray.

Lear. Arraign her first; 'tis Goneril. I here take my oath before this honourable assembly, she kicked the poor king her father.

Fool. Come hither, mistress; Is your name Goneril?

Lear. She cannot deny it.

Fool. Cry you mercy, I took you for a joint-stool¹¹.

⁹ Much of this may have been suggested by Harsenet's book. Sarah Williams deposeth, 'That if at any time she did belch, as often times she did by reason that shee was troubled with a wind in her stomacke, the priests would say at such times, that then the spirit began to rise in her... and that the wind was the devil.' 'And (as she saith), if they heard any croaking in her belly..., then they would make a wonderful matter of that.'—*Hoberd's dance* is mentioned in a former note. 'One time shee remembereth that, shee having the said croaking in her belly, they said it was the devil that was about the bed, that spake with the voice of a toad,' p. 194, 195, &c.

¹⁰ *Minikin* was anciently a term of endearment. Baret, in his *Alvearie*, interprets *feat* by 'proper, well fashioned, *minikin*, handsome.'

¹¹ This proverbial expression occurs likewise in Lyly's *Mother Bombe*, 1594.

Lear. And here's another, whose warp'd looks
 proclaim
 What store her heart is made of.—Stop her there!
 Arms, arms, sword, fire!—Corruption in the place!
 False justicer, why hast thou let her 'scape? }

Edg. Bless thy five wits!

Kent. O pity!— Sir, where is the patience now,
 That you so oft have boasted to retain?

Edg. My tears begin to take his part so much,
 They'll mar my counterfeiting, [Aside.

Lear. The little dogs and all,
 Tray, Blanch, and Sweet-heart, see, they bark at me.

Edg. Tom will throw his head at them:—Avaunt,
 you curs!

Be thy mouth or black or white,
 Tooth that poisons if it bite;
 Mastiff, greyhound, mongrel grim,
 Hound, or spaniel, brach, or lym¹²;
 Or bobtail tike¹³, or trundle-tail;
 Tom will make them weep and wail:
 For, with throwing thus my head,
 Dogs leap the hatch, and all are fled.

Do de, de de. Sessa¹⁴. Come, march to wakes
 and fairs, and market towns:—Poor Tom, thy horn
 is dry¹⁵.

¹² I suspect that *brach* signifies a greyhound. See vol. iii. p. 322, note 6. A *lym* or *lyme* was a blood-hound (see Minshew's Dict. in voce); sometimes also called a *limmer* or *leamer*; from the *leam* or *leash*, in which he was held till he was let slip. In the book of Ancient Tenures, by T. B. 1679, the words '*canes domini regis lesos*,' are translated *leash hounds*, such as draw after hurt deer in a *leash* or *lyam*. So Drayton, in *The Muses Elysium*:—

'My doghook at my belt, to which my *lyam's* ty'd.'

¹³ *Tijk* is the Runick word for a little worthless dog. *Trundle-tails* are mentioned in *The Booke of Huntynge*, &c. blk let. no date; and in the old comedy of *A Woman kill'd with Kindness*.

¹⁴ *Sessa*; this word occurs before in the fourth Scene of this Act, p. 437. It is spelled *Sessey* in both places in the old copy. The same word occurs in the Induction to *The Taming of the Shrew*, where it is spelled *sessa*: it appears to have been a corruption of *cessez*, *stop* or *hold*, be quiet, have done.

¹⁵ A horn was usually carried about by every Tom of Bedlam, to receive such drink as the charitable might afford him, with whatever scraps of food they might give him. When, therefore, Edgar says *his horn is dry*, or *empty*, he merely means, in the language

Lear. Then let them anatomize Regan, see what breeds about her heart: Is there any cause in nature, that makes these hard hearts?—You, sir, I entertain [you] for one of my hundred: only I do not like the fashion of your garments: you will say, they are Persian attire! but let them be changed.

[To EDGAR.]

Kent. Now, good my lord, lie here, and rest awhile¹⁶.

Lear. Make no noise, make no noise; draw the curtains: So, so, so: We'll go to supper i' the morning: So, so, so.

(*Fool.* And I'll go to bed at noon.)

Re-enter GLOSTER.

Glo. Come hither, friend: Where is the king my master?

Kent. Here, sir; but trouble him not, his wits are gone.

Glo. Good friend, I pr'ythee take him in thy arms; I have o'erheard a plot of death upon him: There is a litter ready; lay him in't, And drive towards Dover, friend, where thou shalt meet

Both welcome and protection. Take up thy master: If thou should'st dally half an hour, his life, With thine, and all that offer to defend him, Stand in assured loss: Take up, take up¹⁷; And follow me, that will to some provision Give thee quick conduct. (*Exeunt Lear, Kent, & Fool.*)

of the character he assumes, to supplicate that it may be filled with drink. See *A Pleasant Dispute between a Coach and a Sedan*, 4to. 1636:—'I have observed when a coach is appendant but two or three hundred pounds a yeere, marke it, the dogges are as leane as rakes; you may tell all their ribbes lying be the fire; and *Tom a Bedlam* may sooner eat *his horne* than get it filled with small drinke, and for his old almes of bacon there is no hope in the world.'

¹⁶ i. e. on the cushions to which he points.

¹⁷ One of the quartos reads, 'Take up the king;' the other, 'Take up to keep,' &c.

[*Kent.*

Oppress'd nature sleeps¹⁸:—
This rest might yet have balm'd thy broken senses,
Which, if convenience will not allow,
Stand in hard cure.—Come, help to bear thy master;
Thou must not stay behind. [*To the Fool.*

Glo.

Come, come, away.

[*Exeunt KENT, GLOSTER, and the Fool, bearing off the King.*

Edg. When we our betters see bearing our woes,
We scarcely think our miseries our foes.
Who alone suffers, suffers most i' the mind;
Leaving free things, and happy shows, behind:
But then the mind much sufferance doth o'erskip,
When grief hath mates, and bearing fellowship.
How light and portable my pain seems now,
When that, which makes me bend, makes the king bow;
He childed, as I father'd!—Tom, away:
Mark the high noises¹⁹ and thyself bewray²⁰,
When false opinion, whose wrong thought defiles thee,
In thy just proof, repeals, and reconciles thee.
What will hap more to-night, safe scape the king!
Lurk, lurk.] [*Exit.*

SCENE VII. *A Room in Gloster's Castle.*

Enter CORNWALL, REGAN, GONERIL, EDMUND, and Servants.

Corn. Post speedily to my lord your husband;
show him this letter:—the army of France is land-
ed:—Seek out the villain Gloster.

[*Exeunt some of the Servants.*

¹⁸ These two concluding speeches, by Kent and Edgar, are restored from the quarto. The soliloquy of Edgar is extremely fine; and the sentiments of it are drawn equally from nature and the subject. Besides, with regard to the stage, it is absolutely necessary: for as Edgar is not designed, in the constitution of the play, to attend the king to Dover, how absurd would it look for a character of his importance to quit the scene without one word said, or the least intimation what we are to expect from him.—*Theobald.*

¹⁹ The great events that are approaching, the loud tumult of approaching war.

²⁰ Betray, discover.

Reg. Hang him instantly.

Gon. Pluck out his eyes.

Corn. Leave him to my displeasure.—Edmund, keep you our sister company; the revenges we are bound to take upon your traitorous father, are not fit for your beholding. Advise the duke, where you are going, to a most festinate preparation; we are bound to the like. Our post shall be swift, and intelligent betwixt us. Farewell, dear sister;—farewell, my lord of Gloster¹.

Enter Steward.

How now? Where's the king?

Stew. My lord of Gloster hath convey'd him hence:

Some five or six and thirty of his knights,
Hot questrists² after him, met him at gate;
Who with some other of the lord's dependants,
Are gone with him towards Dover; where they boast
To have well armed friends.

Corn. Get horses for your mistress.

Gon. Farewell, sweet lord, and sister.

[*Exeunt GONERIL and EDMUND.*]

Corn. Edmund, farewell.—Go, seek the traitor
Gloster,

Pinion him like a thief, bring him before us.

[*Exeunt other Servants.*]

Though well we may not pass upon his life
Without the form of justice; yet our power
Shall do a courtesy³ to our wrath, which men
May blame, but not control. Who's there? The
traitor?

¹ Meaning Edmund invested with his father's titles. The Steward, speaking immediately after, mentions the old earl by the same title.

² A *questriest* is one who goes in *quest* or search of another.

³ 'Do a courtesy to our wrath,' simply means *bend* to our wrath, as a courtesy is made by bending the body. To *pass on any one* may be traced from Magna Charta:—'*Neque super eum ibimus, nisi per legale iudicium parium suorum.*' It is common to most of our early writers—'A jury of devils impaneled and deeply sworn to *pass on* all villains in hell.'—*If this be not a Good Play*?' *Devil is in it*. 1612.

Re-enter Servants, with GLOSTER.

Reg. Ingrateful fox! 'tis he.

Corn. Bind fast his corky⁴ arms.

Glo. What mean your graces?—Good my friends, consider

You are my guests: do me no foul play, friends.

Corn. Bind him, I say. [*Servants bind him.*]

Reg. Hard, hard:—O filthy traitor.

Glo. Unmerciful lady as you are, I am none.

Corn. To this chair bind him:—Villain, thou shalt find— [*REGAN plucks his Beard.*]

Glo. By the kind gods, 'tis most ignobly done, To pluck me by the beard.

Reg. So white, and such a traitor!

Glo. Naughty lady, These hairs, which thou dost ravish from my chin, Will quicken⁵, and accuse thee: I am your host; With robbers' hands, my hospitable favours⁶ You should not ruffle thus. What will you do?

Corn. Come, sir, what letters had you late from France?

Reg. Be simple answer'd, for we know the truth.

Corn. And what confederacy have you with the traitors Late footed in the kingdom?

Reg. To whose hands have you sent the lunatic king?

Speak.

Glo. I have a letter guessingly set down, Which came from one that's of a neutral heart, And not from one oppos'd.

Corn.

Cunning.

Reg.

And false.

⁴ i. e. dry wither'd husky arms. This epithet was perhaps borrowed from Harsenet:—It would pose all the cunning exorcists that are this day to be found, to teach an old corkie woman to writhe, tumble, curvet, and fetch her morrice gambols as Martha Bressier did.

⁵ i. e. quicken into life.

⁶ Favours mean the same as features; that is, the different parts of which a face is composed.

Corn. Where hast thou sent the king?

Glo.

To Dover.

Reg.

Wherefore

To Dover? Wast thou not charg'd at peril—

Corn. Wherefore to Dover? Let him first answer that.

Glo. I am tied to the stake, and I must stand the course⁷.

Reg. Wherefore to Dover?

Glo. Because I would not see thy cruel nails
Pluck out his poor old eyes; nor thy fierce sister
In his anointed flesh stick⁸ boarish fangs.

The sea, with such a storm as his bare head
In hell-black night endur'd, would have buoy'd up,
And quench'd the stelled⁹ fires: yet, poor old heart,
He help the heavens to rain.

If wolves had at thy gate howl'd that stern¹⁰ time,
Thou should'st have said, *Good porter, turn the key;*
All cruels else subscrib'd¹¹:—But I shall see *(subsiding)*
The winged vengeance overtake such children.

Corn. See it shalt thou never:—Fellows, hold
the chair:

Upon these eyes of thine I'll set my foot¹².

[*GLOSTER is held down in his Chair, while
CORNWALL plucks out one of his Eyes, and
sets his Foot on it.*]

⁷ So in *Macbeth*:—

'They have chain'd me to a stake; I cannot fly,
But, bear-like, I must fight the course.'

⁸ The quarto reads, '*rash boarish fangs.*' *To rash* is the old hunting term for the stroke made by a wild boar with his fangs.

⁹ Starred.

¹⁰ Thus the folio. The quartos read, '*that dearn time.*' *Dearn* is dreary. The reading in the text is countenanced by Chapman's version of the 24th Iliad:—

'——— in this so sterne a time
Of night and danger.'

¹¹ i. e. yielded, submitted to the necessity of the occasion.

¹² This horrible exhibition is not more sanguinary than that of some contemporary dramas. In *Selimus*, Emperor of the Turks, one of the sons of Bajazet, pulls out the eyes of an Aga on the stage, and says:—

'Yes, thou shalt live, but never see that day,
Wanting the tapers that should give thee light.'

[*Pulls out his eyes.*]

Immediately after his hands are cut off on the stage. In *Marston's Antonio's Revenge*, 1602, Piero's tongue is torn out on the stage.

Glo. He, that will think to live till he be old,
Give me some help:—O cruel! O ye gods!

Reg. One side will mock another; the other too.

Corn. If you see vengeance,—

Serv. Hold your hand, my lord:
I have serv'd you ever since I was a child;
But better service have I never done you,
Than now to bid you hold.

Reg. How now, you dog?

Serv. If you did wear a beard upon your chin,
I'd shake it on this quarrel; What do you mean?

Corn. My villain¹³! [*Draws, and runs at him.*]

Serv. Nay, then come on, and take the chance
of anger.

[*Draws. They fight. CORN. is wounded.*]

Reg. Give me thy sword.—[*To another Serv.*]

A peasant stand up thus!

[*Snatches a Sword, comes behind him, and
stabs him.*]

Serv. O, I am slain!—My lord, you have one
eye left

To see some mischief on him:—O! [*Dies.*]

Corn. Lest it see more, prevent it:—Out, vile
jelly!

Where is thy lustre now?

[*Tears out GLOSTER's other eye, and throws it
on the ground.*]

Glo. All dark and comfortless.—Where's my son
Edmund?

Edmund, enkindle all the sparks of nature,
To quit¹⁴ this horrid act.

Reg. Out, treacherous villain!
Thou call'st on him that hates thee: it was he
That made the overture¹⁵ of thy treasons to us;
Who is too good to pity thee.

¹³ *Villain* is perhaps here used in its original sense, of one in servitude.

¹⁴ Requite.

¹⁵ *Overture* here means an *opening*, a *discovery*. 'It was he who first laid thy treasons open to us.'

Glo.

O my follies!

Then Edgar was abus'd.—

Kind gods, forgive me that, and prosper him!

Reg. Go, thrust him out at gates, and let him
smellHis way to Dover.—How is't, my lord? How look
you?*Corn.* I have receiv'd a hurt:—Follow me, lady.—
Turn out that eyeless villain;—throw this slave
Upon the dunghill.—Regan, I bleed apace:
Untimely comes this hurt: Give me your arm.[*Exit CORNWALL, led by REGAN;—Servants
unbind GLOSTER, and lead him out.*][*1 Serv.* I'll never care what wickedness I do¹⁶,
If this man comes to good.*2 Serv.* If she live long,
And, in the end, meet the old course of death¹⁷,
Women will all turn monsters.*1 Serv.* Let's follow the old earl, and get the
Bedlam
To lead him where he would; his roguish madness
Allows itself to any thing.*2 Serv.* Go thou; I'll fetch some flax, and whites
of eggs¹⁸,
To apply to his bleeding face. Now, heaven help
him!] [*Exeunt severally.*]

¹⁶ This short dialogue is only found in the quartos. It is, as Theobald observes, full of nature. Servants could hardly see such barbarity committed without pity; and the vengeance that they presume must overtake the actors of it, is a sentiment and doctrine well worthy of the stage and of the great moral poet.

¹⁷ i. e. *die a natural death*.

¹⁸ Steevens asserted that this passage was ridiculed by Ben Jonson in *The Case is Altered*. Mr. Gifford has shown the folly and falsehood of the assertion; and that it was only a common allusion to a method of stanching blood practised in the poet's time by every barber-surgeon and old woman in the kingdom.

ACT IV.

SCENE I. *The Heath.**Enter* EDGAR.

Edg. Yet better thus, and known to be contemn'd,
 Than still contemn'd and flatter'd¹, To be worst;
 The lowest, and most dejected thing of fortune,
 Stands still in esperance, lives not in fear:
 The lamentable change is from the best;
 The worst returns to laughter. (Welcome then²,
 Thou unsubstantial air, that I embrace!
 The wretch, that thou hast blown unto the worst,
 Owes nothing to thy blasts.)—But who comes here?—

Enter GLOSTER, *led by an old Man.*

My father, poorly led?—World, world, O world!
 But that thy strange mutations make us hate thee,
 Life would not yield to age³.

Old. Man. O my good lord, I have been your
 tenant, and your father's tenant, these fourscore
 years.

¹ 'It is better to be thus and openly contemned, than to be flattered and secretly contemned.' The expression in this speech, 'owes nothing to thy blasts,' might seem to be copied from Virgil, *Æn.* xi. 51:—

*'Nos juvenem exanimum, et nil jam cœlestibus ullis
 Debentem, vano mœsti comitamur honore.'*

The meaning of Edgar's speech seems to be this:—'Yet it is better to be thus in this fixed and acknowledged contemptible state, than living in affluence, to be flattered and despised at the same time. He who is placed in the worst and lowest state, has this advantage, he lives in hope, and not in fear, of a reverse of fortune. The lamentable change is from affluence to beggary. He laughs at the idea of changing for the worse, who is already as low as possible.'—*Sir J. Reynolds.*

² The next two lines and a half are not in the quartos.

³ 'O world! if reverses of fortune and changes such as I now see and feel, from ease and affluence to poverty and misery, did not show us the little value of life, we should never submit with any kind of resignation to death, the necessary consequences of old age; we should cling to life more strongly than we do.'

Glo. Away, get thee away; good friend, be gone:
Thy comforts can do me no good at all,
Thee they may hurt.

Old Man. [Alack, sir,] you cannot see your way.

Glo. I have no way, and therefore want no eyes;
I stumbled when I saw: Full oft 'tis seen,
Our means secured us⁴, and our mere defects *... want*
Prove our commodities,—Ah, dear son, Edgar,
The food of thy abused father's wrath!
Might I but live to see thee in my touch⁵,
I'd say, I had eyes again!

Old Man. How now? Who's there?

Edg. [*Aside.*] O gods! Who is't can say, *I am at the worst?*

I am worse than e'er I was.

Old Man. 'Tis poor mad Tom.

Edg. [*Aside.*] And worse I may be yet; The worst
is not,

So long as we can say, *This is the worst*⁶.

Old Man. Fellow, where goest?

Glo. Is it a beggar man?

Old Man. Madman and beggar too.

Glo. He has some reason, else he could not beg.
I'the last night's storm⁷ I such a fellow saw;
Which made me think a man a worm: My son
Came then into my mind; and yet my mind
Was then scarce friends with him: I have heard
more since:

As flies to wanton boys, are we to the gods;
They kill us for their sport⁷.

⁴ *Mean* is here put for our *moderate* or *mean conditions*. It was sometimes the practice of the poet's age to use a plural, when the subject spoken of related to more persons than one. To avoid the equivocal Pope changed the reading of the old copy to 'our *mean* secures us,' which is certainly more intelligible, and may have been the reading intended, as *meane* being spelled with a final *e* might easily be mistaken for *means*, which is the reading of the old copy.

⁵ So in another scene, 'I see it *feelingly*.'

⁶ i. e. while we live; for while we yet continue to have a sense of feeling, something worse than the present may still happen. He recalls his former rash conclusion.

⁷ 'Dii nos quasi pilas homines habent.'

Plaut. Captiv. Prolog. i. 22.

Edg. How should this be?—
Bad is the trade must play the fool to sorrow,
Ang'ring itself and others. [*Aside.*—Bless thee,
master!

Glo. Is that the naked fellow?

Old Man.

Ay, my lord.

Glo. Then, 'pr'ythee, get thee gone: If, for my sake,
Thou wilt o'ertake us, hence a mile or twain,
I'll the way to Dover, do it for ancient love;
And bring some covering for this naked soul,
Whom I'll entreat to lead me.

Old Man.

Alack, sir, he's mad.

Glo. 'Tis the time's plague, when madmen lead
the blind.

Do as I bid thee, or rather do thy pleasure;
Above the rest, be gone.

Old Man. I'll bring him the best 'parel that I have,
Come on't what will. [*Exit.*

Glo. Sirrah, naked fellow.

Edg. Poor Tom's a-cold.—I cannot daub⁸ it
further. [*Aside.*

Glo. Come hither, fellow.

Edg. [*Aside.*] And yet I must.—Bless they sweet
eyes, they bleed.

Glo. Know'st thou the way to Dover?

Edg. Both stile and gate, horse-way, and foot-
path. Poor Tom hath been scared out of his good
wits: Bless thee, good man, from the foul fiend!
[Five fiends⁹ have been in poor Tom at once; of

Thus also in Sidney's *Arcadia*, lib. ii. :—

'——wretched human kinde

Balles to the starres,' &c.

⁸ i. e. *disguise* it.

'So smooth he daub'd his vice with show of virtue.'

King Richard III.

'The devil in Ma Mainy confessed his name to be *Modu*, and
that he had besides himself *seven other spirits*, and all of them cap-
taines and of great fame. 'Then *Edmundes* (the exorcist) began
againe with great earnestness, and all the company cried out, &c.—
so as both that wicked prince *Modu* and his company might be cast
out.'—*Harsnet*, p. 163. This passage will account for 'five fiends
having been in poor Tom at once.'

lust, as *Obidicut*; *Hobbididance*, prince of dumbness; *Mahu*, of stealing; *Modo*, of murder; and *Flibbertigibbet*, of mopping and mowing; who since possesses chambermaids and waitingwomen¹⁰. So, bless thee, master!]

Glo. Here, take this purse, thou whom the heaven's plagues

Have humbled to all strokes: that I am wretched,
Makes thee the happier:—Heavens, deal so still!

Let the superfluous, and lust-dieted man,
That slaves your ordinance¹¹, that will not see
Because he doth not feel, feel your power quickly;
So distribution should undo excess,
And each man have enough.—Dost thou know Dover?

Edg. Ay, master,

Glo. There is a cliff, whose high and bending head
Looks fearfully in¹² the confined deep:
Bring me but to the very brim of it,
And I'll repair the misery thou dost bear,
With something rich about me: from that place
I shall no leading need.

Edg.

Give me thy arm;

Poor Tom shall lead thee.

[*Exeunt.*]

¹⁰ 'If she have a little helpe of the mother, epilepsie, or cramp, to teach her role her eyes, wrie her mouth, gnash her teeth, starte with her body, hold her armes and handes stiffe, make antike faces, grinne, *mow* and *mop* like an ape, then no doubt the young girl is owle-blasted, and *possessed*.'—*Harsnet*, p. 136. The five devils here mentioned are the names of five of those who were made to act in this farce three *chambermaids*, or *waiting women*, in Mr. Edmund Peckham's family. The reader will now perceive why a *coquette* is called *fibergibbet* or *titifill* by Cotgrave. See Act iii. Sc. 4, note 23. The passage in crotchets is omitted in the folio.

¹¹ 'Lear has before uttered the same sentiment, which indeed cannot be too strongly impressed, though it may be too often repeated.'—*Johnson*, 'To *slave* an ordinance is to treat it as a slave, to make it subject to us, instead of acting in obedience to it. So in Heywood's *Brazen Age*, 1613:—

'———none

Could *slave* him like the Lydian Omphale.'

Again, in *A New Way to Pay Old Debts*, by Massinger:—'that *slaves* me to his will.' The quartos read 'That *stands* your ordinance,' which may be right, says Malone, and means *withstands* or *abides*.

¹² *In* is here put for *on*, as in other places of these plays.

SCENE II.

Before the Duke of Albany's Palace.

Enter CONERIL and EDMUND; Steward meeting them.

Gon. Welcome, my lord: I marvel, our mild husband¹

Not met us on the way:—Now, where's your master?

Stew. Madam, within; but never man so chang'd: I told him of the army that was landed; He smil'd at it: I told him, you were coming; His answer was, *The worse*: of Gloster's treachery, And of the loyal service of his son, When I inform'd him, then he call'd me sot; And told me, I had turn'd the wrong side out:— What most he should dislike, seems pleasant to him; What like, offensive.

Gon. Then shall you go no further.
[*To EDMUND.*

It is the cowish terror of his spirit,
That dares not undertake: he'll not feel wrongs,
Which tie him to an answer: Our wishes, on the way,
May prove effects². Back, Edmund, to my brother;
Hasten his musters, and conduct his powers:
I must change arms at home, and give the distaff
Into my husband's hands. This trusty servant
Shall pass between us: ere long you are like to hear,
If you dare venture in your own behalf,
A mistress's command. Wear this; spare speech;
[*Giving a Favour.*

Decline your head: this kiss, if it durst speak,
Would stretch thy spirits up into the air³;—
Conceive, and fare thee well.

¹ It must be remembered that Albany, the husband of Coneril, disliked the scheme of oppression and ingratitude at the end of the first act.

² 'The wishes which we expressed to each other on the way hither, may be completed, may take effect,' perhaps alluding to the destruction of her husband.

³ She bids him decline his head, that she might give him a kiss (the steward being present) and that might appear only to him as a whisper.

Edm. Yours in the ranks of death.

Gon.

My most dear Gloster!

[*Exit EDMUND.*

(O, the difference of man, and man!)

To thee a woman's services are due;

My fool usurps my bed⁴.

Stew.

Madam, here comes my lord.

[*Exit Steward.*

Enter ALBANY.

Gon. I have been worth the whistle⁵.

Alb.

O Goneril!

You are not worth the dust which the rude wind
Blows in your face—[I fear your disposition⁶:

That nature, which contemns its origin,

Cannot be border'd certain in itself;

She that herself will sliver⁷ and disbranch

From her material sap⁸, perforce must wither,

And come to deadly use⁹.

Gon. No more; the text is foolish.

⁴ Quarto A reads 'my foot usurp my body.' Quarto B, 'my foot usurps my head.' Quarto C, 'a fool usurps my bed.' The folio reads, 'my fool usurps my body.'

⁵ Alluding to the proverb, 'It is a poor dog that is not worth the whistling.' Goneril's meaning seems to be, 'There was a time when you would have thought me worth the calling to you,' reproaching him for not having summoned her to consult with on the present occasion.

⁶ These words, and the lines following, to *monsters of the deep*, are not in the folio. They are necessary to explain the reasons of the detestation which Albany here expresses to his wife.

⁷ So in Macbeth:—

'———slips of yew

Sliver'd in the moon's eclipse.'

See vol. iv. p. 264, note 8.

⁸ 'She who breaks the bonds of filial duty, and becomes wholly alienated from her father, must wither and perish, like a branch separated from that trunk or body which supplied it with sap.' There is a peculiar propriety in the use of the word *material*; *material*, Lat. signifying the trunk or body of the tree.

⁹ Alluding to the use that witches and enchanters are said to make of *withered branches* in their charms. A fine insinuation in the speaker, that she was ready for the most unnatural mischief, and a preparative of the poet to her plotting with the bastard against her husband's life.—*Warburton*. Dr. Warburton might have adduced the passage from Macbeth above quoted in support of his ingenious interpretation.

Alb. Wisdom and goodness to the vile seem vile:
 Filths savour but themselves. What have you done?
 Tigers, not daughters, what have you perform'd?
 A father, and a gracious aged man,
 Whose reverence the head-lugg'd bear would lick¹⁰,
 Most barbarous, most degenerate! have you madded.
 Could my good brother suffer you to do it?
 A man, a prince, by him so benefited?
 If that the heavens do not their visible spirits
 Send quickly down to tame these vile offences,
 'Twill come,
 Humanity must perforce prey on itself,
 Like monsters of the deep.]

Gon Milk-liver'd man!

That bear'st a cheek for blows, a head for wrongs;
 Who hast not in thy brows an eye discerning
 Thine honour from thy suffering; [that not know'st¹¹,
 Fools do those villains pity, who are punish'd
 Ere they have done their mischief¹². Where's thy
 drum?

France spreads his banners in our noiseless land;
 With plumed helm thy slayer begins threats;
 Whilst thou, a moral fool, sit'st still, and cry'st,
Alack! why does he so?]

Alb. See thyself, devil!
 Proper deformity seems not in the fiend
 So horrid, as in woman¹³.

Gon. O vain fool!

Alb. [Thou changed and self-cover'd¹⁴ thing, for
 shame,

¹⁰ This line is not in the folio.

¹¹ The rest of this speech is also omitted in the folio.

¹² 'Goneril means to say that none but fools would be excited to commiserate those who are prevented from executing their malicious designs, and punished for their evil intention.' Malone doubts whether Goneril alludes to her father, but surely there cannot be a doubt that she does, and to the pity for his sufferings expressed by Albany, whom she means indirectly to call a fool for expressing it.

¹³ That is, 'Diabolic qualities appear not so horrid in the devil, to whom they belong, as in woman, who unnaturally assumes them.'

¹⁴ The meaning appears to be 'thou that hast hid the woman

Be-monster not thy feature¹⁵. Were it my fitness
To let these hands obey my blood¹⁶,
They are apt enough to dislocate and tear
Thy flesh and bones;—Howe'er thou art a fiend,
A woman's shape doth shield thee.

Gon. Marry, your manhood now!]

Enter a Messenger.

Alb. What news?

Mess. O, my good lord, the Duke of Cornwall's
dead;

Slain by his servant, going to put out
The other eye of Gloster.

Alb. Gloster's eyes!

Mess. A servant that he bred, thrill'd with remorse,
Oppos'd against the act, bending his sword
To his great master; who, thereat enrag'd, *thrust. enrag'd*
Flew on him, and amongst them fell'd him dead:
But not without that harmful stroke, which since
Hath pluck'd him after.

Alb. This shows you are above,
You justicers, that these our nether crimes
So speedily can venge!—But, O poor Gloster!
Lost he his other eye?

Mess. Both, both, my lord.—
This letter, madam, craves a speedy answer;
'Tis from your sister.

Gon. [*Aside.*] One way I like this well¹⁷;

under the fiend; thou that hast disguised nature by wickedness.' Steevens thinks that there may be an allusion to the coverings which insects furnish to themselves, like the silkworm, that—

'—labours till it clouds itself all o'er.'

¹⁵ It has been already observed that *feature* was often used for form or person in general, the figure of the whole body. See vol. i. p. 118, note 4.

¹⁶ My blood is my passion, my inclination. This verse wants a foot, which Theobald purposed to supply by reading 'boiling blood.'

¹⁷ Goneril's plan was to poison her sister, to marry Edmund, to murder Albany, and to get possession of the whole kingdom. As the death of Cornwall facilitated the last part of her scheme, she was pleased at it; but disliked it, as it put it in the power of her sister to marry Edmund.

But being widow, and my Gloster with her,
 May all the building in my fancy pluck
 Upon my hateful life: Another way,
 The news is not so tart.—I'll read and answer. [*Exit.*]

Alb. Where was his son, when they did take his
 eyes?

Mess. Come with my lady hither.

Alb. He is not here.

Mess. No, my good lord; I met him back again.

Alb. Knows he the wickedness?

Mess. Ay, my good lord; 'twas he inform'd against
 him;

And quit the house on purpose, that their punishment
 Might have the freer course.

Alb. Gloster, I live
 To thank thee for the love thou show'dst the king,
 And to revenge thine eyes.—Come hither, friend;
 Tell me what more thou knowest, [*Exeunt.*]

[SCENE III¹. *The French Camp near Dover.*

*Enter KENT, and a Gentleman*².

Kent. Why the King of France is so suddenly
 gone back know you the reason³?

¹ This scene is left out in the folio copy, but is necessary to continue the story of Cordelia, whose behaviour is most beautifully painted.

² The gentleman whom he sent in the foregoing act with letters to Cordelia.

³ The king of France being no longer a necessary personage, it was fit that some pretext for getting rid of him should be formed before the play was too near advanced towards a conclusion. Decency required that a monarch should not be silently shuffled into the pack of insignificant characters; and therefore his dismissal (which could be effected only by a sudden recall to his own dominions) was to be accounted for before the audience. For this purpose, among others, the present scene was introduced. It is difficult to say what use could have been made of the king, had he appeared at the head of his own armament, and survived the murder of his queen. His conjugal concern on the occasion might have weakened the effect of Lear's paternal sorrow; and being an object of respect as well as pity he would naturally have divided the spectator's attention, and thereby diminished the consequence of Albany, Edgar, and Kent, whose exemplary virtues deserved to be ultimately placed in the most conspicuous point of view.—*Stevens.*

Gent. Something he left imperfect in the state,
Which since his coming forth is thought of; which
Imports to the kingdom so much fear and danger,
That his personal return was most required,
And necessary.

Kent. Who hath he left behind him general?

Gent. The Mareschal of France, Monsieur le Fer.

Kent. Did your letters pierce the queen to any
demonstration of grief?

Gent. Ay, sir; she took them, read them in my
presence;

And now and then an ample tear trill'd down
Her delicate cheek: it seem'd, she was a queen
Over her passion; who, most rebel-like,
Sought to be king o'er her.

Kent. O, then it mov'd her.

Gent. Not to a rage: patience and sorrow strove
Who should express her goodliest. You have seen
Sunshine and rain at once; her smiles and tears
Were like;—a better way⁴. Those happy smiles⁵,

⁴ Both the quartos read, 'were like a better way.' Steevens reads, upon the suggestion of Theobald, 'a better day,' with a long and somewhat ingenious, though unsatisfactory argument in defence of it. Warburton reads, 'a wetter May,' which is plausible enough. Malone adopts part of his emendation, and reads 'a better May.' I have been favoured by Mr. Boaden with the following solution of this passage, which, as it preserves the reading of the old copy, merits attention:—'The difficulty has arisen from a general mistake as to the *simile* itself; and Shakspeare's own words here actually convey his perfect meaning, as indeed they commonly do. I understand the passage thus:—

"——— You have seen
Sunshine and rain at once; her smiles and tears
Were like; a better way."

'That is, Cordelia's smiles and tears were *like* the conjunction of sunshine and rain, in a *better way or manner*. Now in what did this better way consist? Why simply in the smiles seeming unconscious of the tears; whereas the sunshine has a *watery* look through the falling drops of rain—

"——— Those happy smiles
That play'd on her ripe lip, seem'd *not to know*
What guests were in her eyes."

'That the point of comparison was neither a "better day," nor a "wetter May," is proved by the following passages, cited by Steevens and Malone:—"Her tears came dropping down like rain in sunshine." *Sidney's Arcadia*, p. 244. Again, p. 163, edit. 1593:—"And with that she prettily *smiled*, which mingled with her tears, one could not tell whether it were a mourning pleasure, or a delight-

That play'd on her ripe lip, seem'd not to know
 What guests were in her eyes; which parted thence,
 As pearls from diamonds dropp'd⁶.—In brief, sorrow
 Would be a rarity most belov'd, if all
 Could so become it.

Kent. Made she no verbal question⁷?

Gent. 'Faith, once, or twice, she heav'd the name
 of father

Pantingly forth, as if it press'd her heart;
 Cried, *Sisters! sisters!—Shame of ladies! sisters!*
Kent! father! sisters! What? i'the storm? i'the night?
Let pity not be believed⁸!—There she shook
 The holy water from her heavenly eyes,
 And clamour moisten'd⁹; then away she started
 To deal with grief alone.

Kent. It is the stars,
 The stars above us, govern our conditions¹⁰;
 Else one self mate and mate¹¹ could not beget
 Such different issues. You spoke not with her since?

ful sorrow; but like when a few *April* drops are scattered by a gentle zephyrus among fine-coloured flowers." Again, in *A Courtlie Controversie of Cupid's Cautels. &c.* translated from the French by H. W. [Henry Wotton], 1578, p. 289—"Who hath viewed in the spring time *raime and sunneshine in one moment*, might behold the troubled countenance of the gentlewoman—with an eye now smyling, then bathed in tears."

'I may just observe, as perhaps an illustration, that the *better way* of CHARITY is that the right hand should *not know* what the left hand giveth.'

⁵ The quartos read *smilets*, which may be a diminutive of the poet's coining.

⁶ Steevens would read *dropping*, but *as* must be understood to signify *as if*. I do not think that jeweled pendants were in the poet's mind. A similar beautiful thought in Middleton's *Game of Chess* has caught the eye of Milton:—

'—— the holy dew lies like a pearl
 Dropt from the opening eyelids of the morn
 Upon the bashful rose.'

⁷ i. e. discourse, conversation.

⁸ i. e. let not pity be supposed to exist. It is not impossible but Shakespeare might have formed this fine picture of Cordelia's agony from holy writ, in the conduct of Joseph, who, being no longer able to restrain the vehemence of his affection, commanded all his retinue from his presence; and then *wept aloud*, and discovered himself to his brethren.—*Theobald*.

⁹ That is, 'her outcries were accompanied with tears.'

¹⁰ *Conditions* are dispositions.

¹¹ i. e. the selfsame husband and wife.

Gent. No.

Kent. Was this before the king return'd?

Gent. No, since.

Kent. Well, sir; The poor distress'd Lear is i'the town:

Who sometime, in his better tune, remembers
What we are come about, and by no means
Will yield to see his daughter.

Gent. Why, good sir?

Kent. A sovereign shame so elbows him: his own
unkindness,
That stripp'd her from his benediction, turn'd her
To foreign casualties, gave her dear rights
To his dog-hearted daughters,—these things sting
His mind so venomously, that burning shame
Detains him from Cordelia.

Gent. Alack, poor gentleman!

Kent. Of Albany's and Cornwall's powers you
heard not!

Gent. 'Tis so, they are afoot.

Kent. Well, sir, I'll bring you to our master
Lear,

And leave you to attend him: some dear cause¹²
Will in concealment wrap me up awhile;
When I am known aright, you shall not grieve
Lending me this acquaintance. I pray you, go
Along with me. [Exeunt.]

SCENE IV. *The same. A Tent.*

Enter CORDELIA, Physician, and Soldiers.

Cor. Alack, 'tis he; why, he was met even now
As mad as the vex'd sea: singing aloud;
Crown'd with rank fumiter¹, and furrow weeds,

¹² Important business.

¹ i. e. fumitory, written by the old herbalists *fumittery*. Mr. Boucher suggests that *furrow* should be *farrow*, *far*, empty.

With harlocks², hemlock, nettles, cuckoo-flowers,
 Darnel³, and all the idle weeds that grow
 In our sustaining corn.—A century send forth;
 Search every acre in the high grown field,
 And bring him to our eye. [*Exit an Officer.*]—

What can man's wisdom[do⁴],
 In the restoring his bereaved sense?
 He, that helps him, take all my outward worth.

Phy. There is means, madam:
 Our foster-nurse of nature is repose,
 The which he lacks; that to provoke in him,
 Are many simples operative, whose power
 Will close the eye of anguish.

Cor. All bless'd secrets,
 All you unpublish'd virtues of the earth,
 Spring with my tears! be aidant, and remediate,
 In the good man's distress!—Seek, seek for him;
 Lest his ungovern'd rage dissolve the life
 That wants the means to lead it⁵.

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. Madam, news;
 The British powers are marching hitherward.

Cor. 'Tis known before; our preparation stands
 In expectation of them.—O dear father,
 It is thy business that I go about;
 Therefore great France
 My mourning, and important⁶ tears, hath pitied.

² The quartos read *hardocks*, the folio *hardokes*. Drayton mentions *harlocks* in one of his Eclogues:—

'The honey-suckle, the *harlocke*,
 The lily, and the lady-smocke,' &c.

Perhaps the *charlock*, *sinapis arvensis*, or *wild mustard*, may be meant.

³ *Darnel*, according to Gerard, is the most hurtful of weeds among corn.

⁴ Steevens says that *do* should be omitted as needless to the sense of the passage, and injurious to the metre. Thus in *Hamlet*:—

'Try what repentance can; What can it not.'

Do, in either place, is understood, though suppressed. *Do* is found in none of the old copies but quarto B.

⁵ i. e. the reason which should guide it.

⁶ Important for *importunate*, as in other places of these plays. See *Comedy of Errors*, Act v. Sc. 1. The folio reads *importuned*.

No blown⁷ ambition doth our arms incite,
 But love, dear love, and our ag'd father's right:
 Soon may I hear, and see him. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE V. *A Room in Gloster's Castle.*

Enter REGAN and Steward.

Reg. But are my brother's powers set forth?

Stew. Ay, madam.

Reg. Himself

In person there?

Stew. Madam, with much ado:

Your sister is the better soldier.

Reg. Lord Edmund spake not with your lord at home?

Stew. No, madam.

Reg. What might import my sister's letter to him?

Stew. I know not, lady.

Reg. 'Faith, he is posted hence on serious matter.

It was great ignorance, Gloster's eyes being out,
 To let him live; where he arrives, he moves

All hearts against us: Edmund, I think, is gone,

In pity of his misery, to despatch

His nighted life¹; moreover, to descry

The strength o'the enemy.

Stew. I must needs after him, madam, with my letter.

Reg. Our troops set forth to-morrow; stay with us;
 The ways are dangerous.

Stew. I may not, madam;

My lady charg'd my duty in this business.

Reg. Why should she write to Edmund? Might not you

⁷ No inflated, no swelling pride.

'Quam bene te ambitio mersit vanissima, ventus,
 Et tumidos tumidæ vos superastis aquæ.'

Beza on the Spanish Armada.

So in *The Little French Lawyer* of Beaumont and Fletcher:—

'I come with no blown spirit to abuse you.'

¹ i. e. his life made dark as night, by the extinction of his eyes.

Transport her purposes by word? Belike,
 Something—I know not what:—I'll love thee much,
 Let me unseal the letter².

Stew.

Madam, I had rather—

Reg. I know, your lady does not love her husband;
 I am sure of that: and, at her late being here,
 She gave strange œiliads³, and most speaking looks
 To noble Edmund: I know, you are of her bosom.

Stew. I, madam?

Reg. I speak in understanding; you are, I know it:
 Therefore, I do advise you, take this note⁴:
 My lord is dead; Edmund and I have talk'd;
 And more convenient is he for my hand,
 Than for your lady's:—You may gather more⁵
 If you do find him, pray you, give him this⁶;
 And when your mistress hears thus much from you,
 I pray, desire her call her wisdom to her.
 So, fare you well.

If you do chance to hear of that blind traitor,
 Preferment falls on him that cuts him off.

Stew. 'Would, I could meet him, madam!
 would show

What party I do follow.

Reg.

Fare thee well. [*Exeunt.*]

² 'I know not well (says Johnson) why Shakspeare gives the Steward, who is a mere factor for wickedness, so much fidelity. He now refuses the letter; and afterwards, when he is dying, thinks only how it may be safely delivered.'—*Johnson.*

'Surely when Dr. Johnson made this note, he did not recollect the character Edgar gives of this Steward after he is dead:—

"As duteous to the vices of thy mistress
 As badness could require."

'Fidelity in agents of wickedness is, I fear, not so uncommon as to be unfit for the general probability of dramatic manners.'

Pye.

³ Œillade, Fr. a cast, or significant glance of the eye.

⁴ That is, observe what I am saying.

⁵ You may infer more than I have directly told you.

⁶ Perhaps a *ring*, or some *token*, is given to the steward by Regan to be conveyed to Edmund.

SCENE VI¹. *The Country near Dover.*

Enter GLOSTER, and EDGAR, dressed like a Peasant.

Glo. When shall we come to the top of that same hill?

Edg. You do climb up it now; look, how we labour.

Glo. Methinks the ground is even.

Edg. Horrible steep:

Hark, do you hear the sea?

Glo. No, truly².

Edg. Why, then your other senses grow imperfect
By your eyes' anguish.

Glo. So may it be, indeed:
Methinks, thy voice is alter'd³, and thou speak'st
In better phrase, and matter, than thou didst.

Edg. You are much deceiv'd; in nothing am I
chang'd,
But in my garments.

Glo. Methinks, you are better spoken.

Edg. Come on, sir; here's the place:—stand
still.—How fearful

And dizzy 'tis, to cast one's eyes so low!
'The crows, and choughs, that wing the midway air,
Show scarce so gross as beetles: Half way down
Hangs one that gathers samphire⁴; dreadful trade!

¹ This scene, and the stratagem by which Gloster is cured of his desperation, are wholly borrowed from Sidney's *Arcadia*, book ii.

² Something to complete the measure seems wanting in this or the foregoing hemistich. The quartos read as one line:—

'Horrible steep: hark, do you hear the sea?'

³ Edgar alters his voice in order to pass afterwards for a malignant spirit.

⁴ *Samphire* grows in great plenty on most of the sea-cliffs in this country: it is terrible to see how people gather it, hanging by a rope several fathom from the top of the impending rocks, as it were in the air.—*Smith's History of Waterford*, p. 315, edit. 1774. Dover Cliff was particularly resorted to for this plant, according to Drayton, *Polyolbion*, b. xviii.:—

'Rob Dover's neighbouring cleeves of *samphire*, to excite
His dull and sickly taste, and stir up appetite'
It is still eaten as a pickle in those parts of England bordering on the southern coast.

Methinks, he seems no bigger than his head:
 The fishermen, that walk upon the beach,
 Appear like mice; and yon' tall anchoring bark,
 Diminish'd to her cock⁵; her cock, a buoy
 Almost too small for sight: The murmuring surge,
 That on the unnumber'd idle pebbles chafes,
 Cannot be heard so high;—I'll look no more;
 Lest my brain turn, and the deficient sight
 Topple⁶ down headlong.

Glo. Set me where you stand.

Edg. Give me your hand: You are now within
 a foot

Of the extreme verge: for all beneath the moon
 Would I not leap upright.

Glo. Let go my hand.

Here, friend, is another purse; in it a jewel
 Well worth a poor man's taking: Fairies, and gods,
 Prosper it with thee! Go thou further off;
 Bid me farewell, and let me hear thee going.

Edg. Now fare you well, good sir. [*Seems to go.*

Glo. With all my heart.

Edg. Why I do trifle thus with his despair,
 Is done to cure it.

Glo. O you mighty gods!

This world I do renounce; and, in your sights,
 Shake patiently my great affliction off:

If I could bear it longer, and not fall

To quarrel with your great opposeless wills,

My snuff, and loathed part of nature, should

Burn itself out. If Edgar live, O bless him!—

Now, fellow, fare thee well.

[*He leaps, and falls along.*

Edg. Gone, sir? farewell.—

And yet I know not how conceit may rob
 The treasury of life, when life itself

⁵ i. e. her cock-boat. Hence the term *cock-swain*.

⁶ To *topple* is to *tumble*: the word is again used in *Macbeth*. So in Nashe's *Lenten Stuffe*, 1599:—'Fifty people *toppled* up their heels there.'

Yields to the theft⁷: Had he been where he thought,
By this, had thought been past.—Alive, or dead?
Ho, you sir! friend!—Hear you, sir?—speak!
Thus might he pass indeed⁸:—Yet he revives:
What are you, sir?

Glo. Away, and let me die.

Edg. Had'st thou been ought but gossamer⁹,
feathers, air,
So many fathom down precipitating,
Thou had'st shiver'd like an egg: but thou dost
breathe;
Hast heavy substance; bleed'st not; speak'st; art
sound.

Ten masts at each¹⁰ make not the altitude,
Which thou hast perpendicularly fell;
Thy life's a miracle: Speak yet again.

Glo. But have I fallen, or no?

Edg. From the dread summit of this chalky bourn¹¹:
Look up a-height;—the shrill-gorg'd lark so far
Cannot be seen or heard: do but look up.

Glo. Alack, I have no eyes.—

⁷ That is, when life is willing to be destroyed.

⁸ Thus might he die in reality. We still use the word *passing-bell*. So in King Henry VI. Part II.:—

‘Disturb him not, let him *pass* peaceably.’

⁹ ‘The substance called *gossamer* is formed of the collected webs of flying spiders, and during calm weather in autumn sometimes fall in amazing quantities.’—*Holt White*. Some think it the down of plants; others the vapour arising from boggy or marshy ground in warm weather. The etymon of this word, which has puzzled the lexicographers, is said to be *summer goose* or *summer gauze*, hence ‘gauze o’ the summer,’ its well known name in the north. See *Horæ Momente Cravenæ. or the Craven Dialect Exemplified*. 1824. 8vo p. 79.

¹⁰ i. e. *drown out* at length, or *each added* to the other. ‘Eche, exp-*draw out*, ab A. S. *elcan elcian*, Disferre, vel à verb. to *eak*.’ *Skinner. Etymolog.* Skinner is right in his last derivation, it is from the A. S. *eacan*, to *add*. Thus Chaucer, in *The House of Fame*, b. iii. v. 915:—

‘—gan somewhat to *eche*

To this tiding in his speche.’

And in *Troilus and Cresseide*, b. i. v. 706:—

‘As doen these foolles, that hir sorrowes *eche*.’

Pope changed this to *attacht*; Johnson would read on *end*; Steevens proposes *at reach*. Ignorance of our earlier language has been the stumbling block of all these eminent critics.

¹¹ i. e. this chalky *boundary* of England.

Is wretchedness depriv'd that benefit,
To end itself by death? 'Twas yet some comfort,
When misery could beguile the tyrant's rage,
And frustrate his proud will.

Edg. Give me your arm:
Up:—So;—How is't? Feel you your legs? You stand.

Glo. Too well, too well.

Edg. This is above all strangeness.
Upon the crown o'the cliff, what thing was that
Which parted from you?

Glo. A poor unfortunate beggar.

Edg. As I stood here below, methought, his eyes
Were two full moons; he had a thousand noses,
Horns welk'd¹², and wav'd like the enridged sea;
It was some fiend: Therefore, thou happy father,
Think that the clearest¹³ gods, who make them
honours

Of men's impossibilities¹⁴, have preserv'd thee.

Glo. I do remember now; henceforth I'll bear
Affliction, till it do cry out itself,
Enough, enough, and die. That thing you speak of,
I took it for a man; often 'twould say,
The fiend, the fiend: he led me to that place.

Edg. Bear free¹⁵ and patient thoughts.—But who
comes here?

Enter LEAR, fantastically dressed up with Flowers.

The safer sense¹⁶ will ne'er accommodate
His master thus.

¹² *Welk'd* is marked with protuberances. This and *whelk* are probably only different forms of the same word. The *welk* is a small shellfish, so called, perhaps, because its shell is marked with convoluted protuberant ridges. See vol. v. p. 436, note 11.

¹³ That is, the purest; the most free from evil. So in *Timon* of Athens:—'Roots! you clear gods!'

¹⁴ By *men's impossibilities* perhaps is meant what men call *impossibilities*, what appear as such to mere mortal beings.

¹⁵ 'Bear free and patient thoughts.' *Free* here means *pure*, as in other places of these plays. See vol. i. p. 311, note 5; vol. iv. p. 120, additional note.

¹⁶ 'The *safer sense* (says Mr. Blakeway) seems to me to mean the *eyesight*, which, says Edgar, will never more serve the unfor-

Lear. No, they cannot touch me for coining; *crying it out.*
I am the king himself.

Edg. O thou side-piercing sight!

Lear. Nature's above art in that respect.—There's your press-money¹⁷. That fellow handles his bow like a crow-keeper¹⁸: draw me a clothier's yard.—Look, look, a mouse! Peace, peace;—this piece of toasted cheese will do't.—There's my gauntlet; I'll prove it on a giant.—Bring up the brown bills¹⁹.—O, well flown, bird!—i'the clout, i'the clout; hewgh!—Give the word²⁰.

Edg. Sweet marjoram.

Lear. Pass.

Glo. I know that voice.

Lear. Ha! Goneril!—with a white beard!—They flatter'd me like a dog; and told me, I had white hairs in my beard, ere the black ones were there. To say *ay*, and *no*, to every thing I said!—Ay and

fortunate Lear so well as those which Gloster has remaining will serve him, who is now returned to a right mind. Horace terms the eyes '*oculi fidelis*,' and the *eyesight* may be called the *safer sense* in allusion to the proverb 'Seeing is believing.' Gloster afterwards laments the *stiffness of his vile sense*.

¹⁷ It is evident from the whole of this speech that Lear fancies himself in a battle. For the meaning of *press money* see the first scene of Hamlet, note 10, which will also serve to explain the passage in Act v. Sc. 2:—

18 'And turn our *imprest* lances in our eyes.'

'Or if thou'lt not thy archery forbear,

To some base rustick do thyself prefer;

And when corn's sown, or grown into the ear,

Practice thy quiver and turn *crow keeper*.'

Drayton, Idea the Forty-eighth.

Ascham, in speaking of *awkward shooters*, says:—'Another cowereth down, and layeth out his buttockes as though he would *shoote at crows*.'

The subsequent expression of Lear, 'draw me a clothier's yard,' Steevens thinks, alludes to the old ballad of Chevy Chase:—

'An arrow of a *cloth yard* long,

Up to the head he drew,' &c.

¹⁹ *Battleaxes.*

²⁰ Lear is here raving of *archery, falconry*, and a *battle*, jumbled together in quick transition. '*Well flown bird*' was the falconer's expression when the hawk was successful in her flight; it is so used in *A Woman Kill'd with Kindness*. The *clout* is the *white mark* at which archers aim. By '*give the word*,' the *watchword* in a camp is meant. The quartos read, 'O well flown bird in the *ayre*, hugh, give the word.'

no too was no good divinity²¹. When the rain came to wet me once, and the wind to make me chatter; when the thunder would not peace at my bidding; there I found them, there I smelt them out. Go to, they are not men o'their words: they told me I was every thing: 'tis a lie; I am not ague-proof.

Glo. The trick²² of that voice I do well remember: Is't not the king?

Lear. Ay, every inch a king:
When I do stare, see, how the subject quakes.
I pardon that man's life: what was thy cause?—

Adultery.—

Thou shalt not die; Die for adultery! No:
The wren goes to't, and the small gilded fly
Does lecher in my sight.
Let copulation thrive, for Gloster's bastard son
Was kinder to his father, than my daughters |
Got 'tween the lawful sheets.
To't luxury²³, pell-mell, for I lack soldiers.—
Behold yon simpering dame,
Whose face between her forks presageth snow²⁴;
That minces²⁵ virtue, and does shake the head
To hear of pleasure's name;
The fitchew, nor the soiled horse²⁶, goes to't

²¹ It has been proposed to read 'To say *ay* and *no* to every thing I said *ay* and *no* to, was no good divinity.' Besides the inaccuracy of construction in the passage as it stands in the text; it does not appear how it could be flattery to *dissent* from as well as *assent* to every thing Lear said.

²² *Trick* is a word used for the air, or peculiarity in a face, voice, or gesture, which distinguishes it from others. We still say he has a *trick* of winking with his eyes, &c. See vol. iv. p. 311, note 7.

²³ i. e. *incontinence*. See vol. vii. p. 402, note 4.

²⁴ The construction is, 'Whose face presageth snow between her forks.' So in *Timon of Athens*, Act iv. Sc. 3:—

'Whose blush doth thaw the consecrated snow
'That lies on Dian's lap.'

See Cotgrave's Dict. in v. *Fourcheure*.

²⁵ i. e. puts on an outward affected seeming of virtue. See Cotgrave in v. *Mineux-se*. He also explains it under '*Faire la sadi-nette*, to mince it, nicies it, be very squeamish, backward, or coy.'

²⁶ The *fitchew* is the polecat. A *soiled horse* is a horse that has been fed with hay and corn during the winter, and is turned out in the spring to take the first flush of grass, or has it cut and car-

With a more riotous appetite.

Down from the waist they are centaurs,

Though women all above;

But²⁷ to the girdle do the gods inherit²⁸,

Beneath is all the fiends'; there's hell, there's darkness,

There is the sulphurous pit, burning, scalding, stench, consumption;—Fye, fye, fye! pah; pah! Give me an ounce of civet, good apothecary, to sweeten my imagination: there's money for thee.

Glo. O, let me kiss that hand!

Lear. Let me wipe it first; it smells of mortality.

Glo. O ruin'd piece of nature! This great world Shall so wear out to nought.—Dost thou know me?

Lear. I remember thine eyes well enough. Dost thou squiny at me? No, do thy worst, blind Cupid? I'll not love.—Read thou this challenge; mark but the penning of it.

Glo. Were all the letters suns, I could not see one.

Edg. I would not take this from report;—it is, And my heart breaks at it.

Lear. Read.

Glo. What, with the case of eyes?

Lear. O, ho, are you there with me? No eyes in your head, nor no money in your purse? Your eyes are in a heavy case, your purse in a light: Yet you see how this world goes.

Glo. I see it feelingly.

Lear. What, art mad? A man may see how this world goes, with no eyes. Look with thine ears: see how yon' justice rails upon yon' simple thief. Hark, in thine ear: Change places; and, handy-dandy, which is the justice, which is the thief?—Thou hast seen a farmer's dog bark at a beggar?

ried to him. This at once cleanses the animal and fills him with blood. In the old copies the preceding as well as the latter part of Lear's speech is printed as prose. It is doubtful whether any part of it was intended for metre.

²⁷ But in its exceptive sense. See vol. i. p. 18.

²⁸ Possess.

Glo. Ay, sir.

Lear. And the creature run from the cur? There thou might'st behold the great image of authority: a dog's obey'd in office.

Thou rascal beadle, hold thy bloody hand:

Why dost thou lash that whore? Strip thine own back;

Thou hotly lust'st to use her in that kind

For which thou whipp'st her. The usurer hangs the cozener.

Through tatter'd clothes small vices do appear;
Robes, and furr'd gowns, hide all²⁹. Plate sin with gold,

And the strong lance of justice hurtless breaks:

Arm it in rags, a pigmy's straw doth pierce it.

None does offend, none, I say, none; I'll able 'em³⁰:

Take that of me, my friend, who have the power

To seal the accuser's lips. Get thee glass eyes;

And, like a scurvy politician, seem

To see the things thou dost not.—Now, now, now,
now:

Pull off my boots:—harder, harder; so.

Edg. O, matter and impertinency³¹ mix'd!

Reason in madness!

Lear. If thou wilt weep my fortunes, take my eyes.

I know thee well enough; thy name is Gloster:

Thou must be patient; we came crying hither.

Thou know'st, the first time that we smell the air,

We wawl, and cry³²:—I will preach to thee;
mark me.

²⁹ From 'hide all' to 'accuser's lips' is wanting in the quartos.

³⁰ i. e. support or uphold them. So Chapman in the Widow's Tears, 1612:—

'Admitted! ay, into her heart, and I'll able it.'

Again, in his version of the twenty-third Iliad:—

'——— I'll able this

For five revolved years.'

³¹ Impertinency here is used in its old legitimate sense of something not belonging to the subject.

³² 'The childe feesles that, the man that feeling knowes,
Which cries first borne, the presage of his life,' &c.

Sidney's Arcadia, lib. II.

Glo. Alack, alack the day!

Lear. When we are born, we cry, that we are come

To this great stage of fools;—This a good block³³?

It were a delicate stratagem, to shoe

A troop of horse with felt: I'll put it in proof;

And when I have stolen upon these sons-in-law,

Then, kill, kill, kill, kill, kill, kill³⁴.

Enter a Gentleman, with Attendants.

Gent. O, here he is, lay hand upon him.—Sir, Your most dear daughter—

Lear. No rescue? What, a prisoner? I am even

The passage is, however, evidently taken from Pliny, as translated by Philemon Holland, Proeme to b. vii. :—'Man alone, poor wretch [nature] hath laid all naked upon the bare earth, even on his birth-day to cry and wraule presently from the very first houre that he is borne into this world.'—*Douce*.

³³ Upon the king's saying 'I will preach to thee,' the poet seems to have meant him to pull off his hat, and keep turning it and feeling it, in the attitude of one of the preachers of those times (whom I have seen represented in ancient prints) till the idea of *felt*, which the good *hat* or *block* was made of, raises the stratagem in his brain of shoeing a troop of horse with the same substance which he held and moulded between his hands. So in Decker's *Gull's Hornbook*, 1609 :—'That cannot observe the tune of his hatband, nor know what fashioned *block* is most kin to his head: for in my opinion the brain cannot chuse his *felt* well.' Again, in *Run and a Great Cast*, no date, Epigram 46, in *Sextinum* :—

'A pretty *blocke* Sextinus names his hat,

So much the fitter for his head by that.'

This delicate stratagem is mentioned by Ariosto :—

'— fece nel cadar strepito quanto

Avesse avuto sotto i piedi il *feltro*.'

So in Fenton's *Trigical Discourses*, 4to. blk. l. 1567 :—'He attyreth himself for the purpose in a night gowne girt to hym, with a payre of shoes of *felte*, leaste the noyse of his feete might discover his goinge,' p. 58. It had, however been actually put in practice about fifty years before Shakspeare was born, at a tournament held at Lisle before Henry VIII. [Oct. 13, 1513], where the horses, to prevent their sliding on a black stone pavement, were shod with *felt* or *flocks* (*feltro* sive *tomento*). See Lord Herbert's *Life of King Henry VIII.* p. 41

³⁴ This was the cry formerly in the English army when an onset was made on the enemy. So in *Venus and Adonis* :—

'Gives false alarms, suggesteth mutiny,

And in a peaceful hour doth cry. *Kill, kill.*'

Again, in *The Mirrour for Magistrates*, 1610, p. 315 :—

'Our Englishmen came boldly forth at night,

Crying St. George,—Salisbury,—*kill, kill,*

And offer'd freshly with their foes to fight.'

The natural fool of fortune³⁵.—Use me well;
You shall have ransome. Let me have a surgeon,
I am cut to the brains.

Gent. You shall have any thing.

Lear. No seconds? All myself?

Why, this would make a man, a man of salt³⁶,
To use his eyes for garden water-pots,
[Ay, and for laying autumn's dust.

Gent. Good sir,—

Lear. I will die bravely, like a bridegroom: What?
I will be jovial; come, come; I am a king,
My masters, know you that!]

Gent. You are a royal one, and we obey you.

Lear. Then there's life in it³⁷. Nay, an you get
it, you shall get it by running. Sa, sa, sa, sa³⁸.

[*Exit, running; Attendants follow.*

Gent. A sight most pitiful in the meanest wretch;
Past speaking of in a king!—Thou hast one daughter,
Who redeems nature from the general curse
Which twain have brought her to.

Edg. Hail, gentle sir.

Gent. Sir, speed you: What's your will?

Edg. Do you hear aught, sir, of a battle toward?

Gent. Most sure, and vulgar: every one hears that,
Which can distinguish sound.

Edg. But, by your favour,
How near's the other army?

Gent. Near, and on speedy foot, the main descry
Stands on the hourly thought³⁹.

Edg. I thank you, sir: that's all.

³⁵ So in *Romeo and Juliet*:—‘O, I am fortune’s fool.’

³⁶ ‘A man of salt’ is a man of tears. In *All’s Well that Ends Well*, we meet with ‘Your salt tears head.’ And in *Troilus and Cressida*, ‘the salt of broken tears.’ Again, in *Coriolanus*:—

‘He has betray’d your business, and given up,
For certain drops of salt, your city Rome.’

³⁷ The case is not yet desperate. So in *Antony and Cleopatra*:—
‘There’s sap in’t yet.’

³⁸ Mr. Boswell thinks that this passage seems to prove that *cesses* means the very reverse of *cesses*. See p. 437, and p. 446, note 14, ante.

³⁹ The main body is expected to be descried every hour.

Gent. Though that the queen on special cause
is here,

Her army is mov'd on.

Edg. I thank you, sir. [*Exit Gent.*]

Glo. You ever-gentle gods, take my breath from me;
Let not my worsser spirit⁴⁰ tempt me again
To die before you please!

Edg. Well pray you, father.

Glo. Now, good sir, what are you?

Edg. A most poor man, made lame by fortune's
blows⁴¹:

Who, by the art of known and feeling sorrows⁴²
Am pregnant to good pity. Give me your hand,
I'll lead you to some biding.

Glo. Hearty thanks:

The bounty and the benizon of heaven
To boot, and boot!

Enter Steward.

Stew. A proclaim'd prize! Most happy!
That eyeless head of thine was first fram'd flesh
To raise my fortunes.—Thou old unhappy traitor,
Briefly thyself remember⁴³:—The sword is out
That must destroy thee.

Glo. Now let thy friendly hand
Put strength enough to it. [*EDGAR opposes.*]

Stew. Wherefore, bold peasant,
Dar'st thou support a publish'd traitor? Hence;
Lest that the infection of his fortune take
Like hold on thee. Let go his arm.

Edg. Chill not let go, zir, without vurther 'casion.

⁴⁰ By this expression may be meant 'my evil genius.'

⁴¹ The folio reads 'made tame by fortune's blows.' The original is probably the true reading. So in Shakspeare's thirtyseventh Sonnet:—

'So I made lame by fortune's dearest spight.'

⁴² Feeling is probably used here for *felt*. Sorrows known not by relation, but by experience. Warburton explains it, 'Sorrows past and present.'

⁴³ I. e. 'quickly recollect the past offences of thy life, and recommend thyself to heaven.'

Stew. Let go, slave, or thou diest.

Edg. Good gentleman, go your gait⁴⁴, and let poor folk pass. And ch'ud ha' been zwagger'd out of my life, 'twould not ha' been zo long as 'tis by a vortnight. Nay, come not near the old man; keep out, che vor'ye⁴⁵, or ise try whether your costard⁴⁶ or my bat be the harder: Ch'll be plain with you.

Stew. Out, dunghill!

Edg. Ch'll pick your teeth, zir; Come; no matter vor your foins⁴⁷.

[*They fight; and EDGAR knocks him down.*]

Stew. Slave, thou hast slain me:—Villain, take my purse;

If ever thou wilt thrive, bury my body;
And give the letters, which thou find'st about me,
To Edmund earl of Gloster; seek him out
Upon the British party:—O, untimely death! *See.*

[*Dies.*]

Edg. I know thee well: A serviceable villain;
As duteous to the vices of thy mistress,
As badness would desire.

Glo. What, is he dead?

Edg. Sit you down, father; rest you.—

Let's see his pockets; these letters, that he speaks of,
May be my friends.—He's dead: I am only sorry
He had no other deathsman.—Let us see:
Leave, gentle wax; and, manners, blame us not:
To know our enemies' minds, we'd rip their hearts;
Their papers, is more lawful⁴⁸.

[*Reads.*] *Let our reciprocal vows be remembered.*

⁴⁴ *Gang your gait* is a common expression in the north. In the last rebellion the Scotch soldiers, when they had finished their exercise, were dismissed by this phrase, '*gang your gait*.'

⁴⁵ i. e. *I warn you*. When our ancient writers have occasion to introduce a rustic they commonly allot him the Somersetshire dialect. Golding, in his translation of the second book of Ovid's *Metamorphoses*, makes Mercury, assuming the appearance of a clown, speak with the provinciality of Edgar.

⁴⁶ i. e. *head*. See vol. ii. p. 316, note 10. A *bat* is a *staff*. It is the proper name of a walkingstick in Sussex even at this day.

⁴⁷ i. e. *thrusts*. See vol. i. p. 212, note 1.

⁴⁸ i. e. *to rip their papers is more lawful*.

You have many opportunities to cut him off; if your will want not, time and place will be fruitfully offered. There is nothing done, if he return the conqueror: Then am I the prisoner, and his bed my gaol; from the loathed warmth whereof deliver me, and supply the place for your labour.

Your (wife, & so I would say),—and your affectionate servant,

GONERIL.

O undistinguish'd space of woman's will⁴⁹!—
A plot upon her virtuous husband's life;
And the exchange, my brother!—Here, in the sands,
Thee I'll rake up, the post unsanctified⁵⁰
Of murderous lechers: and, in the mature time,
With this ungracious paper strike the sight
Of the death-practis'd duke⁵¹: for him 'tis well,
That of thy death and business I can tell.

[*Exit EDGAR, dragging out the Body.*

Glo. The king is mad: How stiff is my vile sense,
That I stand up, and have ingenious feeling⁵²
Of my huge sorrows! Better I were distract:
So should my thoughts be sever'd from my griefs;
And woes, by wrong imaginations, lose
The knowledge of themselves.

Re-enter EDGAR.

Edg. Give me your hand:
Far off, methinks, I hear the beaten drum.
Come, father, I'll bestow you with a friend.

[*Exeunt.*

⁴⁹ This seems to me to mean, 'O how inordinate, how unbounded is the licentious inclination of women.'

⁵⁰ 'Thee I'll rake up, the post unsanctified,' &c.

i. e. I'll cover thee. In Staffordshire to rake the fire is to cover it for the night. *Unsanctified* refers to his want of burial in consecrated ground.

⁵¹ That is the Duke of Albany, whose death is machinated by practice or treason.

⁵² 'Ingenious feeling.' Bullokar, in his *Expositor*, interprets 'ingenious by quick conceited,' i. e. acute. This makes Warburton's paraphrase unnecessary.

SCENE VII.

A Tent in the French Camp. LEAR on a Bed, asleep: Physician, Gentleman¹, and Others attending: Enter CORDELIA and KENT.

Cor. O thou good Kent, how shall I live, and work,
To match thy goodness? My life will be too short,
And every measure fail me.

Kent. To be acknowledg'd, madam, is o'erpaid.
All my reports go with the modest truth;
Nor more, nor clipp'd, but so.

Cor. Be better suited²:
These weeds are memories³ of those worser hours;
I pr'ythee, put them off.

Kent. Pardon me, dear madam;
Yet to be known, shortens my made intent⁴:
My boon I make it, that you know me not,
Till time and I think meet.

Cor. Then be it so, my good lord — How does
the king? [To the Physician.

Phys. Madam, sleeps still.

Cor. O you kind gods,
Cure this great breach in his abused nature!
The untun'd and jarring senses, O, wind up
Of this child-changed father⁵!

Phys. So please your majesty,
That we may wake the king? he hath slept long.

Cor. Be govern'd by your knowledge, and proceed
I'the sway of your own will. Is he array'd?

Gent. Ay, madam; in the heaviness of his sleep,
We put fresh garments on him.

¹ In the folio the *Gentleman* and the *Physician* is one and the same person.

² i. e. be better dressed, put on a better suit of clothes.

³ *Memories* are *memorials*. See vol. iii. p. 126, note 1.

⁴ A *MADE intent* is an *INTENT formed*. We say in common language to make a design, and to make a resolution.

⁵ That is *changed by his children*; a father whose jarring senses have been untuned by the monstrous ingratitude of his daughters. So *care-crazed*, *crazed by care*; *woe-wearied*, *wearied by woe*, &c.

Phys. Be by, good madam, when we do awake him;
I doubt not of his temperance. *Gent.*

Cor. Very well.

Phys. Please you, draw near.—Louder the music there⁶.

Cor. O my dear father! Restoration⁷ hang
Thy medicine on my lips; and let this kiss
Repair those violent harms, that my two sisters
Have in thy reverence made!

Kent. Kind and dear princess!

Cor. Had you not been their father, these white
flakes

Had challeng'd pity on them. Was this a face
To be expos'd against the warring winds?
[To stand against the deep dread-bolted thunder?
In the most terrible and nimble stroke
Of quick, cross lightning? to watch (poor perdu!)
With this thin helm⁸?] Mine enemy's dog,
Though he had bit me, should have stood that night
Against my fire; And wast thou fain, poor father,
To hovel thee with swine, and rogues forlorn,

* This and the foregoing speech are not in the folio. It has been already observed that Shakspeare considered *soft music* as favourable to sleep. Lear, we may suppose, had been thus composed to rest; and now the Physician desires *louder music* to be played, for the purpose of waking him. So again in *Pericles*, Cerimon, to recover Thaisa, who had been thrown into the sea, says:—

'The rough and woeful music that we have,
Cause it to sound, beseech you.'

Again in the *Winter's Tale*.—'*Music, awake her, strike!*'

⁶ Restoration is no more than *recovery* personified.

⁸ The lines in crotchets are not in the folio. The allusion is to the forlorn hope of an army, called in French *enfants perdus*; amongst other desperate adventures in which they were engaged, the night watches seem to have been a common one. Warburton is wrong in supposing that those ordered on such services were lightly or badly armed, the contrary is clearly the fact, and to such a fact is the allusion of the poet '*Poor perdu*, you are exposed to the most dangerous situation, not with the most proper arms, but with a mere helmet of thin and hoary hair.' The same allusion occurs in Davenant's *Love and Honour*, 1649:—

'——— I have endured

Another night would tire a *perdu*

More than a wet furrow and a great frost.'

So in Beaumont and Fletcher's *Little French Lawyer*:—

'I am set here like a *perdu*,

To watch a fellow that has wronged my mistress.'

In short and musty straw? Alack, alack!

'Tis wonder, that thy life and wits at once
Had not concluded all⁹.—He wakes; speak to him.

Phys. Madam, do you; 'tis fittest.

Cor. How does my royal lord? How fares your
majesty?

Lear. You do me wrong, to take me out o'the
grave:—

Thou art a soul in bliss; but I am bound
Upon a wheel of fire, that mine own tears
Do scald like molten lead.

Cor. Sir, do you know me?

Lear. You are a spirit, I know; When did you die?

Cor. Still, still, far wide!

Phys. He's scarce awake; let him alone awhile.

Lear. Where have I been?—Where am I?—Fair
day light?—

I am mightily abus'd¹⁰.—I should even die with pity,
To see another thus.—I know not what to say.—
I will not swear, these are my hands:—let's see;
I feel this pin prick. 'Would, I were assur'd
Of my condition.

Cor. O, look upon me, sir,
And hold your hands in benediction o'er me;—
No, sir, you must not kneel¹¹.

Lear. Pray, do not mock me:
I am a very foolish fond old man,
Fourscore and upward¹²; and, to deal plainly,
I fear, I am not in my perfect mind.

⁹ i. e. had not all ended. So in *Timon of Athens*:—

'And dispossess her all.'

¹⁰ I am strangely imposed upon by appearances; I am in a strange
mist of uncertainty.

¹¹ 'This circumstance is found in the old play of *King Leir*, apparently written by another hand, and published before any edition of Shakspeare's play had made its appearance. As it is always difficult to say whether such accidental resemblances proceed from imitation, or a similarity of thinking on the same occasion, I can only point out this to the reader, to whose determination I leave the question.'—*Steevens*.

¹² The folio here adds the words 'not an hour more or less. Which, as they are absurd and superfluous, have been justly degraded as the interpolation of some inconsiderate player.

Methinks, I should know you, and know this man:
 Yet I am doubtful: for I am mainly ignorant
 What place this is; and all the skill I have
 Remembers not these garments; nor I know not
 Where I did lodge last night: Do not laugh at me;
 For, as I am a man, I think this lady
 To be my child Cordelia.

Cor. And so I am, I am.

Lear. Be your tears wet? Yes, 'faith. I pray,
 weep not:

If you have poison for me, I will drink it.
 I know, you do not love me; for your sisters
 Have, as I do remember, done me wrong:
 You have some cause, they have not.

Cor. No cause, no cause.

Lear. Am I in France?

Kent. In your own kingdom, sir.

Lear. Do not abuse me.

Phys. Be comforted, good madam: the great rage,
 You see, is cur'd in him: [and yet it is danger
 To make him even¹³ o'er the time he has lost.]
 Desire him to go in; trouble him no more,
 Till further settling.

Cor. Will't please your highness walk?

Lear. You must bear with me:
 'Pray now, forget and forgive: I am old, and foolish.

[*Exeunt* LEAR, CORDELIA, Physician, and
 Attendants.]

[*Gent.* Holds it true, sir,
 That the Duke of Cornwall was so slain?

Kent. Most certain, sir.

Gent. Who is conductor of his people?

Kent. As 'tis said,

The bastard son of Gloster.

Gent. They say, Edgar,

¹³ 'To make him even o'er the time he hath lost,'
 is to make the occurrences of it *plain* or *level* to his troubled mind.
 See Baret's *Alvearie*, 1573, E. 307.

His banish'd son, is with the Earl of Kent
In Germany.

Kent. Report is changeable.

'Tis time to look about; the powers o'the kingdom
Approach apace.

Gent. The arbitrement is like to be a bloody.
Fare you well, sir. [*Exit.*

Kent. My point and period will be thoroughly
wrought,
Or well, or ill, as this day's battle's fought¹⁴.
[*Exit.*

ACT V.

SCENE I. *The Camp of the British Forces, near
Dover.*

*Enter, with Drums, and Colours, EDMUND, REGAN,
Officers, Soldiers, and Others.*

Edm. Know of the duke, if his last purpose hold;
Or, whether since he is advis'd by aught
To change the course: He's full of alteration,
And self-reproving:—bring his constant pleasure¹.

[*To an Officer, who goes out.*

Reg. Our sister's man is certainly miscarried.

Edm. 'Tis to be doubted, madam.

Reg. Now, sweet lord,
You know the goodness I intend upon you:
Tell me,—but truly,—but then speak the truth,
Do you not love my sister?

Edm. In honour'd love.

¹⁴ What is printed in crotchets is not in the folio. It is at least proper, if not necessary, and was perhaps only omitted by the players to abridge a play of very considerable length.

¹ i. e. his settled resolution. See Act i. Sc. 1, note 8.

{*Reg.* But have you never found my brother's way
To the forefended² place?

[*Edm.* That thought abuses³ you.

Reg. I am doubtful that you have been conjunct
And bosom'd with her, as far as we call hers.]

Edm. No, by mine honour, madam.]

Reg. I never shall endure her: Dear my lord,
Be not familiar with her.

Edm. Fear me not:—
She, and the duke her husband, — — —

Enter ALBANY, GONERIL, and Soldiers.

[*Gon.* I had rather lose the battle, than that sister
Should loosen him and me.] [*Aside.*

Alb. Our very loving sister, well be met.—
Sir, this I hear,—The king is come to his daughter,
With others, whom the rigour of our state
Forc'd to cry out. [Where I could not be honest,
I never yet was valiant: for this business,
It toucheth us as France invades our land,
Not bolds⁴ the king; with others, whom, I fear,
More just and heavy causes make oppose.

Edm. Sir, you speak nobly.]

Reg. Why is this reason'd?

² The *first* and *last* of these speeches within crotchets are inserted in Hanmer's, Theobald's, and Warburton's editions, the two intermediate ones, which were omitted in all others, are restored from the 4to. 1608. Whether they were left out through negligence, or because the imagery contained in them might be thought too luxuriant, I cannot determine; but surely a material injury is done to the character of the Bastard by the omission; for he is made to deny that flatly at first, which the poet only meant to make him evade, or return slight answers to, till he is urged so far as to be obliged to shelter himself under an immediate falsehood. Query, however, whether Shakespeare meant us to believe that Edmund had actually found his way to the *forefended* (i. e. forbidden) place?—*Steevens.*

³ *Imposes* on you; you are *deceived*.

⁴ 'This business (says Albany) touches us, as France invades our land, not as it *emboldens* or *encourages* the king to assert his former title.' Thus in the ancient Interlude of Hylcke Scornor:—

'Alas, that I had not one to *bolde* me.'

Again in Arthur Hull's translation of the fourth Iliad, 4to. 1581:—

'And Pallas *bolds* the Greeks,' &c.

'To make *bolde*, to encourage, *animum addere*.'—*Baret.*

Gon. Combine together 'gainst the enemy:
For these domestic and particular broils⁵
Are not to question here.

Alb. Let us then determine
With the ancient of war on our proceedings.

[**Edm.** I shall attend you presently at your tent⁶.]

Reg. Sister, you'll go with us?

Gon. No.

Reg. 'Tis most convenient; 'pray you, go with us.

Gon. O, ho, I know the riddle: [*Aside.*] I
will go.

As they are going out, Enter EDGAR, disguised.

Edg. If e'er your grace had speech with man so
poor,
Hear me one word.

Alb. I'll overtake you.—Speak.

[*Exeunt EDMUND, REGAN, GONERIL, Officers,
Soldiers, and Attendants.*]

Edg. Before you fight the battle, ope this letter.
If you have victory, let the trumpet sound
For him that brought it: wretched though I seem,
I can produce a champion, that will prove
What is avouched there: If you miscarry,
Your business of the world hath so an end,
And machination ceases⁷. Fortune love you!

Alb. Stay till I have read the letter.

Edg. I was forbid it.

⁵ The quartos have it:—

'For these domestic *doors* particulars.'

The folio reads, in the subsequent line:

'Are not the question here.'

⁶ This speech is wanting in the folio.

⁷ i. e. all designs against your life will have an end. These words are not in the quartos.

⁸ i. e. the conjecture, or what we can gather by diligent *espial*, of their strength. So in King Henry IV. Part 1. Act iv. Sc. 1:—

'—send discoverers forth

To know the number of our enemies.'

The passage has only been thought obscure for want of a right understanding of the word *discovery*, which neither Malone nor Steevens seem to have understood.

When time shall serve, let but the herald cry,
And I'll appear again. [Exit.]

Alb. Why, fare thee well; I will o'erlook thy paper.

Re-enter EDMUND.

Edm. The enemy's in view, draw up your powers,
Here is the guess of their true strength and forces
By diligent discovery⁸;—but your haste
Is now urg'd on you.

Alb. We will greet the time⁹. [Exit.]

Edm. To both these sisters have I sworn my love;
Each jealous of the other, as the stung
Are of the adder. Which of them shall I take?
Both/ one? or neither? Neither can be enjoy'd, / ?
If both remain alive; To take the widow,
Exasperates, makes mad her sister Goneril;
And hardly shall I carry out my side¹⁰,
Her husband being alive. Now then, we'll use
His countenance for the battle; which being done,
Let her, who would be rid of him, devise
His speedy taking off. As for the mercy
Which he intends to Lear, and to Cordelia,—
The battle done, and they within our power,
Shall never see his pardon: for my state
Stands on me to defend, not to debate¹¹. [Exit.]

SCENE II. *A Field between the two Camps.*

*Alarum within. Enter, with Drum, and Colours,
LEAR, CORDELIA, and their Forces; and exeunt.*

Enter EDGAR and GLOSTER¹.

Edg. Here, father, take the shadow of this tree
For your good host; pray that the right may thrive:

⁸ i. e. be ready to meet the occasion.

¹⁰ Hardly shall I be able to make my side (i. e. my party) good; to maintain the game. Steevens has shown that it was a phrase commonly used at cards. So in the *Paston Letters*, vol. iv. p. 155:—*'Heydon's son hath borne out the side stoutly here,'* &c.

¹¹ 'Such is my determination concerning Lear; as for my state, it requires now not deliberation, but defence and support.'

¹ Those who are curious to know how far Shakespeare was indebted

If ever I return to you again,
I'll bring you comfort.

Glo.

Grace go with you, sir!

[*Exit* EDGAR.]

Alarums; afterwards a Retreat. Re-enter EDGAR.

Edg. Away, old man, give me thy hand, away;
King Lear hath lost, he and his daughter ta'en:
Give me thy hand, come on.

Glo. No further, sir; a man may rot even here.

Edg. What, in ill thoughts again? Men must
endure

Their going hence, even as their coming hither:
Ripeness is all²: Come on.

Glo.

(And that's true too.)

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III. *The British Camp near Dover.*

*Enter, in Conquest, with Drum and Colours, Ed-
mund; LEAR and CORDELIA, as Prisoners; Officers,
Soldiers, &c.*

Edm. Some officers take them away; good guard;
Until their greater pleasures first be known
That are to censure¹ them.

Cor.

We are not the first,
Who, with best meaning, have incurr'd the worst².
For thee, oppressed king, am I cast down;
Myself could else outfrown false fortune's frown.
Shall we not see these daughters, and these sisters?

Lear. No, no, no, no! Come, let's away to prison:

to the *Arcadia*, will find a chapter entitled 'The Pithfull State and
Storie of the Paphlagonian unkinde King, and his kinde Sonne;
first related by the Sonne, then by the blinde Fater,' at p. 141 of
the edition of 1590, 4to.

² i. e. to be ready, prepared, is all. So in *Hamlet*:—'If it be
not now, yet it will come: the readiness is all.'

¹ i. e. to pass sentence or judgment on them. So in *Othello*:—
'Remains the censure of this hellish villain.'

³ That is 'the worst that fortune can inflict.'

We two alone will sing like birds i'the cage:
 When thou dost ask me blessing, I'll kneel down,
 And ask of thee forgiveness: So we'll live,
 And pray, and sing, and tell old tales, and laugh
 At gilded butterflies, and hear poor rogues
 Talk of court news; and we'll talk with them too,
 Who loses, and who wins; who's in, who's out;—
 And take upon us the mystery of things,
 As if we were God's spies³: And we'll wear out,
 In a wall'd prison, packs and sects⁴ of great ones,
 That ebb and flow by the moon,

Edm.

Take them away.

Lear. Upon such sacrifices, my Cordelia,
 The gods themselves throw incense⁵. Have I caught
 thee?

He, that parts us, shall bring a brand from heaven,
 And fire us hence, like foxes⁶. Wipe thine eyes;
 The goujeers shall devour them, flesh and fell⁷, *good year.*

³ 'As if we were angels, endowed with the power of prying into the original motives of action and the mysteries of conduct.'

⁴ *Packs and sects* are combinations and parties.

⁵ The thought is extremely noble, and expressed in a sublime of imagery that Seneca fell short of on a similar occasion:—'Ecce spectaculum dignum ad quod respiciat intenti operi suo deus: ecce par deo dignum vir fortis cum mala fortuna compositus.'—*Warburton.*

⁶ Alluding to the old practice of smoking foxes out of their holes. So in Harington's translation of Ariosto, b. xvii stan. 17:—

'E'en as a foxe whom smoke and fire doth fright,
 So as he dare not in the ground remaine,
 Bolts out and through the smoke and fire he flieth
 Into the tarriers mouth, and there he dieth.'

⁷ 'The goujeers shall devour them flesh and fell.'

The *goujeers*, i. e. *morbus Gallicus*. *Gouge*, Fr. is a soldier's trull; and as the disease was first dispersed over Europe by the French army, and the women who followed it, the first name it obtained among us was the *gougeries*, i. e. the disease of the *gouges*.—*Hanmer*. The expression, however, soon became obscure, its origin not being generally known, and it was at length corrupted to the *good year*; a very opposite form of expression. In the present instance the quartos, following the common corruption, have the *good yeares*. *Flesh and fell* is *flesh and skin*. Thus in *The Speculum Vitæ*, MS. :—

'That alle men sal a domesday rise
 Oute of their graves in *fleshe and felle*.'

So in *The Dyar's Playe*, *Chester Mysteries*, MS. in the Brit. Museum :—

'I make thee man of *flesh and fell*.'

Ere they shall make us weep : we'll see them starve first.

Come. [*Exeunt LEAR and CORDELIA, guarded.*]

Edm. Come hither, captain; hark.

Take thou this note⁸; [*Giving a Paper.*] go, follow them to prison:

One step I have advanc'd thee; if thou dost
As this instructs thee, thou dost make thy way
To noble fortunes: Know thou this,—that men
Are as the time is: to be tender-minded
Does not become a sword:—Thy great employment
Will not bear question⁹: either say, thou'lt do't,
Or thrive by other means.

Off. I'll do't, my lord.

Edm. About it; and write happy, when thou hast done.

Mark,—I say instantly; and carry it so,
As I have set it down.

Off. I cannot draw a cart, nor eat dried oats;
If it be man's work, I will do it.] [*Exit Officer.*]

Flourish. Enter ALBANY, GONERIL, REGAN, Officers, and Attendants.

Alb. Sir, you have shown to-day your valiant strain,
And fortune led you well: You have the captives
Who were the opposites of this day's strife:
We do require them of you; so to use them,
As we shall find their merits and our safety
May equally determine.

Edm. Sir, I thought it fit
To send the old and miserable king
To some retention, [and appointed guard;]
Whose age has charms in it, whose title more,
To pluck the common bosom on his side,

⁸ This was a warrant signed by the Bastard and Goneril, for the execution of Lear and Cordelia, referred to in a subsequent scene by Edmund.

⁹ i. e. admit of debate.

And turn our impress'd lances¹⁰ in our eyes
Which do command them. With him I sent the
queen;

My reason all the same; and they are ready
To-morrow, or at further space, to appear
Where you shall hold your session. [At this time
We sweat and bleed: the friend hath lost his
friend:

And the best quarrels, in the heat, are curs'd
By those that feel their sharpness:—
The question of Cordelia, and her father,
Requires a fitter place¹¹.]

Alb. Sir, by your patience,
I hold you but a subject of this war,
Not as a brother.

Reg. That's as we list to grace him.
Methinks, our pleasure might have been demanded,
Ere you had spoke so far. He led our powers;
Bore the commission¹² of my place and person;
The which immediacy¹³ may well stand up,
And call itself your brother.

Gon. Not so hot:
In his own grace¹⁴ he doth exalt himself,
More than in your advancement.

Reg. In my rights,
By me invested, he compeers the best.

Gon. That were the most, if he should husband
you¹⁵.

Reg. Jesters do oft prove prophets.

¹⁰ That is the lancemen we have hired by giving them pressmoney. See Act iv. Sc. 6, note 14.

¹¹ i. e. the determination of what shall be done with Cordelia and her father, should be reserved for greater privacy.

¹² Commission for authority.

¹³ Immediacy is, I think, close and immediate connexion with me, and direct authority from me. Immediate is the reading of the quartos.

¹⁴ Grace here means noble deportment. The folio has addition instead of advancement in the next line.

¹⁵ 'If he were married to you, you could not say more than this. nor could he enjoy greater power.' In the folio this line is given to Albany.

Gon. Holla, holla!
That eye, that told you so, look'd but a-squint¹⁶.

Reg. Lady, I am not well; else I should answer
From a full flowing stomach.—General,
Take thou my soldiers, prisoners, patrimony;
(Dispose of them, of me; the walls are thine¹⁷.)
Witness the world, that I create thee here
My lord and master.

Gon. Mean you to enjoy him?

Alb. The let-alone lies not in your good will¹⁸.

Edm. Nor in thine, lord.

Alb. Half-blooded fellow, yes.

Reg. Let the drum strike, and prove my title
thine¹⁹. [To EDMUND.]

Alb. Stay yet; hear reason: Edmund, I arrest thee
On capital treason; and, in thine, attain²⁰
This gilded serpent: [*Pointing to GON.*—for your
claim, fair sister,

I bar it in the interest of my wife;
'Tis she is subcontracted to this lord,
And I, her husband, contradict your bans.
If you will marry, make your love to me,
My lady is bespoke.

Gon. (An interlude!)

Alb. Thou art arm'd, Gloster:—(Let the trumpet
sound:)

If none appear to prove upon thy person,
Thy heinous, manifest, and many treasons,
There is my pledge; [*Throwing down a Glove.*]
I'll prove it on thy heart,

¹⁶ Alluding to the proverb, 'Love being jealous makes a good eye look a-squint.' So Milton:—

'And gladly banish *squint suspicion*.'

Comus.

¹⁷ A metaphor taken from the camp, and signifying to *surrender at discretion*. This line is not in the quartos.

¹⁸ 'To obstruct their union lies not in your good pleasure, your veto will avail nothing.'

¹⁹ It appears from this speech that Regan did not know that Albany had discharged her forces. This line is given to Edmund in the quartos.

²⁰ The quarto reads '*thy arrest*.'

Ere I taste bread, thou art in nothing less
Than I have here proclaim'd thee.

Reg. Sick, O, sick!

Gon. If not, I'll ne'er trust poison. [*Aside. medicine*]

Edm. There's my exchange: [*Throwing down a Glove.*] what in the world he is

That names me traitor, villain-like he lies:

Call by thy trumpet: he that dares approach,

On him, on you, (who not?) I will maintain

My truth and honour firmly.

Alb. A herald, ho!

[*Edm.* A herald, ho, a herald!]

Alb. Trust to thy single virtue²¹; for thy soldiers,
All levied in my name, have in my name
Took their discharge.

Reg. This sickness grows upon me.

Enter a Herald.

Alb. She is not well; convey her to my tent.

[*Exit REGAN, led.*]

Come hither, herald.—Let the trumpet sound,—
And read out this.

[*Off.* Sound, trumpet.]

[*A Trumpet sounds.*]

Herald reads.

*If any man of quality, or degree, within the lists
of the army, will maintain upon Edmund, supposed
earl of Gloster, that he is a manifold traitor, let
him appear at the third sound of the trumpet: He is
bold in his defence.*

Edm. Sound.

[1 Trumpet.

Her. Again.

[2 Trumpet.

Her. Again.

[3 Trumpet.

[*Trumpet answers within.*]

²¹ i. e. valour; a Roman sense of the word. Thus Raleigh:—
'The conquest of Palestine with singular virtue they performed.'

Enter EDGAR, armed, preceded by a Trumpet.

Alb. Ask him his purposes, why he appears
Upon this call o'the trumpet²².

Her. What are you?
Your name, your quality? and why you answer
This present summons?

Edg. Know, my name is lost;
By treason's tooth bare-gnawn, and canker-bit:
Yet am I noble as the adversary
I come to cope withal.

Alb. Which is that adversary?

Edg. What's he, that speaks for Edmund earl of
Gloster?

Edm. Himself;—What say'st thou to him?

Edg. Draw thy sword;
That, if my speech offend a noble heart,
Thy arm may do thee justice: here is mine.
Behold, it is the privilege of mine honours,
My oath, and my profession²³: I protest,—
Maugre thy strength, youth, place, and eminence,
Despite thy victor sword, and fire-new fortune,
Thy valour, and thy heart,—thou art a traitor:
False to thy gods, thy brother, and thy father;
Conspirant 'gainst this high illustrious prince;
And, from the extremest upward of thy head,
To the descent and dust beneath thy feet,
A most toad-spotted traitor. Say thou, *No*,
This sword, this arm, and my best spirits, are bent
To prove upon thy heart, whereto I speak,
Thou liest.

Edm. In wisdom, I should ask thy name²⁴;

²² This is according to the ceremonials of the trial by combat in cases criminal. 'The appellant and his procurator first come to the gate. The constable and marshall demand by voice of herald, what he is, and why he comes so arrayed.'—*Selden's Duello*.

²³ 'Here I draw my sword. Behold, it is the privilege or right of my profession to draw it against a traitor. It is the right of bringing the charge, and maintaining it with his sword, which Edgar calls the privilege of his profession.'

²⁴ Because, if his adversary was not of equal rank, Edmund might have declined the combat. Goneril afterwards says:—

'By the law of arms, thou wast not bound to answer
An unknown opposite.'

But, since thy outside looks so fair and warlike,
 And that thy tongue some 'say²⁵ of breeding breathes,
 What safe and nicely²⁶ I might well delay
 By rule of knighthood, I disdain and spurn:
 Back do I toss these treasons to thy head;
 With the hell-hated lie o'erwhelm thy heart;
 Which (for they yet glance by, and scarcely bruise),
 This sword of mine shall give them instant way,
 Where they shall rest for ever²⁷.—Trumpets, speak.

[*Alarums. They fight, EDMUND falls.*]

Alb. O save him, save him²⁸!

Gon. This is [mere] practice, Gloster:
 By the law of arms, thou wast not bound to answer
 An unknown opposite; thou art not vanquish'd,
 But cozen'd and beguill'd.

Alb. Shut your mouth, dame,
 Or with this paper shall I stop it:—(Hold, sir:—)
 Thou worse than any name, read thine own evil:—
 No tearing, lady; I perceive you know it.

[*Gives the Letter to EDMUND.*]

Gon. Say, if I do; the laws are mine, not thine:
 Who shall arraign me for't? [*Exit GONNILL.*]

Alb. Most monstrous!
 Know'st thou this paper²⁹?

Gon. Ask me not what I know.

[*Exit GONNILL.*]

Alb. Go after her: she's desperate; govern her.
 [*To an Officer, who goes out.*]

²⁵ 'Say, or assay, is a sample, a taste. So in the preface to Maurice Kyffin's translation of the Andria of Terence, 1588:—'Some other like places I could recite, but these shall suffice for a say.'

²⁶ 'What safe and nicely I might well delay.' This seems to mean 'What I might safely well delay if I acted punctiliously.' This line is omitted in the quartos, but without it the subsequent line is nonsense.

²⁷ To that place where they shall rest for ever: i. e. thy heart.

²⁸ Albany desires that Edmund's life may be spared at present, only to obtain his confession, and to convict him openly by his own letter.

²⁹ 'Knowest thou these letters?' says Lear to Regan, in the old anonymous play, when he shows her both her own and her sister's letters, which were written to procure his death, upon which she snatches the letters and tears them.

Edm. What you have charg'd me with, that have I done;
And more, much more: the time will bring it out;
'Tis past, and so am I: But what art thou,
That hast this fortune on me? If thou art noble,
I do forgive thee.

Edg. Let's exchange charity³⁰.
I am no less in blood than thou art, Edmund;
If more, the more thou hast wrong'd me.
My name is Edgar, and thy father's son.
The gods are just, and of our pleasant vices
Make instruments to scourge us³¹:
The dark and vicious place where thee he got,
Cost him his eyes.

Edm. Thou hast spoken right, 'tis true;
The wheel is come full circle; I am here.

Alb. Methought, thy very gait did prophesy
A royal nobleness:—I must embrace thee;
Let sorrow split my heart, if ever I
Did hate thee, or thy father!

Edg. Worthy prince, I know't.

Alb. Where have you hid yourself?
How have you known the miseries of your father?

Edg. By nursing them, my lord.—List a brief tale:—

And, when 'tis told, O, that my heart would burst!
The bloody proclamation to escape,
That follow'd me so near (O our lives' sweetness!
That we the pain of death would hourly die³²,
Rather than die at once!) taught me to shift
Into a madman's rags; to assume a semblance
That very dogs disdain'd: and in this habit

³⁰ Shakspeare gives his heathens the sentiments and practices of Christianity. In Hamlet there is the same solemn act of final reconciliation, but with exact propriety, for the personages are Christians:—

'Exchange forgiveness with me, noble Hamlet.'

³¹ The folio reads 'to plague us.'

³² 'To die hourly the pains of death,' is a periphrasis for 'to suffer hourly the pains of death.' The quartos read:—
'That with the pain of death would hourly die.'

Met I my father with his bleeding rings,
 Their precious stones new lost³³; became his guide,
 Led him, begg'd for him, sav'd him from despair;
 Never (O fault!) reveal'd myself unto him,
 Until some half hour past, when I was arm'd,
 Not sure, though hoping, of this good success,
 I ask'd his blessing, and from first to last
 Told him my pilgrimage: But his flaw'd heart
 (Alack, too weak the conflict to support!)
 'Twixt two extremes of passion, joy and grief,
 Burst smilingly.

Edm. This speech of yours hath mov'd me,
 And shall, perchance, do good: but speak you on;
 You look as you had something more to say.

Alb. If there be more, more woful, hold it in;
 For I am almost ready to dissolve,
 Hearing of this.

³⁴ [*Edg.* This would have seem'd a period
 To such as love not sorrow, but another,
 To amplify too much, would make much more,
 And top extremity³⁵.
 Whilst I was big in clamour, came there a man,

³³ So in Pericles:—

'Her *eyelids*, cases to those heavenly *jewels*
 Which Pericles hath lost.'

³⁴ The lines within crotches are not in the folio.

³⁵ Of this difficult passage, which is probably corrupt, Steevens gives the following explanation:—'This would have seem'd a period to such as love not sorrow, but—another, i. e. but I must add another, i. e. another period, another kind of conclusion to my story, such as will increase the horrors of what has been already told.' It will be necessary, if we admit this interpretation, to point the passage thus:—

'——— but another:—

(To amplify too much, would make much more,

And top extremity,)

Whilst I was big, &c.

Malone's explanation is:—'This would have seem'd the utmost completion of woe, to such as do not delight in sorrow, but *another*, of a different disposition, to amplify misery "would give more strength to that which hath too much." Referring to the Bastard's desiring to hear more, and to Albany's thinking that enough had been said.

Who having seen me in my worst estate,
 Shunn'd my abhorr'd society; but then, finding
 Who 'twas that so endur'd, with his strong arms
 He fasten'd on my neck, and bellow'd out
 As he'd burst heaven: threw him³⁶ on my father;
 Told the most piteous tale of Lear and him,
 That ever ear receiv'd: which in recounting
 His grief grew puissant, and the strings of life
 Began to crack: Twice then the trumpet sounded,
 And there I left him tranc'd.

Alb. But who was this?

Edg. Kent, sir, the banish'd Kent; who in disguise
 Follow'd his enemy king, and did him service
 Improper for a slave.]

Enter a Gentleman hastily, with a bloody Knife.

Gent. Help! help! O help!

Edg. What kind of help?

Alb. (Speak, man.)

Edg. What means that bloody knife?

Gent. 'Tis hot, it smokes;
 It came even from the heart of— O! it's dead:

Alb. Who, man? speak.

Gent. Your lady, sir, your lady: and her sister
 By her is poison'd; she hath confess'd it³⁷.

Edm. I was contracted to them both; all three
 Now marry in an instant.

Alb. Produce their bodies, be they alive or dead!—
 This judgment of the heavens, that makes us tremble,
 Touches us not with pity³⁸. [*Exit Gentleman.*]

³⁶ The quartos read 'threw me on my father.' Steevens thus defends the present reading:—'There is a tragic propriety in Kent's throwing himself on the body of a deceased friend; but this propriety is lost in the act of clumsily tumbling a son over the lifeless remains of his father.'

³⁷ Thus the quarto. The folio reads 'she confesses it.'

³⁸ If Shakspeare had studied Aristotle all his life, he would not, perhaps, have been able to mark with more precision the distinct operations of terror and pity.—*Tyrwhitt.*

*Enter KENT.**Edg.*

Here comes Kent, sir. }

Alb. O! it is he.

is this he?

The time will not allow the compliment,
Which very manners urges.

Kent.

I am come

To bid my king and master aye good night;
Is he not here?

Alb.

Great thing of us forgot!—

Speak, Edmund, where's the king? and where's
Cordelia?—

Seest thou this object, Kent?

[*The Bodies of GONERIL and REGAN are
brought in.*

Kent. Alack, why thus?*Edm.*

Yet Edmund was belov'd:

The one the other poison'd for my sake,
And after slew herself.

Alb. Even so.—Cover their faces.

Edm. I pant for life:—Some good I mean to do,
Despite of mine own nature. Quickly send,—
Be brief in it,—to the castle, for my writ
Is on the life of Lear, and on Cordelia:—
Nay, send in time.

Alb.

Run, run, O run—

Edg. To who, my lord?—Who has the office? send
Thy token of reprieve.

Edm. Well thought on; take my sword,
Give it the captain.

*Alb.*Haste thee, for thy life. [*Exit Edmund.*]

Edm. He hath commission from thy wife and me
To hang Cordelia in the prison, and
To lay the blame upon her own despair,
That she fordid³⁹ herself.

³⁹ To *fordo* signifies to *destroy*. It is used again in *Hamlet*,
Act v.:—

‘——— did, with desperate hand,
Fordo its own life.’

Alb. The gods defend her! Bear him hence awhile.
[*EDMUND is borne off.*]

*Enter LEAR, with CORDELIA dead in his Arms⁴⁰;
EDGAR, Officer, and Others.*

Lear. Howl, howl, howl, howl!—O, you are men of stones:

Had I your tongues and eyes, I'd use them so
That heaven's vault should crack:—O, she is gone
for ever!

I know when one is dead, and when one lives;
She's dead as earth:—Lend me a looking glass;
If that her breath will mist or stain the stone
Why, then she lives.

Kent. Is this the promis'd end⁴¹?

Edg. Or image of that horror?

Alb. Fall, and cease⁴²!

⁴⁰ The old historians say that Cordelia retired with victory from the battle, which she conducted in her father's cause, and thereby replaced him on the throne: but in a subsequent one fought against her (after the death of the old king) by the sons of Regan and Goneril, she was taken, and died miserably in prison (Geoffrey of Monmouth, the original relater of the story, says that she killed herself.) The dramatic writers of Shakspeare's age suffered as small a number of their heroes and heroines to escape as possible; nor could the filial piety of this lady, any more than the innocence of Ophelia, prevail on the poet to extend her life beyond her misfortunes.—*Steevens.*

⁴¹ Kent, in contemplating the unexampled scene of exquisite affection which was then before him, and the unnatural attempt of Goneril and Regan against their father's life, recollects those passages of St. Mark's Gospel in which Christ foretells to his disciples the end of the world, and hence his question, 'Is this the promised end of all things, which has been foretold to us?' To which Edgar adds, or only a representation or resemblance of that horror? So Macbeth, when he calls upon Banquo, Malcolm, &c. to view Duncan murdered, says:—

'——— up, up, and see

The great doom's image! Malcolm! Banquo!

As from your graves rise up, and walk like sprites,

To countenance this horror.'

There is an allusion to the same passage of Scripture in a speech of Gloucester's, in the second scene of the first act.—*Mason.*

⁴² To cease is to die. Albany is looking with attention on the pains employed by Lear to recover his child, and knows to what miseries he must survive, when he finds them to be ineffectual.

Lear. This feather stirs; she lives! if it be so,
It is a chance that does redeem all sorrows
That ever I have felt.

Kent. O my good master! [*Kneeling.*]

Lear. 'Pr'ythee, away.

Edg. 'Tis noble Kent, your friend.

Lear. A plague upon you, murderers, traitors all!
I might have sav'd her; now she's gone for ever!—
Cordelia, Cordelia, stay a little. Ha!

What is't thou say'st?—Her voice was ever soft,
Gentle, and low; an excellent thing in woman:—
I kill'd the slave that was a hanging thee.

Off. 'Tis true, my lords, he did.

Lear. Did I not, fellow?

I have seen the day, with my good biting falchion
I would have made them skip⁴³: I am old now,
And these same crosses spoil me.—Who are you?
Mine eyes are none o'the best:—I'll tell you
straight.

Kent. If fortune brag of two she lov'd and hated,
One of them we behold⁴⁴.

(**Lear.** This is a dull sight⁴⁵;) Are you not Kent?

Having these images present to his eyes and imagination, he cries out 'Rather fall, and cease to be at once, than continue in existence only to be wretched.'

⁴³ It is difficult for an author who never peruses his first works to avoid repeating some of the same thoughts in his later productions. What Lear has just said has been anticipated by Justice Shallow, in *The Merry Wives of Windsor*:—'I have seen the time with my long sword I would have made you four tall fellows skip like rats.' It is again repeated in *Othello*:—

'——— I have seen the day
That with this little arm and this good sword
I have made my way,' &c.

⁴⁴ 'If Fortune, to display the plenitude of her power, should brag of two persons, one of whom she had highly elevated, and the other she had wofully depressed, we now behold the latter.' The quarto reads 'She lov'd or hated,' which confirms this sense.

⁴⁵ I think, with Mr. Blakeway, that Lear means his *eyesight* was bedimmed either by excess of grief, or, as is usual, by the approach of death. So in Baret, '*Dull eyes, inertes oculi*:'—'*To dull the eyesight, hebetare oculos.*' Albany says of Lear below, 'He knows not what he *sees*,' where the folio erroneously reads 'he *says*.'

Kent.

The same;

Your servant Kent: Where is your servant Caius?

Lear. He's a good fellow, I can tell you that;
He'll strike, and quickly too:—He's dead and rotten.

Kent. No, my good lord, I am the very man;—

Lear. I'll see that straight.

Kent. That from your first of difference and decay,
Have follow'd your sad steps.

Lear. You are welcome hither.

Kent. Nor no man else; all's cheerless, dark, and
deadly.—

Your eldest daughters have fore-doom'd⁴⁶ them-
selves,

And desperately are dead.

Lear.

Ay, so I think.

Alb. He knows not what he sees; and vain it is
That we present us to him.

Edg.

Very bootless.

Enter an Officer.

Off. Edmund is dead, my lord.

Alb.

That's but a trifle here.—

You lords, and noble friends, know our intent.

What comfort to this great decay⁴⁷ may come,

Shall be applied: for us, we will resign,

During the life of this old majesty,

To him our absolute power:—You, to your rights;

[*To EDGAR and KENT.*

With boot, and such addition as your honours

Have more than merited⁴⁸:—All friends shall taste

⁴⁶ Thus the quartos: the folio reads *foredone*, which is probably right. See note 39, p. 501, ante.

⁴⁷ 'This great decay' is Lear, whom Shakespeare poetically calls so; and means the same as if he had said, 'this piece of decayed royalty,' 'this ruined majesty.' Gloucester calls him in a preceding scene 'ruin'd piece of nature.'

⁴⁸ These lines are addressed to Kent as well as to Edgar, else the word *honours* would not have been in the plural number. *Boot* is advantage, increase. By *honours* is meant, *honourable conduct*.

The wages of their virtue, and all foes
The cup of their deservings.—O, see, see!

Lear. And my poor fool is hang'd⁴⁹! No, no,
no life:

Why should a dog, a horse, a rat, have life,
And thou no breath at all? O, thou wilt come no
more,

Never, never, never, never, never!—

'Pray you, undo this button: Thank you, sir.—

Do you see this?—Look on her,—look,—her lips,—
Look there, look there!— [*He dies.*]

Edg. He faints!—My lord, my lord,—

Kent. Break, heart; I pr'ythee, break!

Edg. Look up, my lord.

Kent. Vex not his ghost: O, let him pass! he
hates him,

That would upon the rack of this tough world
Stretch him out longer.

Edg. O, he is gone indeed.

⁴⁹ This is an expression of tenderness for his dead Cordelia (not his fool, as some have thought), on whose lips he is still intent, and dies while he is searching there for indications of life. '*Poor fool*,' in the age of Shakspeare, was an expression of endearment. So in *Twelfth Night*:—'*Alas, poor fool, how have they baffled thee.*' Again, in *The Two Gentlemen of Verona*:—'*Alas, poor fool, why do I pity him?*' With other instances which will present themselves to the reader's memory. The fool of Lear was long ago forgotten; having filled the space allotted to him in the arrangement of the play, he appears to have been silently withdrawn in the sixth scene of the third act. Besides this, Cordelia was recently hanged; but we know not that the Fool had suffered in the same manner, nor can imagine why he should.—That the thoughts of a father, in the bitterest of all moments, when his favourite child lay dead in his arms, should recur to the antick, who had formerly diverted him, has somewhat in it that cannot be reconciled to the idea of genuine despair and sorrow.—*Stevens.*

There is an ingenious note by Sir Joshua Reynolds in the variorum Shakspeare, for which I regret I cannot find space, sustaining a contrary opinion; but, as Malone observes, 'Lear from the time of his entrance in this scene to his uttering these words, and from thence to his death, is wholly occupied by the loss of his daughter.—He is now in the agony of death, and surely at such a time, when his heart was just breaking, it would be highly unnatural that he should think of his fool. He had just seen his daughter hanged, having unfortunately been admitted too late to preserve her life, though time enough to punish the perpetrator of the act.'

Kent. The wonder is, he hath endur'd so long:
He but usurp'd his life.

Alb. Bear them from hence.—Our present business

Is general woe. Friends of my soul, you twain

[*To KENT and EDGAR.*

Rule in this realm, and the god's state sustain.

Kent. I have a journey, sir, shortly to go;
My master calls, and I must not say, no.

Alb. The weight of this sad time we must obey;
Speak what we feel, not what we ought to say.
The oldest hath borne most: we, that are young,
Shall never see so much, nor live so long.

[*Exeunt, with a dead March.*

me
Eog

THE tragedy of Lear is deservedly celebrated among the dramas of Shakspeare. There is perhaps no play which keeps the attention so strongly fixed; which so much agitates our passions, and interests our curiosity. The artful involutions of distinct interests, the striking oppositions of contrary characters, the sudden changes of fortune, and the quick succession of events, fill the mind with a perpetual tumult of indignation, pity, and hope. There is no scene which does not contribute to the aggravation of the distress or conduct of the action, and scarce a line which does not conduce to the progress of the scene. So powerful is the current of the poet's imagination, that the mind, which once ventures within it, is hurried irresistibly along.

On the seeming improbability of Lear's conduct, it may be observed, that he is represented according to histories at that time vulgarly received as true. And, perhaps, if we turn our thoughts upon the barbarity and ignorance of the age to which this story is referred, it will appear not so unlikely as while we estimate Lear's manners by our own. Such preference of one daughter to another, or resignation of dominion on such conditions, would be yet credible, if told of a petty prince of Guinea or Madagascan Shakspeare, indeed, by the mention of his earls and dukes, has given us the idea of times more civilized, and of life regulated by softer manners; and the truth is, that though he so nicely discriminates, and so minutely describes the characters of men, he commonly neglects and confounds the characters of ages, by mingling customs ancient and modern, English and foreign.

My learned friend Mr. Warton,* who has in *THE ADVENTURER* very minutely criticised this play, remarks, that the instances of cruelty are too savage and shocking, and that the intervention of Edmund destroys the simplicity of the story. These objections may, I think, be answered by repeating that the cruelty of the daughters is an historical fact, to which the poet has added little, having only drawn it into a series of dialogue and action. But I am not able to apologize with equal plausibility for the extrusion of Gloster's eyes, which seems an act too horrid to be endured in dramatick exhibition, and such as must always compel the mind to relieve its distress by incredulity. Yet let it be remembered that our author well knew what would please the audience for which he wrote.

The injury done by Edmund to the simplicity of the action is abundantly recompensed by the addition of variety, by the art with which he is made to cooperate with the chief design, and the opportunity which he gives the poet of combining perfidy with perfidy, and connecting the wicked son with the wicked daughters, to impress this important moral, that villainy is never at a stop, that crimes lead to crimes, and at last terminate in ruin.

* Dr. Joseph Warton.

But though this moral be incidentally enforced, Shakspeare has suffered the virtue of Cordelia to perish in a just cause, contrary to the natural ideas of justice, to the hope of the reader, and, what is yet more strange, to the faith of chronicles. Yet this conduct is justified by *The Spectator*, who blames Tate for giving Cordelia success and happiness in his alteration, and declares, that in his opinion *the tragedy has lost half its beauty*. Dennis has remarked, whether justly or not, that, to secure the favourable reception of *Cato the town was poisoned with much false and abominable criticism*, and that endeavours had been used to discredit and deery poetical justice. A play in which the wicked prosper, and the virtuous miscarry, may doubtless be good, because it is a just representation of the common events of human life: but since all reasonable beings naturally love justice, I cannot easily be persuaded that the observation of justice makes a play worse: or, that if other excellencies are equal, the audience will not always rise better pleased from the final triumph of persecuted virtue.

In the present case the public has decided.*) Cordelia, from the time of Tate, has always retired with victory and felicity. And, if my sensations could add any thing to the general suffrage, I might relate, I was many years ago so shocked by Cordelia's death, that I know not whether I ever endured to read again the last scenes of the play till I undertook to revise them as an editor.

There is another controversy among the criticks concerning this play. It is disputed whether the predominant image in Lear's disordered mind be the loss of his kingdom or the cruelty of his daughters. Mr. Murphy, a very judicious critick, has evinced by induction of particular passages, that the cruelty of his daughters is the primary source of his distress, and that the loss of royalty

*) Dr. Johnson should rather have said that the managers of the theatres royal have decided, and the publick has been obliged to acquiesce in their decision. The altered play has the upper gallery on its side; the original drama was patronized by Addison:—

Victrix causa Dile placuit sed victa Catoni. †)

Steevens.

†) This fool's bolt was shot for the sake of the wretched pun drawn from the line of Lucan. Steevens puts the opinion of Johnson himself as nothing; perhaps some of his readers may think it equivalent, at least, with that of Addison. Johnson speaks from his own feelings here. Addison from a blind deference to the opinion of Aristotle. Let the Stagyrte speak for himself:—*Πρώτον μὲν δῆλον, ὅτι οὐτε τοὺς ἐπιεικῆς δὲ μεταβάλλον-τας Φαίνεται εἰς εὐτυχίας εἰς δυστυχίαν οὐ γὰρ Φοβερὸν οὐδὲ εὐεινὸν τοῦτο ἀλλὰ μικρὸν ἔστιν.* 'In the first place, the change from prosperity to adversity should not be represented as happening to a virtuous character (i. e. eminently virtuous or good), for this raises *disgust*, rather than *pity* or *compassion*.—*Twining*. The latter part of this is rendered, in a note, still more literally by the same judicious critic:—'For this is neither *terrible* nor *piteous*, but *shocking*;' and he illustrates this by what we feel on reading *Clarissa*, in which he is followed by the author of the *Commentary on the Poetics*; surely Cordelia is as strong an example—*Pye*.

affects him only as a secondary and subordinate evil. He observes, with great justness, that Lear would move our compassion but little, did we not rather consider the injured father than the degraded king.

The story of this play, except the episode of Edmund, which is derived, I think, from Sidney, is taken originally from Geoffry of Monmouth, whom Holinshed generally copied; but perhaps immediately from an old historical ballad. My reason for believing that the play was posterior to the ballad, rather than the ballad to the play, is, that the ballad has nothing of Shakespeare's nocturnal tempest, which is too striking to have been omitted, and that it follows the chronicle: it has the rudiments of the play, but none of its amplifications: it first hinted Lear's madness, but did not array it in circumstances. The writer of the ballad added something to the history, which is a proof that he would have added more, if more had occurred to his mind, and more must have occurred if he had seen Shakespeare.

JOHNSON.

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